Ex Libris Ioannis Holthusensis

THE NOVELS

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

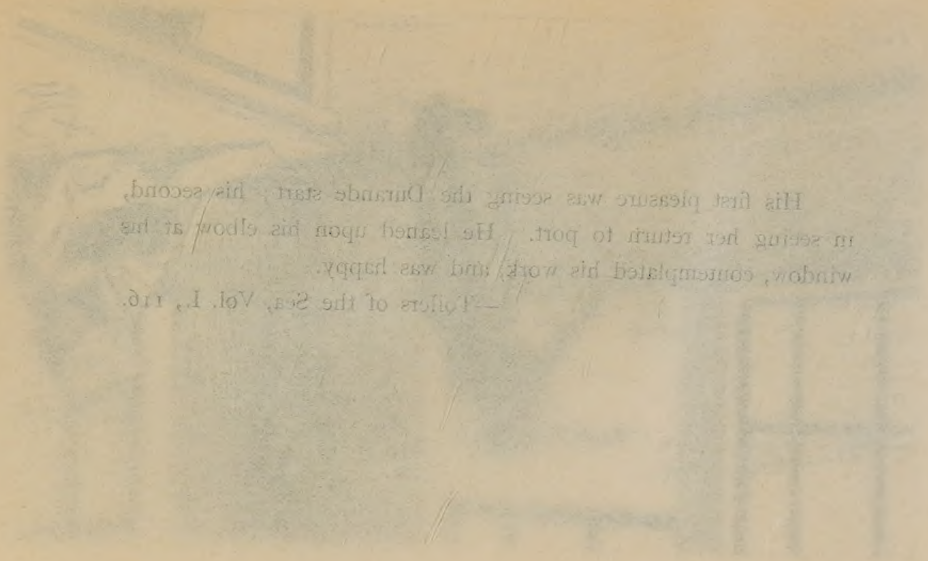
OF

VICTOR HUGO

E. Duez inv. Géry-Bichard sc.

His first pleasure was seeing the Durande start; his second, in seeing her return to port. He leaned upon his elbow at his window, contemplated his work, and was happy.

—Toilers of the Sea, Vol. I., 116.



The Buckner Library Edition

PQ
2289
.T7
E5
vol. 1

The Toilers of the Sea

by

Victor Hugo

WITH ETCHINGS

NEW YORK AND BOSTON
E. B. HALL & CO., INCORPORATED
PUBLISHERS

14329

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY G. B.

843.7
1.6[illegible]n
vol. 4

I dedicate this book to the rock of Hospitality and of Liberty, to that corner of old Normandy where live the noble little people of the sea, to the Isle of Guernsey, severe and mild, my present refuge, my probable tomb.

V. H.

CONCORDIA COLLEGE LIBRARY
BRONXVILLE, N. Y. 10708

Religion, Society, and Nature; these are the three struggles of mankind. These three struggles are at the same time his three needs; it is necessary for him to have a faith, hence the temple; it is necessary for him to create, hence the city; it is necessary for him to live, hence the plough and the ship. But these three solutions comprise three conflicts. The mysterious difficulty of life springs from all the three.

Man strives with obstacles under the form of superstition, under the form of prejudice, and under the form of the elements. A triple fatality weighs upon us —the fatality of dogmas, the fatality of laws, the fatality of matter. In "Notre-Dame de Paris" the author has denounced the first; in "Les Misérables" he has described the second; in this book he points out the third.

With these three fatalities that envelop mankind is mingled the inward fatality, the highest fatality—the human heart.

HAUTEVILLE-HOUSE, March, 1866.

THE

ARCHIPELAGO OF LA MANCHE

I.

THE OLD CATACLYSMS

The Atlantic wears away our coasts. The pressure of the Arctic current deforms our western cliffs. The wall which runs parallel to the coast is undermined from Saint-Valery-sur-Ingouville; large blocks of stone crumble, the water rolls clouds of pebbles, our ports are filled with sand or stones, and the mouths of our rivers are barred. Every day a portion of Norman earth is detached and disappears under the waves. This prodigious work, now abated, has been terrible. The immense buttress of Finistere was a necessity to keep the sea back. One may judge of the strength of the flow of the Arctic current, and of the violence of its effects, by the hollow which it has made between Cherbourg and Brest.

This formation of the Gulf of La Manche, at the expense of French soil, took place in pre-historic times. The last decisive raid of the ocean on our coast, however, has a fixed date. In 709, sixty years before the advent

of Charlemagne, the action of the sea separated Jersey from France. Other points of land formerly submerged are, like Jersey, visible. These points, which jut out of the water, are islands, and are known by the name of Norman Archipelago.

A swarm of laborious humanity dwells there.

To the industry of the sea, which made a desert, has succeeded the industry of man, which made a people.

II.

GUERNSEY

Granite in the southern part, sand in the northern part; here steep slopes, there the downs; an inclined plane of meadows with rolling hills, relieved by rocks; for a fringe to this carpet of green wrinkled in folds, the foam of the ocean; the whole length of the coast flanked batteries, fortified towers; from place to place, all along the low beach, a massive breastwork, intersected by battlements and stairways, invaded by the sand and attacked

by the waves, the only besiegers to be feared. The mills dismantled by the storm—some in Valle, others in Ville-au-Roi, in Saint-Pierre-Port, in Torteval—are turning yet. On the steep shore are places to anchor; on the downs the flocks; the shepherd's dog and the drover's dog meet there and work; the little carts of the city merchants gallop in the hollow roads; often black houses, tarred at the west on account of the rains; cocks, fowls, dungheaps; everywhere Cyclopean walls. Those of the old port, unfortunately destroyed, were very much to be admired, with their formless blocks, their powerful stakes and heavy chains; farms surrounded by forests; fields walled to the height of support by projecting lines of dry stone, drawing on the plains an odd chess-board. Here and there a rampart around a thistle, thatched cottages built of granite, huts with vaults, cabins built to resist a bullet; sometimes in the wildest place a small new building, surmounted by a belfry; this is a school; two or three streams in the bottom of the meadows; elms and oaks; an especial kind of lily, found only there—the Guernsey lily. In the busy season, the ploughs drawn by eight horses; in front of the houses large haystacks placed in a circle surrounded by stones; heaps of prickly furze; occasionally gardens in the old French style, with

trimmed yew trees; boxwood precisely cut; vases of shells or pebbles, mingled with orchards and kitchen gardens; amateur flowers in the gardens of the peasants; the mountain laurels among the potatoes; everywhere on the grass rows of seaweed of primrose color. There are no crosses in the graveyards; instead, slabs of stones, looking in the moonlight like standing white ghosts; six Gothic steeples on the horizon; old churches, new dogmas; the Protestant rites lodged in Catholic architecture. In the sands and on the capes, the sombre Celtic enigma dispersed under its different forms, large cut stones, long stones, fairy stones, rocking stones, sounding stones, galleries, cromlechs, dolmens, pouquelaies, all kinds of antiquities; after the Druids, the priests, the pastors; the remembrance of the fall from heaven; on one point, Lucifer in the castle of Michel-Archange; on the other point, "Icare on Cape Dicart;" almost as many flowers in summer as in winter. This is Guernsey.

III.

GUERNSEY

(*Continued*)

The land fertile, rich, strong. No better pasturage. The cheese is celebrated, the cows are noted. The heifers of the pastures of Saint-Pierre-du-Bois equal the laureate sheep of the plain of Confolens. The agricultural committees of France and England award honor to the *chef-d'œuvres* produced by the furrows and meadows of Guernsey. Agriculture is furthered by a very extensive inspection, and an excellent network of communication gives life to the entire island. The roads are very good. Where two roads branch off, a flat stone with a cross on it is placed on the ground. The oldest bailiff of Guernsey, the one who held office in 1280, the first on the list, Gaultier de la Salte, was hanged for judiciary injustice. This cross, called the bailiff cross, marks the place where he knelt for the last time and where he offered his last prayer.

The water of the little gulfs and bays is enlivened by the *corps morts* (objects firmly fixed on the shore or on the bottom of a

roadstead for the mooring of vessels); large towboats decorated with sugar-loaf patterns in squares of red and white, equal parts of black and yellow, dyed with green, blue and orange, lozenged, veined, marbled, float with wind and tide. In some places can be heard the monotonous song of the workmen towing a vessel and drawing the tow-rope.

The laborers have a no less contented appearance than the fish dealers and the gardeners. The soil, permeated with powdered rock, is rich; the manure, which is composed of the river sediment and seaweed, adds salt to the granite, whence an extraordinary fertility; vegetation thrives wonderfully; magnolias, myrtles, daphnes, rose-laurels, blue hortensia, fuchsias, abound. There are arcades of three-leaved verbenas, also walls of geraniums; oranges and lemons ripen in the open air, but grapes ripen only in hot-houses; there they flourish. The camelias are trees; in the gardens the flowers of the aloe trees are seen growing higher than a house. Nothing could be more rich and prodigal than the vegetation concealing and ornamenting the coquettish fronts of the villas and cottages.

Guernsey, attractive on one side, is terrible on the other. The west is laid waste, being exposed to the blasts from the open sea. There, the breakers, squalls, creeks where

vessels are stranded, repaired boats, heath, waste lands, hovels, sometimes a low and tottering hamlet, lean flocks, the grass short and salt, and the general appearance of extreme poverty.

Li-Hou is a small barren island quite near, and accessible at low tide. It is full of brushwood and burrows. The rabbits of Li-Hou are familiar with tides. They leave their holes only at high tide. They set man at defiance. Their friend, the ocean, isolates them. These numerous animals are in their wild state.

By digging in the clay of Vason Bay trees are found. A forest is discovered there under a mysterious covering of sand.

The vigorous fishermen of this wind-beaten west make skilful pilots. The sea is peculiar in the Archipelago of La Manche. The bay of Cancale, which is quite near, is the place where the tides rise higher than anywhere else in the world.

IV.

THE GRASS

The grass at Guernsey is the ordinary grass; however, a little richer. A meadow in Guernsey is almost like the lawn of "Cluges" or of "Géménos." You find there *fétuques* (a kind of grain), grass suited for grazing, as well as ordinary grass, besides the soft brome-grass, with the grain growing on the top of the stalks; then the canary grass; the agrostis (red top), which produces a green dye; the darnel ray-grass; the millet, which has a woolly stem; the fragrant vernal grass, the sensitive plant, the weeping marigold, the timothy grass, the fox-tail, whose grain looks like a little club; the feather-grass, used for making baskets; the lyme grass, used for steadying shifting sands. Is that all? No; there is also the cock's-foot grass, whose flowers grow in clusters; the guinea grass, and even, according to some native agriculturists, the lemon grass; also the bastard hawkweed, with leaves like the dandelion, which marks the hour; and the sow-thistle of Siberia, which foretells the weather.

All that is grass; but no one cares for this grass; it is the grass indigenous to the archipelago; it needs the granite for sub-soil and the ocean to water it.

Now, imagine a thousand insects running through and flying above this, some disgusting, others charming. Under the grass the longicornes (insects with long antennæ), longinases (insects with long proboscides), weevils, ants occupied milking the grubs, their cows; the driveling grasshopper, the small beetle, lady-bugs, *bête du bon Dieu*, moles, *bête du diable;* on the grass, in the air, the dragon-fly, the wasp, the golden rose-beetle, the bumble-bee, the lace-winged fly, ruby-tailed flies, the noisy volucellæ, and you will have some idea of this sight filled with material for thought, which is offered at noon of a June day on the ridge of Jerbourg or Fermain Bay to a dreamy entomologist and to a poet who is also something of a naturalist.

Suddenly you perceive a little square green slab of stone under this sweet green grass, on which are engraved these two letters, "W. D.," which mean War Department. That is right. Civilization must be apparent. Without that the place would be wild. Go on the banks of the Rhine; search the least known nooks of this scenery; in certain respects the landscape is so majestic that it seems pontifical;

it seems as though God is nearer there than elsewhere. Plunge yourself in the solitary fastnesses of the mountains and in the silent places of the forests; choose, for instance, Andernach and its surroundings. Make a visit to this obscure and impassable lake of Laach, mysterious in its wildness; no place more august. Universal life is there in all its religious serenity; no trouble; everywhere profound order in the midst of apparent natural disorder. Walk with a softened heart in the wilderness; it is delightful as the spring and melancholy as the autumn; wander at random; leave behind you the ruined abbey; lose yourself amidst the sweet peace of those ravines, amidst the song of birds and the rustle of leaves; drink, from the hollow of your hand, the water from the springs; walk, meditate, forget. A roof is seen; it marks the angle of a hamlet buried under the trees; it is green, fragrant, charming, covered with ivy and flowers, filled with children and laughter; you approach, and at the corner of the cabin, covered by a brilliant rift of shadow and sunlight, on an old stone of this old wall, under the name of the hamlet, you read: "22d. Landw. battalion., 2d comp." You think yourself in a village; you are in a regiment. Such is man.

V.

THE PERILS OF THE SEA

Break-neck is a dangerous shoal stretched along the western coast of Guernsey. The waves have intentionally torn it. At night, on the edges of dangerous rocks, strange lights are seen to warn or to deceive, so it is said. These are believed in by the sea rovers. These same rovers, bold and credulous, distinguish under the water the legendary holothuria. This marine and infernal blubber cannot be touched without setting one's hand on fire. Such a local demonstration—Tintta-jeu, for example (from the Welsh, *Tin-Tagel*), indicates the presence of the devil. Eustice, whose name is Wace, says in his old verse:

> "When the sea begins to toss,
> And the waves to trouble cross,
> Black the sky, the cloud is dark;
> Danger near! Look to thy barque!"

This Manche is as unsubdued to-day as in the times of Tewdrig, of Umbrafel, of Hamon-dhû, the black, and of Knight Emyr Lhydau; a shelter for the Isle of Groix, near Quimperle.

In these parts of the ocean there are dramatic effects which must be distrusted. This, for example, is one of the most frequent caprices of the face of a ship's compass in the channel's islands: a storm blows to the eastward; it becomes calm, a complete calm; you breathe; that calm lasts sometimes an hour. Suddenly the storm, which had disappeared in the south-east, reappears at the north; it took you before in the rear; it faces you now; it is the storm turned round. If you are not an experienced pilot, accustomed to the place; if you have not profited by the calm and taken the precaution of tacking the ship while the wind was turning, all is over; the vessel goes to pieces and founders.

Ribeyrolles, who died in Brazil, wrote in detached portions, during his stay in Guernsey, a personal memorandum of daily facts, a leaf of which lies before us:

"*1st of January. New Year's Gifts—A Storm.*

A ship coming from Portrieux was lost yesterday on the Esplanade.

2d. Three-masted vessel lost at La Rocquaine. It came from America. Seven men lost; twenty-one saved.

3d. The packet boat has not arrived.

4th. The storm continues. . . .

14th. Rain. Landslide, which killed one man.

15th. Stormy weather. The *Tawn* could not start.

22d. Unexpected sudden storm. Five disasters on the western coast.

24th. The storm continues. Shipwrecks on every side."

There is scarcely ever any repose in this corner of the ocean. From this place the cries of the gull echo for ages in this endless squall the verses of the restless poet of ancient days, Lhyouar'h-henn, this Jeremiah of the sea.

But the bad weather is not the greatest danger of the archipelago; the squall is violent, and its violence is a warning. One enters port or heaves-to, taking care to lower most of the sails. If a sudden gale springs up, they brail the sails and come through all right. The great dangers of these latitudes are the invisible dangers, always to be apprehended, and the finer the weather the more they are to be dreaded.

In these emergencies especial care is necessary. The sailors of the western part of Guernsey are very skilful in managing a ship in a way which might be called preventive. No one has studied so thoroughly as they the three dangers of a quiet sea, *le singe*, *l'anuble* and *le derruble*. *Le singe* is the current; *l'anuble* (dark place), the shallow water; *le derruble* (which they pronounce *terrible*) is the whirlwind, the centre of the maelstrom, situated among the rocks lying under the depths of the sea.

VI.

THE ROCKS

Throughout the Archipelago of La Manche the coast is almost uncultivated. These islands have charming interiors, with a stern and uninviting approach. La Manche, being almost a kind of Mediterranean, the sea is short and choppy, the billows are resounding, which produces a strange hammering of the cliffs and the heavy crushing of the coast.

Whoever follows this coast passes through a series of mirages. At every turn the rock tries to deceive you. Where do these illusions originate? In the granite. Nothing stranger. Enormous stone toads dwell there, come out of the water, no doubt, to breathe; giant nuns hurry to and fro, leaning over the horizon; the petrified folds of their veils have the form of the waving wind; kings with Plutonic crowns meditate on large thrones, which have not been spared by the breakers; some creatures buried in the rocks extend their arms aloft, the fingers of the open hands visible. All this is the shapeless shore. Approach.

There is nothing more. The stone is worn away. Here is a fortress, a defaced temple, a chaos of ruins and demolished walls, all the ruins of a deserted city. Neither city, nor temple, nor fortress exists; it is only the sea-cliff. In proportion as one advances or retreats, clears the shore or turns about, the bank varies; no kaleidoscope changes more quickly; the views alter to form again; the perspective is deceptive. This block appears like a tripod, then it looks like a lion, then like an angel opening its wings, then like a seated figure reading a book. Nothing is more changeable than the clouds, unless it may be the rocks.

These forms appear grand, not beautiful. Far from that; they are sometimes revolting and hideous. The rock has wens, cysts, blotches, knobs and warts. Mountains are the protuberances of the earth. Madame de Staël, hearing Monsieur de Chateaubriand, who had rather high shoulders, speak slightingly of the Alps, said: "Jealousy of the hunch-back." The great outlines and the great sublimity of nature, the cradle of the ocean, the profile of the mountains, the shade of the forests, the blue of the heavens, are composed of elements of intense discord mingled harmoniously together. Beauty has its lines, deformity also has its own. There is the smile and also the

grin. Disintegration has the same effect upon the rock as upon the cloud. The one floats and decomposes, the other is stationary and disintegrates. A remnant of the agony of chaos remains in creation. Brilliant things have their scars. An ugliness, sometimes dazzling, is mingled with things most magnificent, and seems to protest against order. There is a grimace in the cloud. There is a heavenly grotesqueness. Each line is broken in the water, in the foliage, on the rock; and it is impossible to tell what parodies may be seen there. Irregularity reigns there. Not an outline is correct. Large? Yes. Pure? No. Examine the clouds; all kinds of faces are drawn there; all kinds of resemblances are seen there; all kinds of figures are sketched there. Look there for a Greek profile! You will find Calaban, not Venus. You will never see the Parthenon there, but sometimes, at nightfall, a grand table of shadow, resting on two door-posts of cloud and surrounded by blocks of sea-fog, will roughly sketch, here in the fading twilight, an immense and prodigious cromlech (a Druidical altar).

VII.

COUNTRY AND OCEAN

At Guernsey the manors are monumental. Some of them have the face of a wall placed as an ornament, in which open, side by side, the door for the carts and that for pedestrians. Time has worn the jambs and the arches of the deep partitions, in which the tortula shelters the hatching of its spores, and where it is not unusual to find bats sleeping. The hamlets under the trees are decrepit and old. The cottages have the age of cathedrals. A stone cabin on the road from Hubies has a niche in its wall containing the stump of a small column and this date, "1405." Another on the side of Balmoral displays on its front, like the country houses of Hernani and Astigarragx, a sculptured coat-of-arms cut out of a single block of stone. At every step can be seen on the farms window-frames with lozenged panes, tower stairs and arches of renaissance architecture. Not a door that has not its horse-block of granite.

Other cabins have formerly been boats; the

hull of a boat, turned over and supported on stakes and cross-beams, forming a roof. A ship, the keel uppermost, represents a church; the arch downward, represents a ship; the place of prayer, reversed, subdues the sea.

In the arid parishes of the western part, the common wells, with their little domes of white stonework in the midst of the untilled lands, look like the Marabout of Arabia. A perforated beam, with a stone for a pivot, closes the hedge of a field; one can recognize by certain marks the sticks which the hobgoblins and witches ride astride at night.

Pell-mell on the slopes of the ravines are displayed the fern, bind-weed, the wolf-rose, the holly with its crimson berries, the white thorn, the rose-thorn, the Scotch dane-wort, the privet and the long-folded thongs, called collarettes of Henry IV. Amidst all this grass there multiplies and prospers an herb with a husk very much liked for food by the asses, and which the botanist with elegance and modesty calls by the name of "wild-ass grass." Everywhere thickets, hedges of yoke-elm trees; "all kinds of tares;" green copses, in which warble a winged world, laid in wait for by a creeping world; blackbirds, linnets, redbreasts, jays, torquilles; the goldfinch of the Ardennes hastens to fly; flights of starlings fly around with a spiral motion, besides the

greenfinch, the goldfinch, the Picardy jackdaw, the red-footed crow. Here and there a snake.

Little falls of water, brought through troughs of worm-eaten wood from which the water escapes in drops, turn the mills, the noise of which is heard under the boughs. In the yards of some of the farms may still be seen the cider press and the old circle of hollow stone in which the wheel turned in crushing the apples. The cattle drink in troughs like sarcophagi. A Celtic king has perhaps rotted in this granite case from which the cow, with Juno eyes, is peacefully drinking. The woodpeckers and the wagtails come in a friendly way to steal the grain from the fowls.

The whole shore is tawny. The wind blows away the grass burned by the sun. Some churches are covered with ivy which reaches as high as the belfry. In places in the wild heather a projecting rock is finished as a cottage. Boats stranded on the beach, for want of a harbor, are supported on large stones. Sails of vessels seen on the horizon are rather the color of ochre or yellow salmon than white. On the side facing the rain and the north wind the trees are covered with a fur of lichens; the stones themselves seem to take precautions and possess a covering of moss, well grown and thick. There are heard

murmurs, whisperings, the cracking of the branches, quick flight of sea-birds, some with a silver fish in their beaks; an abundance of butterflies, varying in color according to the seasons, and all kinds of hollow sounds in the sonorous rocks. The horses on the green gallop across the heath. They roll, bound, stop short, allow their manes to be tossed in the breeze and look before them on the waste of waters which roll on indefinitely. In May the old rural and marine buildings are covered by stock gilly-flowers; in June by wall lilacs.

In the dunes the batteries crumble. Disuse of the cannons is profitable to the countrymen; the nets of the fishermen dry on the port-holes. Between the four walls of the ruined Block-house, a wandering ass, or goat fastened to a stake, browses on the thrift grass and the blue thistle. Half-clad children make merry there. In the paths can be seen the play of hop-scotch which they have traced there.

In the evening, the setting sun, radiantly horizontal, slants in the hollow roads, lighting the slow return of the heifers as they linger to taste the hedges on the right and left. This makes the dog bark. The barren capes of the western shore plunge down in a waving line behind the sea; a few rare tamarinds

shiver there. At twilight the Cyclopean walls permit the daylight to shine aslant their stones, making long crests of black lacework on the top of the hills. The sound of the winds heard in these solitudes gives one the sensation of extreme distance.

VIII.

SAINT-PIERRE-PORT

Saint-Pierre-Port, capital of Guernsey, was formerly built of carved wooden houses brought from Saint Malo. A beautiful stone house of the sixteenth century still stands in the Grand Rue.

Saint-Pierre-Port is a free port. The city is situated in a chaos of valleys and hills frowning around the old port as if they had been held in the grasp of a giant. The ravines make the streets, stairs shorten the turns. Excellent Anglo-Norman teams gallop up and down the extremely steep streets.

In the large square, the market-women seated on the pavement in the open air are wet by the winter showers; near there is the statue of the prince. A foot of rain falls in a year at Jersey and ten and a half inches at Guernsey. The fish dealers fare better than the vegetable gardeners. The fish market, a large covered hall, is furnished with marble tables, on which are handsomely displayed

the hauls of fish, which are often wonderful in Guernsey.

It contains no public library. There is a mechanical and literary society, also a college. As many churches as possible are built. When they are finished they are approved by "the Lords of the Council." It is not unusual to see wagons passing through the street carrying windows or frames in wood, presented by such a carpenter to such a church.

It contains a court-house. The judges, dressed in purple robes, give their judgment in a loud voice. During the last century butchers could not sell a pound of beef or mutton before the magistrates had chosen theirs.

Many private "chapels" protested against the official churches. Enter one of these chapels, you will hear a countryman explaining to the others Nestorianism—that is to say, the difference between the Mother of Christ and the Mother of God, or teaching how the Father is power, while the Son is only a limited power, which very much resembles the heresy of Abelard. Many restless Irish Catholics attend these meetings, so that the theological discussions are sometimes punctuated by orthodox blows of the fist.

Sunday stagnation is the rule. Everything is permitted on Sunday except drinking a

glass of beer. If you are thirsty on "the holy Sabbath day" you would scandalize the worthy Amos Chick, who is licensed to sell ale and cider on High street. Sunday law—sing without drinking. Except in prayer, they do not say, "My God," but instead, "My good." The word good replaces the word God. A young assistant French teacher in a boarding-school, having picked up her scissors, exclaiming, "*Ah, mon Dieu!*" was dismissed for having sworn. These people are more biblical than evangelical.

They have a theatre. A private door opening on a corridor in a deserted street. The interior resembles the architecture adopted for hay-lofts. Satan is not surrounded by luxuries, and is badly housed. Opposite the theatre is the prison, another dwelling of the same individual.

On the north hill, at Castle Carey (solecism, we should say, Carey Castle), there is a precious collection of pictures, most of them Spanish; were it open to the public, it would be called a museum. In certain aristocratic houses there are curious specimens of Dutch painted tiles, with which the chimney-piece of the Czar Peter at Saardam is adorned, and also magnificent specimens of old china, called in Portugal *azulejos;* very artistic examples of the old china manufacture, revived to-day

more beautiful than ever, thanks to men like Dr. Lasalle, of manufacturers like Premieres, and to the porcelain painters like Deck and Devers.

The causeway from Antin to Jersey is called Rouge-Bouillon; the faubourg Saint Germain of Guernsey goes by the name of Rohais; beautiful streets abound, well laid out and intersected by gardens. In Saint-Pierre-Port there are as many trees as roofs, more nests than houses, more sound of birds than of carriages. The Rohais have the grand aristocratic air of the fashionable parts of London, and are white and clean.

Cross a ravine, cross over Mille street, enter in a sort of niche between two high houses, ascend a narrow and interminable winding staircase with unsteady flagging, and you are in a Bedouin city—houses, foundries, narrow unpaved lanes, burned gable ends, dwelling-houses going to ruin, deserted rooms without doors or windows, where the grass grows; beams crossing the street, ruins barring the passage, here and there a shed inhabited by little naked boys and pale women; one would mistake it for Zaatcha.

At Saint-Pierre-Port, a watchmaker is called a *montrier;* an appraiser, an *encanteur;* a whitewasher, a *picturier;* a mason, a *plâtreur;* a foot-doctor, a *chiropodiste;* a cook, a *couque;*

they do not knock at the door, but *tape à l'hû.* Madame Pescott is "custom-house agent and ship-furnisher." A barber announced in his shop the death of Wellington in these terms: "The commander of the soldiers is dead."

Women go from door to door reselling, in small quantities, things bought at the bazaars or markets. This industry is called *chiner.* The chineuses, very poor, gain a few farthings with great difficulty. Here is a quotation from a chineuse: "Do you know that it is very nice? I have laid aside seven sous during my week." A traveler, one of our friends, one day gave five francs to one of them; she said: "Thank you very much, sir; this will enable me to buy at wholesale."

In the month of May yachts begin to arrive; the bay is filled with pleasure boats; most of them rigged as schooners, some as steam yachts. Such a yacht costs its owner one hundred thousand francs a month.

Cricket prospers, boxing declines. The temperance societies reign; very useful, let us acknowledge. They have their processions and their banners, and make a display almost Masonic, which softens the hearts even of the tavern-keepers. The wife of the tavern-keeper may be heard saying to the drunkards, while serving them: "Drink a glassful; don't take a bottle."

The population is healthy, beautiful and good. The prison of the city is very often empty. When the jailer has prisoners at Christmas, he gives them a little family banquet.

The local architecture has its peculiarities, of which it is tenacious. The city of Saint-Pierre-Port is faithful to the queen, to the Bible and to sash-windows. In summer the men bathe nude; a pair of drawers is immodest; it attracts attention.

Here mothers excel in dressing their children; nothing is prettier than the variety of little toilets coquettishly designed. Children go about alone in the streets—touching and sweet evidence of confidence. The little ones take the babies.

As to the fashions, Guernsey copies Paris. Not always; sometimes the brilliant reds or crude blues show the English alliance. However, we have heard a local milliner, advising an elegant native, protesting against indigo and scarlet, and adding this delicate observation: "I find that a color which is lady-like and genteel is a happy inspiration."

The maritime carpentry of Guernsey is renowned; the wharf is crowded with repair shops. Boats are drawn up on the beach by the sound of the flute. "The flutist," says the master carpenter, "works harder than a workman."

Saint-Pierre-Port has a Pollet like Dieppe and a Strand like London. A man of the world will not be seen on the street with an album or a portfolio under his arm, but he will go to the market on Saturday carrying a basket. The passage of a royal personage has been made a pretext for a monument. The dead are buried within the city. The college street closely skirts the right and left of two cemeteries. A tomb of February, 1610, continues part of the wall.

L'Hyvreuse is a square of grass and trees, which can be compared to the most beautiful squares of the "Champs-Elysées" of Paris, with a view of the sea in addition. In the glass cases of the elegant bazaars one can see announcements such as this: "Here is sold the perfume recommended by the Sixth Regiment of Artillery."

The city is crossed in every direction by drays loaded with barrels of beer or with sacks of pit-coal. The pedestrian can still read other announcements here and there: "*Here a fine bull is lent as heretofore.*" Again: "*The highest price is given for marbles, lead, glass and bones.*" "*For sale—New kidney potatoes of the best quality.*" "*For sale—Stakes for peas; some tons of oats for chaff; a complete set of English doors for a parlor, as also a fat hog;*" "*Farm of*

Mon. Plaisir, Saint Jacques. For sale—Good soubats lately beaten, yellow carrots by the hundred, and a good French syringe. Apply at the Moulin de l'échelle Saint André." "*It is forbidden to dress fish and to throw out the refuse.*" "*For sale—An ass giving milk,*" etc., etc.

IX.

JERSEY, AURIGNY, SERK

The isles of La Manche are portions of France which have fallen into the sea and been picked up by England. Hence a complex nationality. The Jerseyites and the Guernseyites are certainly not involuntarily English, but they are French without knowing it. If they know it, they make a point of forgetting it. One can tell that, somewhat, by the French they speak.

The archipelago consists of four islands—two large ones, Jersey and Guernsey, and two small ones, Aurigny and Serk—without counting the isles Ortach, the Casquets, Herm, Jethou, etc. The islets and rocks in this old

Gaul are usually called "Hou." Aurigny also goes by the name of Bur-Hou; Serk is called Brecq-Hou; Guernsey, Li-Hou and Jet-Hou; Jersey, Ecre-Hou; Granville, Pir-Hou. There are also Capes Hougue, Hougue-bye, Hougue-des-Pommiers, Houmets, etc. In the island of Chousey is the rock Chouas, etc. This remarkable root of the primitive languages, *hou*, is found everywhere—in *houle* (the swell of the sea); *huée* (hooting); *hure* (boar's head); *hourque* (a hulk); *houre* (an old word for scaffold); *houx* (holly); *houperon* (a shark); *hurlement* (roaring); *hulotte* (brown owl); *chouette* (screech owl), from whence is derived *chouan*, etc. It is perceived in the two words which express the indefinite, *unda et unde* (a wave and whence). It is also found in the two words which express doubt, *ou* (or) and *où* (where).

Serk is half the size of Aurigny, Aurigny is quarter the size of Guernsey, Guernsey is two-thirds the size of Jersey. The entire island of Jersey is exactly the size of the city of London. It would require two thousand and seven hundred Jerseys to equal France. According to the calculations of Charassin, an excellent agriculturist, France, if it were as carefully cultivated as Jersey, could sustain two hundred and seventy millions of men—all Europe. Of the four islands, Serk is the

smallest, and is also the most beautiful. Jersey is the largest and the prettiest. Guernsey, wild and gay, partakes of the charms of both. At Serk there is a silver mine, unworked because of the smallness of its yield. Jersey contains fifty-six thousand inhabitants; Guernsey thirty thousand; Aurigny, four thousand five hundred; Serk, six hundred; Li-Hou, one only. The distance from one of these islands to the other, from Aurigny to Guernsey and from Guernsey to Jersey, is the stride of a seven-leagued boot. The arm of the sea between Guernsey and Herm is called the Little Ruau, and between Herm and Serk the Large Ruau. The nearest point of France is Cape Flamanville. At Guernsey the cannon of Cherbourg can be heard and at Cherbourg the thunder of Guernsey.

The storms in the Archipelago of La Manche, as we have said, are terrible. Archipelagoes are the abodes of the winds. Between each island there is a channel which causes a draft. This law is bad for the sea and good for the land. The wind blows away malaria and brings shipwrecks. This is a law of the Channel Islands, as well as of other archipelagoes. Cholera has passed over Jersey and Guernsey. In the Middle Ages, however, there was such a furious epidemic in Guernsey that the bailiff burned the archives to destroy the plague.

In France these islands are usually called the English Islands and in England the Norman Isles. The isles of La Manche coin money; copper only. A Roman road, which can yet be seen, led from Coutances to Jersey.

It was in 709, as we have said, that the ocean separated Jersey from France. Twelve parishes were engulfed. Families now living in Normandy possess the lordships of these parishes; their divine right lies under the water; that is the fate of divine rights.

X.

HISTORY, LEGEND, RELIGION

The six primitive parishes of Guernsey belonged to a single lord, Néel, viscount of Cotentin, conquered at the battle of the Dunes in 1047. At this time, says Dumaresq, there was a volcano in the isles of La Manche. The date of the twelve parishes of Jersey is inscribed in the Black Book of the cathedral at Coutances. The Sire de Briquebec went by the title of Baron of Guernsey.

Aurigny belonged to Henri l'Artisan. Jersey has submitted to two robbers, Cæsar and Rollo.

Haro is a salute to the Duke (Ha! Rollo!), unless it may come from the Saxon *haran*, to cry. The cry *Haro!* is repeated three times while kneeling on the main road, and all work ceases in the place where the cry has been uttered, until justice is done.

Before Rollo, duke of the Normans, Salomon, king of the Britons, had been in the archipelago. This is the reason that Jersey is so much like Normandy and Guernsey so closely resembles Brittany. Nature reflects history. Jersey possesses more meadow land and Guernsey more rocks; Jersey is greener and Guernsey rougher.

Gentlemen distributed themselves over the islands. The Count of Essex left a ruin at Aurigny, Essex Castle. Jersey possesses Montorgeuil, Guernsey has Cornet Castle. Cornet Castle is built on a rock which was formerly a Holm or a Heaume. This metaphor is found again in the Casquets, *casques* (helmets). Cornet Castle was besieged by a pirate from Picardy, named Eustache, and Montorgeuil, by Duguesclin. Fortresses, like women, boast of their besiegers when they are distinguished.

A pope in the fifteenth century declared that Jersey and Guernsey were neutral ground. He thought of war and not of schism. Calvinism

was preached in Jersey by Pierre Morice and in Guernsey by Nicholas Baudoin. It made its entry into the Norman Archipelago in 1563. Calvin's doctrines prospered there, as well as those of Luther, very much hampered to-day by Methodism, an outgrowth of Protestantism, which contains the future of England.

Churches abound in the archipelago. This is a noticeable fact. There are temples everywhere. Catholic devotion is outdone. A corner of land in Jersey, or in Guernsey, possesses more chapels than any portion of Spanish or Italian soil of the same dimensions. Methodists, Primitive Methodists, United Methodists, Independent Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Millenaries, Quakers, Bible Christians, Plymouth Brethren, Non-Sectarians, etc. ; add also the English Episcopal Church and the English Roman Papist. There is a Mormon chapel in Jersey. The orthodox Bibles can be distinguished, because in them the word Satan is written without a capital letter : *satan*. That is right.

Speaking of Satan, they hate Voltaire. The word Voltaire is, it seems, one of the varieties of the name of Satan. When Voltaire is talked about, all differences vanish ; the Mormon agrees with the Anglican, united by anger, and all sects have but one hatred. The anathema of Voltaire is the point of intersection

of every variety of Protestantism. It is a remarkable fact that Catholicism detests Voltaire and that Protestantism execrates him. Geneva exceeds Rome. There is an ascending scale in malediction. Calas, Sirvin, so many eloquent pages against the Dragonade (persecution of the Protestants in France in time of Louis XIV), are of no avail. Voltaire denied dogma; that is enough. He defended Protestants, but he wounded Protestantism. The Protestants pursue him with an orthodox ingratitude. Someone who was about to speak in public, in Saint Hélier, to beg for a collection, was warned that if he named Voltaire in his speech the collection would be a failure. As long as the past has breath enough to make itself heard, Voltaire will be rejected. Listen to all these opinions: He has neither genius, nor talent, nor wit. When old he was insulted; when dead he was outlawed. He is everlastingly "discussed;" in that his glory consists. Is it possible to speak of Voltaire with calmness and justice? When a man rules an age and embodies progress, he is no longer subject of criticism, but of hatred.

XI.

THE OLD HAUNTS AND THE OLD SAINTS

The Cyclades describe a circle; the Archipelago of La Manche outlines a triangle. On looking at the Channel Islands on a map, which is a man's bird's-eye view, a triangular segment of sea is seen between these three culminating points: Aurigny, which marks the northern point; Guernsey, which marks the western point; Jersey, which marks the southern point. Each one of these three mother islands is surrounded by what might be called her young chicken islets. Near Aurigny are Bur-Hou, Ortach and the Casquets; near Guernsey, Herm, Jet-Hou and Li-Hou. From the side of Jersey next to France opens the arched bay of Saint Aubin, toward which are seen these two groups, scattered but distinct, the Grelets and the Minquiers, seem, in the blue of the water, which is, like the air, azure, to descend like two swarms toward the door of a bee-hive. In the centre of the archipelago, Serk, near which are Brecq-Hou and Goat's Island, is

the connecting link between Guernsey and Jersey. The comparison of the Cyclades to the Channel Islands would certainly have attracted the attention of the mysterious and mythical school, which, under the Restoration, attached itself to the doctrines of de Maistre advocated by d'Eckstein, and would have given him material for a symbol; the Grecian Archipelago, round, *ore rotundo;* the Archipelago of La Manche, sharp, rough, surly, angular; one like the emblem of harmony; the other, of dispute. It is not without reason that one is Greek and the other Norman.

Formerly, in pre-historic times, these isles of La Manche were wild. The first islanders were probably primitive men, whose type is found at Moulin-Guignon, and who belong to the race with retreating jaw-bones. One-half of the year they lived on fish and shell-fish, and the other half on what they could pick up from wrecks. To pillage their coasts was their main expedient. They knew only two seasons—the season of fishing and the season of shipwreck; like the Greenlanders, who call summer the hunt for reindeer and winter the hunt for seals. All these islands, which at a later period belonged to Normandy, were covered with thistles, brakes, and brambles, lairs of wild beasts, the abode of pirates. An old local chronicler said,

energetically: "Rat traps and pirate traps." The Romans came there, and were only able to make a slight advance toward honesty; they crucified pirates and celebrated the Furinales —that is to say, the festival of thieves. This festival is still celebrated in some of our villages on the 25th of July, and in our cities all the year round.

Jersey, Serk, and Guernsey were formerly called Ange, Sarge, and Bissarge. Aurigny is called Redanæ, unless, perhaps, Thanet. A legend affirms that in Rat Island (*insula rattorum*), the promiscuous association of male rabbits and female rats produces the *cochet d'Inde* ("Turkey cony"), according to Furetière, Abbot of Chalivoy, the same who reproached La Fontaine with being ignorant of the difference between wood with the bark on and ornamented wood. It was a long time before France recognized Aurigny on its shores. Aurigny, in fact, only had an imperceptible place in the history of Normandy. Rabelais, however, was acquainted with the Norman Archipelago. He mentions Herm and Serk, which he calls Cerq: "I assure you that this land is the same that I have formerly seen called the isles of Cerq and Herm, between Brittany and England." (Edition of 1558, Lyon, p. 423.)

The Casquets are dreaded on account of

shipwrecks. The English, two hundred years ago, made a business of fishing up cannon there. One of these cannon, covered with oysters and mussels, is in the museum of Valognes.

Herm is a futchell; prayers have been offered to Saint Tugdual, the friend of Saint Sampson in Herm, the same as to Saint Magloire in Serk. On all these pointed rocks have dwelt sainted hermits. Hélier prayed in Jersey, and Marcouf among the rocks of Calvados. It was the period when the hermit Eparchias became Saint Cybard in the cavern of Angoulême, and where the anchorite Crescentius, in the depths of the forest of Trèves caused the temple of Diana to crumble by looking fixedly at it for five years. It is at Serk, which was his sanctuary, his "jonad naomk," that Magloire composed the hymn of Toussaint, rewritten by Santeuil. *Cœlo quos eadem gloria consecrat.* (Which same reputation he consecrated to Heaven.) From thence he also threw stones at the Saxons, whose pillaging ships on two occasions disturbed him while at prayer. At this time the archipelago was also somewhat troubled by the "Amwarydour, chief of the Celtic colony." From time to time Magloire crossed the water and consulted with the Mactierne of Guernsey, Nivou, who was a prophet. One day

Magloire, having worked a miracle, made a vow never to eat any more fish. Also, to look to the manners of the dogs and to preserve the monks from guilty thoughts, he banished female dogs from the island of Serk, a law which still exists. Saint Magloire rendered several other services to the archipelago. He went to Jersey to bring to their senses the populace, who on Christmas day had the bad habit of transforming themselves into all kinds of beasts in honor of Mithras. Saint Magloire stopped this bad custom. His relics were stolen in the reign of Nominoë, the feudatory of Charles the Bald, by the monks of Lehon-les-Dinan. All these facts are proven by the Jesuits, *Acta Sancti Marculphi* (holy act of Marculphi), etc., and by the ecclesiastical history of the Abbot Trigan. Victrice of Rouen, the friend of Martin of Tours, had his grotto in Serk, which, in the eleventh century, arose from the Abbey of Montebourg. At present Serk is a fief divided among forty tenants.

XII.

LOCAL CIRCUMSTANCES

Each island has its own currency, its own dialect, its own government, its special prejudices. Jersey is uneasy about a French proprietor. What if he should buy all the island! In Jersey strangers are forbidden to buy land; in Guernsey it is permitted. On the other hand, religious austerity is carried to less excess in the first island than in the second; the Jersey Sunday is a freer day than the Guernsey Sunday. The Bible is more obeyed at Saint-Pierre-Port than at Saint Hélier. The purchase of Guernsey property is accompanied by a singular peril for the uninformed stranger; the buyer gives security on his purchase for twenty years, that the commercial and financial position of the seller shall be the same as it was at the very time in which the sale took place.

Other confusions grow out of the currency and the measures. The schelling, our old ascalin or chelin, is worth twenty-five sous in England, twenty-six sous in Jersey, and

twenty-four sous in Guernsey. *Le poid de la Reine* also varies; the Guernsey pound is not the Jersey pound, which, in its turn, is not the English pound. In Guernsey the fields are measured by square roods and the square rood by perches. This measurement is different in Jersey. In Guernsey only French money is used, called by English names. A franc is called "a ten-pence." The absence of symmetry is carried to such an extent that there are more women than men in the archipelago—six women to five men.

Guernsey has had many nicknames, some of them archæological; the savants call it Granosia, and the loyal, "Little England." In fact, its geometrical form resembles England; Serk would be her Ireland, but an island at the east. In the waters of Guernsey are found two hundred varieties of shell-fish and forty kinds of sponges. The Romans dedicated it to Saturn, but the Celts to Gwyn; it did not gain much by the change, for Gwyn is, like Saturn, a devourer of children. It possesses an old code of French laws which dates from 1331, and is called "The Precept of Assizes." Jersey, in its turn, possesses three or four old Norman tables: the court of legacies, from whence is derived the fiefs; the court of Catel, which is a criminal court; the court of Billet, a commercial tribunal, and

the court of Saturday, a police court. Guernsey exports vinegar, cattle, and fruit, but above all, she exports herself: her principal export is gypsum and granite. Guernsey contains three hundred and five uninhabited houses. Why? The answer in regard to some, at least, is told in one of the chapters of this book. The Russians who were housed in Jersey in the commencement of this century have left their mark in the horses. The Jersey horse is a singular mixture of the Norman horse and the Cossack horse; he is an admirable runner and a good walker; he could carry Tancred and drag Mazeppa.

In the seventeenth century there was a civil war between Guernsey and Cornet Castle, Cornet Castle being for Stuart and Guernsey for Cromwell. It is the same as though the isle of Saint Louis should declare war against the quay of Ormes. In Jersey two factions exist, the Rose and the Laurel, diminutives of the Whigs and the Tories. Division, government by the priests, caste, compartments, please the islanders of the archipelago, so appropriately called the "Unknown Normandy." The Guernseyites, in particular, are so fond of islands that they make them in the population; at the head of this small social order are sixty families; the sixty live apart; half-way up the social scale are forty

families; the forty form another group, equally isolated; around them cluster the people. As to the authority, which is at the same time local and English, it is divided thus: ten parishes, ten provosts, twenty constables, a hundred and sixty douzeniers, a royal court with a prosecutor and a controller, a court called the states, twelve judges called juvats, a *bailli* called by the English word bailiff (*ballivus et coronator*), say the old charters. In law they follow the customs of Normandy. The prosecutor is appointed by commission and the bailiff by patent, a very serious English distinction. Besides the bailiff, who represents the civil authority, there is the dean, who rules over the spiritual welfare, and the governor, who commands the military. The detail of the other officers is outlined in the "list of gentlemen who occupy the first positions in the island."

XIII.

THE WORK OF CIVILIZATION IN THE ARCHIPELAGO

Jersey is the seventh port of England. In 1845 the archipelago possessed four hundred and forty vessels gauging forty-two thousand tons; in its port there was a trade of sixty thousand tons entering and of fifty-four thousand tons leaving, on twelve hundred and sixty-five vessels of all nations, of which one hundred and forty-two were steamers. These figures have more than tripled in twenty years.

Paper money is used on a large scale in the islands, and with excellent results. In Jersey, anyone who wishes can issue bank-notes; if these bank-notes are honored when they fall due, the bank is established. The bank-note of the archipelago invariably represents a pound sterling. The day when the note bearing interest shall be understood by the Anglo-Normans, they will, no doubt, make use of it, and this curious spectacle can then be seen, of the thing being done in the Utopian States in Europe, and the progress accomplished in the

Channel Islands. The financial revolution would be microscopically accomplished in this little corner of the world.

A firm, living, alert, and quick intelligence characterizes the Jerseyites, who could, if they wished, be excellent Frenchmen. The Guernseyites, though quite as clear-sighted and reliable, are slower.

These are strong and brave people, more enlightened than is generally supposed, and among whom there is much that is astonishing. Newspapers, both English and French, are numerous there; six in Jersey, four in Guernsey; very large and very good journals. Such is the powerful and irreducible English instinct. Suppose a desert island, and that Robinson Crusoe edits a newspaper, the day after his arrival, and his man Friday subscribes to it.

As a supplement there is the placard; illuminated and colossal bill-posting; boards of all colors and sizes, capital letters, pictures, illustrated texts, in the open air; on all the walls of Guernsey one vast vignette, representing a man six feet high with a bell in his hand sounding an alarm. Guernsey now contains more posters than all France.

This publicity promotes life, energy of thought, very often with unexpected results, leveling the population by the habit of

reading, which produces dignity of manners. On the road to Saint Hélier or Saint Pierre you talk with an unexceptionable man, dressed in a black coat closely buttoned, with very white linen, speaking to you of John Brown, and informing himself about Garibaldi. Is he a reverend? Not at all. He is a drover. A contemporaneous writer visits Jersey, enters a grocery store, and, in a magnificent saloon communicating with the store, behind a glass case, he perceives his complete works bound and arranged in a high and large library surmounted by a bust of Homer.

XIV.

OTHER PECULIARITIES

The people from one isle to another fraternize; they also laugh amiably at each other. Aurigny, subordinate to Guernsey, is sometimes vexed at this, and would like to attract the traffic to herself and make Guernsey her satellite. Guernsey replies good-naturedly to this popular jest:

Hale, Pier, hale, Jean,
L'Guernsey vian.

These islanders, being an ocean family, sometimes are vexed with each other, but never really angry. Anyone who attributes grossness to them, misunderstands them. We do not attach any weight to the pretended proverbial dialogue between Jersey and Guernsey: "You are asses;" replied to by "You are toads." The inhabitants of the Norman Archipelago are incapable of making such salutations. We will not admit that Vadius and Trissotin have become two isles in the ocean.

Besides, Aurigny has its relative importance. Aurigny is the London of the Casquets. The daughter of the lighthouse keeper, Houguer, born in the Casquets, when twenty years old made the voyage to Aurigny. She was distracted by the tumult and wished for her own native rocks again. She had never seen oxen. On seeing a horse, she exclaimed: "What a large dog!"

In these Norman Isles people grow old early, not in reality, but because it is customary for them to consider themselves old.

Two persons, meeting, converse thus: The good man who used to pass here every day is dead. How old was he? Well, at least thirty-six years old.

Are the women of this insular Normandy to be blamed or praised that they find it so difficult

to become servants? Two living in the same house sometimes find it difficult to agree. Neither one will make any concession; hence follows an unyielding service, very irregular and spasmodic. They take moderate interest in their master's service, without bearing a grudge against him. He gets along as he can. In 1852 a French family, in the course of events, landed in Jersey, and took in their service a cook, native of Saint Brelade, and a chambermaid, born in Boulay Bay. One morning in December the master of the house, having risen early, found the front door of the house wide open, and no servants. These two women had been unable to come to an understanding after their quarrel, having besides taken into consideration that their wages had been paid, packed up their belongings and left; each one went her own way, in the middle of the night, leaving their employers asleep and the door open. One said to the other: "I will not stay with a drunkard," and the other replied: "I will not stay with a thief."

Always the two on the ten, is an old proverb of the country. What does it mean? That if you have a workman or serving-woman, never allow your two eyes to leave off looking at their ten fingers. Advice of a hard master: "It is the old distrust which denounces the old idleness." Diderot relates that to mend

a broken pane of glass in his window in Holland, five workmen came. One carried the new pane of glass, another the putty, another the pail of water, another the trowel, and still another the sponge. It took these five men two days to replace the window-pane.

Let us attribute this to the old Gothic slowness born of servitude, as the creole indolence is born of slavery, vices shared by every nation, but which, in our day, are vanishing under the friction of progress; are disappearing in every land, in the Channel Islands as well, and perhaps even more rapidly there than elsewhere. In these industrious island communities, energy, associated with honesty, becomes more and more the law of labor.

In the Archipelago of La Manche certain things, belonging to the past, may still be seen. This, for example: Court of Fief, held in the parish of Saint Ouen, in M. Malzard's house, Monday, the 22d of May, 1854, at the hour of noon. The court is presided over by the seneschal; on his right is the provost, and on his left the bailiff. The noble squire, Lord of Morville, and also of other places, who possessed a part of the village in vassalage, was present at court. The seneschal requires an oath from the provost, the purport of which is as follows: You swear and promise by your faith in God, that you will both well and faith-

fully perform the duties of provost of the court of fief and the manor of Morville, and will preserve the right of the lord. And the said provost, having raised his hand and saluted the lord, said: "I swear to it."

French, with some variations, is spoken in the Norman Archipelago, as one will see: *Paroisse* (parish) is pronounced *paresse. On a un mâ à la gambe qui n'est pas commua* (one has a pain in the leg that is unusual). "How do you do?" *Petitement. Moyennement. Tout à l'aisi;* these three words mean badly, not badly, well. To be sad "is to have low spirits." To feel badly is to have *un mauvais sent.* To make mischief is *faire du ménage.* To sweep the room, to wash the dishes, etc., is *picher son fait.* The bucket often filled with refuse is *le bouquet.* One is not drunk, he is *bragi;* not wet, but *mucre.* To be hypochondriacal is to have *des fixes.* A girl is a *hardelle;* an apron, a *devantier;* a tablecloth, a *doublier;* a gown is a *dress;* a pocket, a *pouque;* a drawer, a *haleur;* a cabbage, a *caboche;* a closet, a *press;* a coffin, a *coffre à mort.* Christmas boxes or New Year's gifts are *irvières;* the causeway is the *cauchie;* a mask is a *visagier;* pills are *boulets;* soon is *bien dupartant.* The market-place contains but little, provisions are scarce, fish and vegetables are *écarts.* To go to law, to build, to travel,

to keep house, to keep open table, to entertain, is *coûtageux* (in Belgium and in Flanders it is called *frayeux*). Noble is one of the words most frequently used in this French locality. Everything which succeeds is a *noble train*. A cook brings from market *un noble quartier de veau*. A well-fed duck is a *noble pirot*. A fat goose is a *noble picot*. Judicial and legal terms are also tinged with a taste of Norman law. A law document, a petition, a law bill are *légos au greffe*. A father who gives his daughter in marriage owes her nothing, *pendant qu'elle est couverte de mari*.

According to the Norman custom, an unmarried woman, who is likely to become a mother, points out the father of her child from among the population. She sometimes makes her own choice. This occasions some inconvenient consequences.

The French spoken by the old inhabitants of the archipelago is, perhaps, not altogether their fault.

Fifteen years ago many French came to Jersey; we have already mentioned this fact. (Let us say, in passing, that it was not well understood why they left their country; some of the inhabitants called them *ces biaux révoltés*.) One of these Frenchmen received visits from an old professor of the French language, who said he had been established

in the country for some time. He was an Alsatian, accompanied by his wife. He showed little reverence for the Norman French, which is the idiom of La Manche. On entering, he said: "*J'ai pien te la beine à leur abrendre le vranzais. On barle ici badois* (I have much trouble in teaching them French, they speak *patois* here)."

"How, *badois?*"

"Yes, *badois.*"

"Ah! *patois?*"

"So it is, *badois.*"

The professor continued his complaints about the Norman *badois.* His wife having spoken to him, he turned toward her and said: "*Ne me vaites pas ici de zènes gonchicales* (Do not make a scene here)."

XV.

ANTIQUITIES AND ANTIQUES, CUSTOMS, LAWS, AND MANNERS.

Let us acknowledge that to-day each of the Norman isles possesses its college and many schools, also excellent professors; some of them French, others natives of Guernsey and Jersey.

As to the *patois*, denounced by the Alsatian professor, it is a real language, not at all contemptible. This *patois* is a complete idiom, very rich and singular. By its obscure but profound light the origin of the French language is elucidated. This *patois* was the language of many learned men, among whom we must mention the one who translated the Bible into the Guernsey language. M. Métivier is to the Celtic-Norman tongue what the Abbot Elicagaray was to the language of the Basque provinces of Spain.

In the Isle of Guernsey there is a chapel of the eighteenth century with a stone roof; and a Gallic statue of the sixth century, which serves as a jamb to the door of a cemetery; probably unique specimens. Another unique

specimen is a descendant of Rollo, a very worthy gentleman, who peaceably dwells in the archipelago. He consents to consider Queen Victoria his cousin.

The pedigree is apparently proven, and is not at all improbable.

In this island the people value their coat-of-arms highly. We have heard M make this reproach to D: "They have taken our escutcheons and placed them on their tombs."

A countryman said: "My ancestors."

The *fleurs-de-lys* are abundant; England willingly wears fashions which France has discarded. There are few citizens of the middle classes who are without a fence ornamented by *fleur-de-lys*.

They are very touchy about misalliances. In—I do not remember which of the islands—Aurigny, I think, the son of a very old family of wine merchants, having married the daughter of a recent hatter, the indignation was universal; all the island blamed the son, and a venerable dame exclaimed: "Is that a cup to give parents to drink from?"

The Princess Palatine was not more tragically exasperated when she reproached one of her cousins, married to the Prince of Tingre, with having lowered herself to a Montmorency.

At Guernsey, to offer your arm to a lady means betrothal. A bride, during the eight

days following her wedding, only goes out to church. A taste of prison seasons the honeymoon. Besides, a certain modesty is appropriate. Marriage requires so few formalities that it is easily concealed. Cahaigne, when in Jersey, heard this exchange of questions and answers between a mother, an old woman, and her daughter, forty years old: "Why do you not marry this Stevens?" "Do you wish, then, mother, that I should be married twice?" "How so?" "We have now been married four months."

At Guernsey, in October, 1863, a girl was imprisoned for six months "for having annoyed her father."

XVI.

CONTINUATION OF PECULIARITIES

The isles of La Manche have as yet but two statues, one at Guernsey, the Prince Consort, the other at Jersey, called the "Gilded King:" they call it by that name because they do not know whom it represents, and cannot

tell whom it immortalizes. It stands in the centre of the large square of Saint Hélier. An anonymous statue is always a statue, and that flatters the self-esteem of the population; it is probably erected to the glory of someone. Nothing is quarried more slowly than a statue, and nothing grows faster. When it is not the oak, it is the mushroom. Shakespeare waits everlastingly for his statue in England. Beccaria is still waiting for his in Italy, but it appears that M. Dupin is going to have his in France. It is gratifying to see these public evidences of respect given to the men who have been an honor to their country, like in London, for example, where the enthusiasm, admiration, regret and the crowd in mourning has increased at the three funerals of Wellington, of Palmerston, and of the boxer, Tom Sayres.

In Jersey there is a Mont-aux-Pendus, which Guernsey does not possess. Sixty years ago a man was hanged in Jersey for having stolen twelve sous out of a drawer; it is also true that about the same time a child of thirteen was hanged in England for stealing cakes, and in France the innocent Lesurques was guillotined. These are the beauties of capital punishment.

Jersey, more advanced than London, would not now tolerate the gallows. There the death penalty is tacitly abolished.

In prison the reading is carefully watched. A prisoner is allowed to read the Bible only. In 1830 a Frenchman named Béasse, condemned to death, was allowed to read the tragedies of Voltaire while awaiting his execution. This atrocity would not now be tolerated. This Béasse was next to the last man hanged in Jersey. Tapner is, and will be, let us hope, the last.

Until 1825 the bailiff of Guernsey received for his fee the thirty Tours pounds, about fifty francs, that were given him in the time of Edward III. Now he receives three hundred pounds sterling. In Jersey the royal court is called the *cohue* (mob). A woman who undertakes a lawsuit is called the *actrice*. In Guernsey people are condemned to be whipped; in Jersey the accused is put in an iron cage. The people laugh at the relics of the saints, but they venerate the old boots of Charles II. They are respectfully preserved in the manor of Saint Ouen. Tithes are collected. In our walks we notice the shops of the tithe-collectors.

Jambage is abolished, but *Poulage* is strictly enforced. The writer of these lines gives two hens a year to the Queen of England.

The tax is rather oddly placed on the entire fortune, real or surmised, of the tax-payer. The result is that great consumers are not

attracted to the island. M. de Rothschild, if he lived in Guernsey in some pretty cottage worth about twenty thousand francs, would pay fifteen hundred thousand francs a year. Let us add that, if he resided there only five months in the year, he would pay nothing. It is the sixth month that is to be dreaded.

As for climate, it is an extended spring. Winter there may be; summer there is, without doubt, but not in extreme; never like Senegal or Siberia. The isles of La Manche are to England what the isles of Hyères are to France. People with delicate lungs are sent there from Albion. A certain parish in Guernsey, Saint Martin, for example, resembles a little Nice. No Tempé, no Gémenos, no Val-Suzon surpasses the valley of Vaux in Jersey and the valley of Talbots in Guernsey.

Looking only at the southern slopes, nothing could be greener, milder, and fresher than this archipelago. High life can exist there. These little islands have their stylish people. French is spoken there. We just recollect that the upper circles say: "*Elle a-z-une rose à son chapeau*" (She has a rose in her hat). In this style they carry on charming conversations.

Jersey admires General Don; Guernsey, General Doyle. These are two old governors who flourished at the beginning of the century. Don street is in Jersey and Doyle road

in Guernsey. Besides, Guernsey has built and dedicated to her general a great column, which overlooks the sea, and which can be seen from the Casquets; and Jersey honored General Don with a cromlech. This cromlech was near Saint Hélier; it was on the hill where Fort Regent now stands. General Don accepted the cromlech, and ordered it carted, block by block, to the shore, placed it on a frigate and carried it off. This monument was the marvel of the isles of La Manche; it was the only circular cromlech of the archipelago; it had looked down on the Cimmerians, who remembered Tubal-Cain, in the same way that the Esquimaux remember Frobisher; it had looked down upon the Celts, whose brain, in comparison to the brain of the present day, is in the proportion of thirteen to eighteen; it had looked down into those strange wooden dungeons, in which bodies are found in sepulchral mounds, and which make one hesitate between the spelling *domgio* of du Cange and *domi-junctæ* of Barleycourt; it had looked down on the tomahawk of flint and the Druidical hatchet; it had seen the great willow Teutatès; it had existed before the Roman wall, over a period of four thousand years of history. At night the sailors perceived, afar off in the moonlight, this enormous crown of straight rocks situated

on the high Jersey cliffs. To-day it is a heap of stones in some corner of Yorkshire.

XVII.

COMPATIBILITY OF EXTREMES

The law of primogeniture exists; also tithes, the parish, and the lord; there is the lord of fief, the lord of manor; the clamor of *haro* (hue and cry); the cause in the clamor of *haro* between Nicolle, squire, and Godfrey, lord of Mélèches, has been called before the justices, after the opening of the court, by the usual prayer (Jersey, 1864). The pound of Tours, also the law of seizin and ouster, the right of forfeiture, the feudal tenure, the law of re-emption and the past exist. One is messire or squire. There is bailiff and seneschal, also centurions, "vingteniers" and "douzeniers" (rulers respectively over a hundred, twenty, and twelve). There are about twenty at Saint-Sauveur, and quite a gathering at Saint Ouen. Every year a circuit of constables plans the branching of roads. The viscount is at their

head, "holding in his hand the royal staff." The canonical hours are in the forenoon. Christmas, Easter, Saint John's day, and Saint Michel's day are the days when legal payments fall due. Real estate is not sold, it is granted. Dialogues such as these may be heard before the authorities: "Provost, is this the day, the place, and the hour for which the proceedings of the courts of feuds and seigniory have been published?" "Yes." "Amen." "Amen." The case "of the churl denying that his possessions are in slaves," is foreseen. There are "contingencies, discoveries of treasures, weddings, etc., from which the lord may profit." There is the "pleasure the lord possesses of being guardian until a suitable match is presented." Also summons and confession, record and double record; besides the superior courts, enfeoffments, confiscations, freeholds, and royal rights.

In the midst of the Middle Ages, do you say? No; say rather in the midst of liberty. Come, live, breathe freely. Go where you please, do what you like, be what you wish; no one has the right to know your name. If you have a god of your own, preach him. If you have a flag of your own, erect it. Where? In the street. If it is white, let it be white; if it is blue, all right; if it is red, why red is a color. If you wish to denounce the

government, mount a stone and make a speech. If you wish to assemble together publicly, assemble. How many? As many as you wish. What is the limit? No limit. If you wish to assemble the people, do so. In what place? In the public square. Should I attack royalty, that is nothing to us. If I wish to post notices, there are the walls. One can think, speak, write, print, and harangue without interference.

To hear everything and to read everything implies, on the other side, to speak everything and to write everything. Thence absolute freedom of word and press. The printer has his opinions and the apostle his, but it is the pope only who can carry out his opinions. It only depends upon you to be pope. You have only to invent a religion. Imagine a new form of god, of whom you will constitute yourself the prophet. No one makes any objection to it. If need be, the policemen will help you. There are no hindrances. Entire liberty; a grand sight. Things already decided are rediscussed. After the same style they preach to the priest and judge the judge. The papers print: "Yesterday the court passed an iniquitous sentence." An astonishing thing! Possible judicial error has no claim to respect. Human justice is given over to disputation as well as the divine revelations. Individual independence could with difficulty have more

scope. Everyone is his own ruler, not by law, but by custom. Sovereignty is so complete and so intermingled with life that it is, so to speak, no longer perceived. Justice can be breathed; it is colorless, imperceptible, and as necessary as the air. At the same time it is "loyal." These are citizens who are proud of being subjects. To sum up, the nineteenth century rules and governs; it penetrates through all the windows of the Middle Ages left standing. A vein of liberty runs through the old Norman laws. This ruin is penetrated by the light of liberty. Never was an anachronism so accommodating. History calls this archipelago Gothic; as far as industry and intelligence are concerned, it belongs to the present day. The simple pleasure of breathing prevents the people from being inert. This does not prevent one from being lord of Mélèches. A feudal form of constitution, an actual republic. Such is this phenomenon.

To this liberty there is one exception—one only. We have already hinted at it. There is a tyrant in England. The tyrant of the English is known by the same name as the creditor of Don Juan, it is Sunday. The English say, "time is money;" the tyrant Sunday reduces the business week to six days; in other words, deprives England of

the seventh of her capital. And it is not possible to make any resistance. Sunday reigns by custom, which is more despotic than law. Sunday, this king of England, annoys the Prince of Wales. He has a right to be wearied. He closes the workshops, the laboratories, the libraries, the museums, the theatres, almost the gardens and the woods. However, let us insist upon it, the English Sunday oppresses Jersey less than Guernsey. At Guernsey a poor Frenchwoman who keeps a tavern, pours out a glass of beer for someone; it is Sunday; fifteen days in prison. An exile, a bootmaker, wishes to work on Sunday to gain wherewith to feed his wife and children. He closes his shutters so that his hammer cannot be heard; if it is heard, a fine. One Sunday, an artist, just arrived from Paris, stops on the road to draw a tree; an officer speaks to him and directs him to cease this offence, and through leniency does not bring him before the recorder. A Southampton barber shaves someone on Sunday; for penalty he pays three pounds sterling to the public treasury. The reason for this is quite simple. God rested on that day.

Moreover, the people are happy who are free six days out of seven. Sunday being the symbol of servitude, we know nations whose week contains seven Sundays.

Soon or late these last fetters will disappear. Without doubt the spirit of orthodoxy is tenacious. Without doubt, for example, the action brought against the bishop of Colenso is serious. Think, however, of the advance that England has made toward liberty since the time when Elliot was brought before the court of assizes for having declared that the sun was inhabited.

There is an autumn for the fall of prejudices. It is the time of the decline of monarchies. This time has arrived.

The civilization of the Norman Archipelago is going onward and will not stop. This civilization is indigenous, which does not prevent it from being hospitable and cosmopolitan. In the seventeenth century it received the reaction of the English Revolution, and in the nineteenth the rebound of the French Revolution. Twice it has experienced the deep agitation of independence.

Besides, all archipelagoes are free countries. Mysterious work of the sea and the wind.

XVIII.

ASYLUMS

These islands, formerly to be dreaded, have become milder. They were composed of rocks, they are now places of refuge. These abodes of distress have become points of rescue. All those who escape disaster emerge there. All those who are shipwrecked, either by tempests or revolutions, come there. These men, the sailor and the exile, wet with different kinds of foam, dry themselves at the same time in this warm sunlight. Chateaubriand, young, poor, obscure, without a country, seated himself on a stone of the old wharf at Guernsey. A good woman said to him: "What do you want, my friend?" It is very sweet to the banished Frenchman, and almost a mysterious alleviation, to find once more in the Channel Islands this idiom, which is civilization itself; these accents of our provinces; these clamors of our ports; these refrains of our streets and of our fields. *Reminiscitur argos* (let us remember the fields). In the midst of this ancient Norman population Louis XIV cast

a useful number of brave Frenchmen speaking pure French; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes recruited the French language in these islands. The French banished from France gladly spend their time in this archipelago of La Manche; they walk about among the rocks and dream the reveries of men who wait; this choice is explained because of the charm of finding their native tongue spoken there. The Marquis of Rivière, the same person to whom Charles X said: "By the way, I have forgotten to tell thee that I have made thee a duke," wept when he saw the apple trees of Jersey, and preferred the Pier road of Saint Hélier to Oxford street in London. It is on this Pier road that the Duke d'Anville dwelt, who was also called Rohan and La Rochefoucauld. One day when M. d'Anville, who owned an old hunting dog, was obliged to consult a physician of Saint Hélier about his health, he thought it would be well to consult him also about his dog. He asked the Jersey physician for a prescription for his terrier. The dog was not even sick; it was a joke on the part of the great lord. The doctor gave his advice. The next day the duke received a bill from the doctor, written as follows:—

"Two consultations:

"First, for the duke, one louis.

"Second, for his dog, ten louis."

These islands have been places of refuge for the unfortunate. Every form of misfortune has passed through them, from Charles II fleeing from Cromwell to the Duke de Berry on his way to Louvel. Two thousand years ago Cæsar, who was promised to Brutus, went there. From the seventeenth century to date these islands have extended a welcome to the whole world; their hospitality is their pride. They have the impartiality which belongs to asylums.

Royalists, they receive the conquered republic; Huguenots, they admit the Catholic exile. They even show him this politeness, as we have remarked, of hating Voltaire as much as he does. And as, according to many people, and especially according to the religions of State, to hate our enemies is the best way of loving us, Catholicism ought to find itself very much loved in the isles of La Manche.

For the new-comer, escaped from shipwreck, and living there a phase in his unknown destiny, the pressure of this solitude is sometimes overwhelming; there is despair in the air, and suddenly one feels a soothing caress in it; a breath passes and lifts one up again. What is this breath? A note, a word, a sigh; nothing. This nothing is sufficient. Who in this world has not felt the power of this: a nothing?

Ten or twelve years ago a Frenchman, who had lately landed in Guernsey, was wandering

about on one of the western beaches, alone, sad, bitter, thinking of his lost country. In Paris the people saunter, in Guernsey they roam. This island appeared dismal to him. A fog covered everything; the shore resounded under the force of the breakers; the sea tossed immense explosions of foam over the rocks; even the heavens were threatening and black. It was, nevertheless, spring; but spring by the sea has a wild sound; it is called the equinox. It is more like a hurricane than a zephyr; one day in May can be remembered when the foam under this blast leaped twenty feet higher than the top of the signal mast, which is on the highest platform of Cornet Castle. This Frenchman felt as though he was in England; he did not know a word of English; he saw an old Union Jack, torn by the wind, floating from a ruined tower at the end of a bleak cape; two or three cottages were there; in the distance all was sand and heath, waste land, thorny furze; some horizontal batteries, with large embrasures, showed their projections; the stones cut by man partook of the same sadness as the rocks hewn by the sea; the Frenchman felt within him the depth of inward sadness which is the beginning of homesickness; he looked, he listened; not a ray; cormorants in pursuit, clouds in flight; everywhere on the horizon

a leaden weight; a vast black and blue curtain falling from the zenith; the ghost of melancholy in the shroud of the storm; nowhere anything that betokened hope, and nothing which resembled his native land; the Frenchman brooded, more and more cast down; suddenly he raised his head; a voice reached him from out of one of the half-opened cottages—a voice, clear, fresh, delicate—a child's voice, and this voice sang:

"The key of the fields, the key of the woods,
The key of the loving hearts."

XIX.

All these reminiscences of France in the archipelago are not equally happy. We know someone who, in the charming island of Serk, one Sunday, heard in a farmyard this verse of an old French Huguenot song, very solemnly sung in chorus by religious voices having the grave Calvinistic accent:

"Everybody stinks, stinks, stinks,
Like a carcass;
Nothing, nothing, nothing, but my kind Jesus,
Who has a sweet perfume."

It is melancholy and almost sad to think that people have died in Cévennes hearing these same words. This verse, involuntarily highly comic, is tragic. People laugh at it; they should cry over it. At this verse Bossuet, one of the forty members of the French Academy, cried "Kill! kill!"

Moreover, as for fanaticism, hideous when it persecutes and touching when it is persecuted, the outward hymn is nothing. It has its great and sad inner hymn, which it chants mysteriously in its soul beneath the words. It penetrates even the grotesque with sublimity, and whatever may be the poetry and the prose of its priests, it transfigures this prose and this poetry by the immense latent harmony of its faith. It corrects the deformity of formulæ by the grandeur of trials nobly borne and punishments endured. Where poetry is wanting, it substitutes conscience. The libretto of the martyr may be insipid, but what does that matter if the martyr is noble.

XX.

HOMO EDAX

(Greedy Man)

In a given time the form of an island changes. An island is formed by the ocean. Matter itself is eternal, not its form. Everything on the earth is perpetually permeated by death, even the superhuman monuments, even the granite. Everything loses form, even the unformed. Edifices built by the sea crumble like the rest.

The sea, which has raised them, overthrows them.

During fifteen hundred years, between the mouth of the Elbe and the mouth of the Rhine, only seven islands out of twenty-three have disappeared. Look for them at the bottom of the sea. It was in the thirteenth century that the sea formed the Zuyder-Zee; in the fifteenth it created the Bay of Bier-Bosch by submerging twenty-two villages; in the sixteenth it improvised the Gulf of Dollart by swallowing Torum. A hundred years ago, before Bourgdault, now cut perpendicularly on the Norman cliff, the bell of the old

Bourgdault could still be seen submerged under the sea. It is said that at Ecre-Hou, sometimes at low tide, can be seen trees, now submarine, of the Druidical forest which was drowned in the eighth century. Formerly Guernsey was joined to Herm, Herm to Serk, Serk to Jersey, and Jersey to France. Between France and Jersey a child could step across. A fagot was thrown there when the bishop of Constance passed by, in order that he need not wet his feet.

The ocean builds up and demolishes, and man assists the sea, not by building up, but by destroying.

Of all the teeth of time, that which is the most industrious is the pick-axe of man. Man is a gnawing creature. He modifies and alters everything subject to him, whether for the better or the worse. Here he disfigures, there he transfigures. The injury done by Roland is not so fabulous as it appears to be; the mark of man is imprinted on nature. The scar of human work is visible on the divine work. It seems that a certain power of achievement is given to man. He appropriates creation to human needs. Such is his function. He has the audacity necessary to accomplish it; one might also say the impiety. The collaboration is something offensive. Man, this short-lived being, this creature

always surrounded by death, undertakes the infinite. To all these ebbs and flows of nature, to element which shows affinity with element, to surrounding phenomena, to the vast traveling of forces in the depths, man declares his blockade. He also says, "Thou shalt go no farther." He has his idea of fitness; the universe must accept it. Besides, has he not a universe of his own? He expects to make of it what seems to him good. A universe is a principal creation. The world, work of God, is man's canvas.

Everything restrains man, but nothing stops him. He overcomes the obstruction by jumping over it. The impossible is a perpetually receding frontier.

A geological formation, having at its base the mud of the deluge and at its summit the eternal snow, is, for man, a wall like any other; he pierces it, and passes through. He divides an isthmus, subdues a volcano, cuts away a cliff, mines minerals, cuts a promontory in pieces. Formerly he took all this trouble for Xerxes; to-day, less foolish, he takes the trouble for himself. This diminution of stupidity is called progress. The man works at his house, and his house is the earth. He disarranges, displaces, suppresses, knocks down, levels, mines, undermines, digs pits, breaks, crushes, effaces that, abolishes this,

and reconstructs with the materials he has thus procured. Nothing makes him hesitate; no bulk, no obstruction, no consideration of splendid material, no majesty of nature. If the immensities of nature are within his reach he batters them down. This side of God, which can be ruined, tempts him; and he undertakes to assault immensity, carrying his hammer in his hand. The future will, perhaps, witness the demolition of the Alps. Globe, let thy ant alone.

The child breaking his plaything seems to search for its soul. Man also seems to be looking for the soul of the earth.

Do not, however, let us exaggerate our power, notwithstanding what man may do; the grand lines of creation remain; the supreme mass does not depend upon man. He can produce an effect upon portions, not upon the whole. And it is well that it is so. Everything is providential. These laws are higher than we. What we do does not extend beyond the surface. Man clothes or strips the earth; the clearing away of a forest only deprives the earth of a vestment. But to cause the earth to revolve more slowly on its axis, hasten the course of the globe in its orbit, add to or subtract a fathom from the allotted seven hundred and eighteen thousand leagues daily traveled by the earth around the

sun, to modify the procession of the equinoxes, to suppress one drop of rain—never! What remains on high stays on high. Man may change the climate, not the seasons. Let him cause the moon to revolve in other than the ecliptic!

Dreamers, some of them illustrious, have dreamed of restoring perpetual spring to the earth. The extreme seasons, summer and winter, are produced by the excess of the inclination of the earth's axis on the plane of this ecliptic of which we have just spoken. In order to suppress these seasons all that would be necessary would be to straighten this axis. Nothing more simple. In the pole, plant a stake reaching to the centre of the earth, attach a chain to it, beyond the earth find a roadway, have ten thousand millions of teams of ten thousand millions of horses each, make them pull, the axis will straighten, and you will have spring. You see it is not much to accomplish.

Let us look elsewhere for Eden. Spring is good; liberty and justice are better. Eden is allegorical, not material.

It depends upon us whether we are free and just.

Serenity is within. Our perpetual spring is found within us.

XXI.

POWER OF THE STONE-BREAKERS

Guernsey is a triangle. The queen of triangles is Sicily. Sicily was sacred to Neptune, and each of its three angles was dedicated to one of the points of the trident. On the three capes were three temples—one consecrated to Dexter, another to Dubia, and the other to Sinistra. Dexter was the river cape, Sinistra the ocean cape, Dubia the rainy cape. Whatever the Pharo Psammetichus may have said when he threatened Trasidius, king of Agrigentum, to make Sicily "as round as a disc," this triangle will not be remodeled by man; it will keep its three promontories until the deluge, which produced them, coming again, shall destroy them. Sicily will always have its Cape Pelore pointing toward Italy, its Cape Passano looking toward Greece, and its Cape Lilybée projecting toward Africa; and Guernsey will always possess its Point of Ancresse in the north, its Point Plainmont in the southwest, and its Point Jerbourg in the southeast.

The island of Guernsey is almost in a state of demolition. Its granite is good; who wants it? The whole cliff is put up at auction. The inhabitants sell the island piece by piece. The curious rock of "Roque-au-Diable" has been sold lately for several pounds sterling; when the vast quarry of the "Ville-Baudue" shall be exhausted, they will pass on to another.

All over England this stone is in demand. For the embankments alone which are being constructed on the Thames, it will require two hundred thousand tons. Loyal people, who are particular about the solidity of royal statues, have very much regretted that the pedestal of the bronze statue of Albert is of Cheesering granite instead of the good Guernsey stone. However that may be, the coasts of Guernsey fall under the pick-axe. At Saint-Pierre-Port, under the windows of the inhabitants of "la Falue," a mountain of stone has disappeared in four years.

And the same demolition takes place in America as in Europe. At this time Valparaiso is selling to the highest bidder the magnificent and venerable hills which caused it to be named "Vallée-Paradis."

Old Guernseyites would no longer recognize their island. They would be tempted to say, "They have changed my native place." Wellington remarked it of Waterloo, which

was his native place. Add to this the fact that the Guernseyites who formerly spoke French now speak English; another demolition.

Until the year 1805 Guernsey was divided into two islands. An inlet crossed it from side to side, from East Mount Crevel to West Mount Crevel. This inlet opens on the west opposite the "Fresquiers" and the two Sauts-Roquiers; bays projected quite a distance inland; one even as far as Salterns; this arm of the sea was called "Braye du Valle." In the last century Saint Sampson was an anchorage for vessels on both sides of an ocean lane —a narrow and winding street. In the same way that the Dutch have dried up Harlem Lake, making it an ugly plain, the Guernseyites have filled up the Braye du Valle, and have converted it now into a meadow. Of the street they have made a harbor; this harbor is the port of Saint Sampson.

XXII.

KIND-HEARTEDNESS OF THE INHABITANTS OF THE ARCHIPELAGO

Whoever has seen the Norman Archipelago loves it; whoever has lived there esteems it.

There dwell a noble little people with large souls. They possess the spirit of the sea. These men of the isles of La Manche are a peculiar race. They assume a certain supremacy over *la grande terre* (the mainland). They look down upon the English, who, in their turn, are sometimes disposed to disdain "these three or four flower pots in this portion of sea." Jersey and Guernsey reply: "We are Normans, and it is we who have conquered England." We may smile at this, but we also cannot fail to admire it.

The day will come when Paris will make the fortune of these islands by making them the fashion; and they deserve it. A constantly increasing prosperity awaits them as soon as they are known. They have the singular attraction of combining a climate conducive to idleness with a strong, industrious population. This rural spot is a workyard.

The Norman Archipelago is not so sunny as the Cyclades, but it is greener; it has as much verdure as the Orcades, and is more sunny than they. It does not possess the temple of "Astypalée," but it contains the cromlech; no grotto of Fingal, but instead, Serk. The mill Huet is equal to Tréport; the beach of Azette is as good as that of Trouville; Plémont equals Etretat. The country is beautiful, the people are good, history is proud of them. The strength of their character is majestic. The archipelago possesses an apostle, Hélier; a poet, Robert Wace; a hero, Pierson; also, many of the best generals and best admirals of England were born in the archipelago. These poor fishermen are magnificent in an emergency; to aid the subscriptions gotten up for those who were suffering from the inundations at Lyons, and for the starving at Manchester, Jersey and Guernsey gave more in proportion to their population than either France or England. (Here is the proportion of the sums subscribed by Guernsey for the inundated French in 1856: France gave thirty centimes; England, ten centimes; Guernsey, thirty-eight centimes.)

These people are very fond of risk and danger, a remnant of their old life of former days as smugglers. They go everywhere. They swarm. The Norman Archipelago col-

onizes to-day as did the archipelago of Greece in olden days. That is an honor. One finds Jerseyites and Guernseyites in Australia, in California, and in Ceylon. North America contains its New Jersey, and its New Guernsey, which is in Ohio. These Anglo-Normans, although a little stiff-jointed in regard to their religious sects, possess an unalterable aptitude for progress. They may possess every form of superstition, but they are also reasonable. Has not France been a robber? Has not England been cannibalistic? Let us be modest, and remember our tattooed ancestors.

Where robbers used to prosper commerce now rules. Superb transformation. Without doubt, work of ages, but of mankind also. The magnanimous example of this is given by this microscopic archipelago. Small specimens of nations such as these afford proofs of civilization. Let us love them and venerate them. These microcosms reflect in miniature, in all its phases, the great origin of humanity. Jersey, Guernsey, and Aurigny, haunts of wild animals in former times, workshops now. Formerly rocks, now ports.

For one who observes the series of *avatars* called history, there is no more touching sight than to see these benighted seafaring people mount by slow degrees until they ascend to the sunshine of civilization. The benighted

man turns and faces the dawn. Nothing is greater, nothing more pathetic. Formerly a pirate, now a workman; formerly a savage, now a citizen; formerly a wolf, now a man. Has he less daring than formerly? No. Only this courage turns toward the light. What splendid contrast there is between the present system of navigation on coasts and on rivers—the merchant service, satisfactory and fraternal—and the old ill-shapen *dromond*, having for its motto, *Homo homini monstrum* (man the monster of man). The log has given place to the bridge. Obstacles have been turned to good account. For instance, where these people used to be pirates they are now pilots. And they are more enterprising, more courageous than ever. This country has remained the country of adventure at the same time it became the abode of honesty. The lower the point from which progress starts the more we are touched by the ascension. The dung of the nest on the egg-shell causes one to admire the span of the wings of the bird. We think good-naturedly of the old piracy of the Norman Archipelago. In the presence of all these charming and placid sails, triumphantly guided across these labyrinths of waves and rocks by the lenticular lighthouse and the electric lighthouse, one dreams with satisfied conscience, inherent in evident progress, of these old-

time stealthy and fierce sailors, who formerly sailed in sloops without compasses, on the dark waves lividly lighted from place to place, from promontory to promontory, by old-fashioned braziers with quivers of flame, which, in iron cages, tormented the mighty wind and the depths of the sea.

PART ONE

SIEUR CLUBIN

BOOK ONE

IN WHAT A BAD REPUTATION CONSISTS

I.

A WORD WRITTEN ON A WHITE PAGE

Christmas of 182– was remarkable at Guernsey. It snowed on that day. In the isles of La Manche a winter cold enough for ice is memorable, and snow is quite an event.

The morning of this Christmas the road which skirts the sea from Saint-Pierre-Port to Valle was white. It had snowed from midnight until dawn. Toward nine o'clock, a little after sunrise, as it was not yet time for the Anglicans to go to the church of Saint Sampson, and for the Wesleyans to go to Eldad Chapel, the way was nearly deserted. Throughout all the strip of road which separates the first church from the second, there were but three persons—a child, a man and a woman. These three persons, walking far apart, had plainly no connection with each other. The child, about eight years old, stopped and looked at the snow with curi-

osity. The man walked behind the woman, a hundred paces distant. He was coming, as was she also, from the direction of Saint Sampson. The man, yet young, seemed somewhat like a workman or a sailor; he wore his ordinary clothes, a blouse of coarse brown cloth, and trousers with tarpaulin leggings. This appeared to indicate that, notwithstanding the fête, he was not going to any place of worship. His heavy shoes of rough leather, the soles studded with large nails, left on the snow an imprint more like that of a prison lock than like that of a human foot. The woman was evidently already dressed for church; she wore a large wadded cloak of black silk, under which she was very tastefully attired in a dress of Irish poplin of alternate stripes of white and pink, and, if she had not worn red stockings, she could have been taken for a Parisian. She walked along with an elastic step, and from this walk, so free from the cares of life, it could be seen that she was a young girl. She possessed that subtle grace of carriage that marks the most delicate of transitions, youth, the mingling of two twilights, the beginning of womanhood in the end of childhood. The man took no notice of her.

Suddenly, near a group of green oaks, which is at the corner of a garden, at the place called Basses-Maisons, she turned around, and this

movement attracted the attention of the man. She stopped, appeared to look at him a moment, then stooped, and the man thought he saw her write something in the snow with her finger. Then she arose, went on her way, quickened her step, and turned back again, this time laughing, and disappeared to the left of the road, in the foot-path bordered with hedges, which leads to the Ivy Castle. The man, when she turned for the second time, recognized Déruchette, a charming girl of the neighborhood.

He felt no necessity to hasten his steps, and, some moments after, he reached the group of oaks at the angle of the yard. He thought no more of the girl who had disappeared, and it is probable that if, at this moment, a porpoise had jumped in the sea, or a robin had been seen in the hedges, this man would have passed on his way, his eyes fixed on the robin or on the porpoise. By chance he was looking downward; his glance fell mechanically upon the spot where the young girl stopped. Two little footprints were there, and beside them he read this word traced by her in the snow: "Gilliatt."

It was his own name.

He was called Gilliatt.

He remained a long time motionless, looking at this name, these little feet, this snow; then continued his way, pensive.

II.

LE BU DE LA RUE

Gilliatt lived in the parish of Saint Sampson. He was not liked there; there were reasons for that.

First, he lived in a "haunted" house. It happens sometimes, in Jersey or in Guernsey, that in the country, and even in the city, passing in some deserted corner or in a street full of people, you come upon a house, the entrance of which is barricaded; holly bushes obstruct the door; one cannot tell what hideous plasters of nailed boards block up the windows of the ground floor; the windows of the upper stories are at once shut and open, all the window frames are bolted, but all the glass is broken. If there is a yard, it is overgrown with grass; the parapet of the wall is crumbling; if there is a garden, it is choked with nettles, brambles and hemlock; and strange insects are seen there. The chimneys are cracking, the roof is falling in; everything that can be seen within the rooms

is dismantled. The wood-work is rotten, the stone-work mouldy. On the walls the paper hangs loose. You can there study the old mode of paper decoration, the griffins of the empire, the crescent draperies of the Directory, the balustrades and columns of the age of Louis XVI. The thickness of the cob-webs, full of flies, indicates the undisturbed peace of the spiders. Sometimes a broken pot is seen on a shelf. This is then a "haunted" house. The devil goes there at night.

A house, as well as a man, can become a corpse. A superstition is enough to kill it. Then it is terrible.

These ghostly houses are not rare in the isles of La Manche.

Agricultural and maritime populations do not rest contented in the neighborhood of the devil. Those of La Manche, the islands of the coast of England and the shores of France, have very positive ideas about him. The devil has his emissaries all over the earth. It is certain that Belphégor is ambassador from the infernal regions in France, Hulgin in Italy, Bélial in Turkey, Thamuz in Spain, Martinet in Switzerland and Mammon in England. Satan is an emperor like another. Satan Cæsar. His house is well organized. Dagon is head steward; Succor Bênoth is

chief of the eunuchs; Asmodeus is banker at the gaming-table; Kobal is manager of the theatre, and Verdelet grand master of ceremonies; Nybbas is the buffoon. Wiérus, a wise man, well informed about ghosts and demons, called Nybbas "the great parodist."

The Norman fishermen of La Manche take many precautions when they are on the sea, because of the illusions caused by the devil. It has long been thought that Saint Maclou dwelt on the great square rock, Ortach (this rock is in the ocean between Aurigny and the Casquets), and many old sailors used to say that they saw him there very often from afar, seated and reading in a book. Passing sailors also made many genuflections before the rock of Ortach until the time when the fable was disbelieved and had given place to the truth. It has been discovered and is now well known that what dwells on the rock of Ortach is not a saint, but a devil. This devil, called Jochmus, for several ages maliciously passed himself off for Saint Maclou. Even the church itself fell into these snares. The devils Raguhel, Oribel and Tobiel were saints until 745, when Pope Zachary, having discovered their deceptions, turned them out. In order to make these ejections, that are certainly very useful, one should be well informed about devils.

The old inhabitants of the country relate, but these facts belong to the past, that the Catholic population of the Norman archipelago was formerly, in spite of itself, even more in communication with the demon than the Huguenot population. Why? we ignore it. What is certain, is that this minority was formerly very much annoyed by the devil. He had a great liking for Catholics, and sought their company. This caused it to be believed that the devil is more Catholic than Protestant. One of his most unbearable familiarities was making nocturnal visits to married Catholics, when the husband was fast asleep and the wife just dozing. Which caused many mistakes. Patouillet thought that Voltaire owed his birth to one of these visits. There is nothing improbable in this. Besides, this circumstance is perfectly well known and described in the forms of excommunication, under the title of: *De erroribus nocturnis et de semine diabolorum.* Such events were particularly prevalent at Saint Hélier towards the end of the last century, probably as a punishment for the crimes of the Revolution. The consequences of the evils of the revolutionary excesses are incalculable. However this may be, the possibility of the unexpected visit of the demon in the night, when it is not possible to see plainly, when one is asleep,

embarrassed many good women. There was nothing agreeable in giving birth to a Voltaire. One of them, in anxiety, consulted her confessor as to the best means of discovering this mistake in time. The confessor replied: "To assure yourself whether it is the devil or your husband, feel his forehead; if you find horns you will be sure. . . ."

"Of what?" the woman asks.

The house that Gilliatt lived in had been haunted, but was so no longer. It was for that reason regarded with more suspicion. No one ignores that, when a sorcerer takes possession of a haunted dwelling, the devil judges the dwelling sufficiently occupied, and shows the sorcerer the politeness of never going there unless he is called in, like the physician.

This house was called the Bû de la Rue. It was situated on the point of a tongue of land, or rather of rock, that made a little separate harbor in the creek of Houmet-Paradis. The water was very deep there. This house was all alone on this point almost off the island, with just enough land for a little garden. The high tides sometimes inundated the garden. Between the port of Saint Sampson and the creek of Houmet-Paradis is the steep hill, on the top of which is the block

of towers and ivy called the château of Valle or of Archange, so that from Saint Sampson the Bû de la Rue could not be seen.

Nothing is less rare than a sorcerer in Guernsey. They practise their profession in certain parishes, and the nineteenth century does not prevent it. They have truly criminal practices. They make gold boil. They pick herbs at midnight. They cast an evil spell on the neighbors' cattle. The people consult them; they send for "water for the sick," and one can hear them say in a whisper: "This water looks very dark."

One day, in March, 1856, one of them discovered seven devils in "the water" belonging to an invalid. They are feared, and should be feared. One of them has recently bewitched a baker, "also his oven." Another had the rascality to seal and fasten tightly, and with great care, envelopes "with nothing in them." Another went so far as to have in his house on a shelf three bottles marked B. These wonderful facts are authentic. Some sorcerers are obliging, and for two or three guineas take on themselves your diseases. Then they roll on their beds, sending forth cries. While they writhe, you say, "Stop! I am no longer ill." Others cure you of all ills by knotting a handkerchief around your body. A remedy so simple that it is

astonishing that no one has yet thought of it. In the last century the royal court of Guernsey put them on a pile of fagots and burned them alive. In our day they are condemned to eight weeks in prison, four weeks on bread and water and four weeks to solitary confinement, alternately. *Amant alterna catenæ.* (They love alternate chains.)

The last burning of witches in Guernsey took place in 1747. The city devoted one of its squares, the Carrefour du Bordage, to that purpose. The Carrefour du Bordage was the place where eleven witches were burned, from 1565 to 1700. These criminals usually made a confession. They were induced to confess by the means of torture. The Carrefour du Bordage has rendered other services to society and to religion. Heretics have been burned there. Under Mary Tudor there were burned, among other Huguenots, a mother and her two daughters; this mother was named Perrotine Massy. One of her daughters was *enciente.* She was confined in the midst of the flames. The chronicler says: "*Son ventre éclata.*" The new-born babe rolled beyond the flames. A man named House picked it up. The bailiff, Hélier Gosselin, a good Catholic, ordered the child to be thrown back into the fire.

III.

FOR YOUR WIFE, WHEN YOU MARRY

Let us return to Gilliatt.

It is said among the country people that towards the end of the Revolution a woman with a little child came to live in Guernsey. She was English, if she was not French. She had a name which the Guernsey pronunciation and the country people's spelling converted into Gilliatt. She lived alone with this child, who belonged to her. Some thought him her nephew, others her son, others her grandson, others no relation at all. She had a little money, enough to live economically. She bought a piece of ground at La Sergentée and a "jaonniére" at Roque-Crespel, near Rocquaine. The house of Bû de la Rue was, at this time, haunted. For nearly thirty years it had not been inhabited. It was falling to ruin. The garden, too often invaded by the sea, could produce nothing. Besides nocturnal noises and glimmering lights, the house had this alarming peculiarity, that, if

any one would leave a ball of worsted, some needles and a plateful of soup on the mantelpiece of an evening, the next morning he would find the soup eaten, the plate empty and a pair of mittens knitted. This ruined house, including the demon that dwelt within, was offered for sale for a few pounds sterling. This woman bought it, evidently enticed by the devil, or by the low price.

She did more than buy it; she dwelt there, she and her child; and from that moment the house became quiet. This house has found a fit tenant, said the country people. It ceased to be haunted. Cries were no longer heard at daybreak. No other light was there except that of the tallow-candle lighted in the evening by the good woman. The candle of the sorcerer is as good as the torch of the devil. This explanation satisfied the public.

This woman cultivated some acres of land that she possessed. She had a good cow that produced yellow butter. She cultivated white beans, cauliflowers and potatoes called Golden Drops. She sold, like any one else, "parsneps by the measure, onions by the hundred and beans by weight." She did not go to market, but sold her crops through the agency of Guilbert Falliot, at the Abreveurs Saint Sampson. The register of Falliot bears evi-

dence that he once sold for her as much as twelve bushels of the rarest early potatoes.

The house had been poorly repaired, enough only to make it habitable. It only rained in the rooms in very bad weather. The house was composed of a ground floor and a garret. The ground floor was divided into three rooms—two sleeping-rooms, one dining-room. The garret was reached by a ladder. The woman did the cooking, and taught the child to read. She never attended the churches; that is why, everything considered, she was supposed to be French. To go to "no place of worship," that is a serious matter. In short, these were people whom nothing convinced.

French! It is probable that she was French. Volcanoes cast forth stones, and revolutions men. Families are thus sent to great distances; their destinies are in lands beyond that of their birth; groups are dispersed and decay; people fall, as it were, from the sky; some in Germany, some in England, some in America. They astonish the people of the country. Where do these unknown people come from? It is this Vesuvius that smokes beneath that ejects them. A name is given to these aërolites, to these expelled and lost persons, to these eliminated by fate; they are called emigrants, refugees, adventurers. If they remain they are tolerated; if they go

people are contented. Sometimes these are absolutely inoffensive, strangers (the women at least) to the events that have led to their exile, feeling neither hate nor anger; sent away without their will, very much astonished. They take root as they can. They harm no one, and cannot comprehend what has befallen them. I have seen a poor tuft of grass thrown violently in the air by a mine explosion. The French Revolution, more than any other explosion, has scattered many far and wide.

The woman who was called Gilliatt by the people of Guernsey was perhaps that tuft of grass.

The woman grew old, the child grew large. They lived alone, and were shunned. They were sufficient for each other. The she-wolf and the cub lick each other. This is one of the sayings that the kind neighbors applied to them. The child became a youth, the youth became a man, and then, as the old bark of life will always fall, the mother died. She left him the piece of ground of Sergentée and the "joanniére" of Roque-Crespel, the house of Bû de la Rue; also, said the official inventory, "a hundred gold guineas in the *pid d'un cauche*," that is to say, in the foot of a stocking. The house was sufficiently furnished with two oaken chests, two beds, six chairs and a table, besides necessary house-

hold utensils. On a shelf were several books, and in a corner a trunk, by no means mysterious, which it was necessary to open for the inventory. This trunk was of drab leather with arabesque designs, ornamented with brass nails and tin stars, and it contained a woman's outfit, new and complete, of beautiful linen and Dunkirk thread, chemises and petticoats, even silk dresses in the piece, with a paper, written in the handwriting of the deceased, which read: "For your wife, when you marry."

This death was a great blow to the young man. He was a hermit and became ferocious. Solitude completely surrounded him. This was not only isolation, it was a blank. While there are two, life is possible. Alone, it seems as if it cannot be endured. One ceases to strive. This is the first form of despair. Later, one comprehends that duty is a series of acceptances. One contemplates life, one contemplates death, and one consents. But it is a consent that makes the heart bleed.

Gilliatt, being young, his wound healed. At this age the heart recuperates. Little by little his sadness disappeared, mingled with the nature that surrounded him, and became a sort of fascination, that drew him towards things and away from mankind, and assimilated this soul more and more with solitude.

IV.

UNPOPULARITY

Gilliatt, as we have said, was not liked in the parish. There could be nothing more natural than this antipathy. There were many reasons for it. To begin with, as has been explained, there was the house in which he lived, then his origin. Who was this woman? and why was this child there? Country people do not like mysteries about strangers. Then, his clothes were those of a workman; at the same time he had, although not rich, enough to live on without labor. Then, there was his garden which he cultivated so successfully, and from which he obtained potatoes, notwithstanding the equinoctial gales. Then, there were the large books he kept on a shelf, and in which he read.

Other reasons yet.

Why did he live in solitude? The Bû de la Rue was a kind of lazaretto, where Gilliatt was held in quarantine. This is the reason that people were so astonished at his isolation,

and that they held him responsible for the solitude with which they surrounded him.

He never went to church. He often went out at night. He spoke to witches. Once he had been seen seated on the grass with an astonished expression. He haunted the dolmens of Ancesse and the fairy grottoes in the surrounding country. It was firmly believed that he had been seen politely saluting the Crowing Rock. He bought all the birds that were brought to him, and then set them at liberty. He was very civil to the citizens in the streets of Saint Sampson, but intentionally turned aside to avoid meeting them. He fished often, and always returned with fish. He worked in his garden on Sundays. He had a bagpipe, bought by him from some Scotch soldiers on the way to Guernsey, and on which he played among the rocks by the seashore at nightfall.

He made gestures like a farmer sowing. What do you think will become of a country with a man like that?

As to the books, left by the deceased woman, and which he read, the people were very suspicious. The Rev. Jaquemin Hérode, rector of Saint Sampson, when he entered the house at the funeral of the woman, read on the backs of these books the following titles: "Rosier's Dictionary;" "Candide,"

by Voltaire; "Advice to People on their Health," by Tissot. A French gentleman, an emigrant, who had retired to Saint Sampson, said: "This must be the Tissot who carried the head of the Princess of Lamballe."

The reverend gentleman saw on one of these books this truly strange and threatening title: "De Rhubarbaro" (About Rhubarb).

Let me say, however, this book being, as the title indicates, written in Latin, it was doubtful whether Gilliatt, who did not read Latin, had read this book.

But it is precisely the books that a man does not read that bring the strongest accusations against him. The Spanish Inquisition has proved this point and has placed it beyond doubt.

Besides, it was nothing more than the treatise of Dr. Tilingius "On Rhubarb," published in Germany in 1679.

People were not sure that Gilliatt did not work magic with philters and "bouilleries" (distilleries of brandy). He had phials.

Why did he take walks in the evening, and sometimes even to midnight, on the cliffs? Evidently to talk with evil spirits who roam by night on the seashore, enveloped in vapor.

Once he helped the witch at Torteval to get her carriage out of the mud—an old woman named Moutonne Gahy.

When a census was taken on the island, and he was asked his profession, he replied: "Fisherman, when fish are to be caught." Imagine yourself in the place of these people; an answer like this is not pleasant.

Poverty and riches are by comparison. Gilliatt had fields and a house, and, compared with those who have nothing at all, he was not poor. One day, to test him, and also to make an advance toward him, for there are women who would marry the devil if he were rich, a young girl said to Gilliatt: "When, then, will you take a wife?"

He replied: "I will take a wife when the Crowing Rock takes a husband."

The Crowing Rock is a great stone placed in the middle of a yard near Monsieur Lemézurier de Fry's. This rock should be well watched. Its use there is unknown. You hear a cock crow without seeing any there, which is very disagreeable. Then it is said that it has been placed in the yard by the "sarregousets," who are the same as "sins."

At night, when it thunders, if you should see men fly in the red light of the clouds and in the fluttering of air, these are the "sarregousets." One woman who lives at Grand-Mielles knows them. One evening, when some "sarregousets" were at the cross-roads, this woman called out to a man with a cart,

who did not know which road to take: "Ask them your way; they are well-meaning people—people who are very civil in their conversation with everyone."

They are ready to swear that this woman is a witch.

The judicious and wise King James I. caused all such women to be boiled alive, tasted the bouillon, and on tasting it, said: "This was a witch," or "This was not one."

It is to be regretted that the kings of our day have not more of this ability that makes the utility of monarchical institutions respected.

Gilliatt, not without substantial reasons, lived in an atmosphere of witchcraft. In a storm at midnight, when Gilliatt was alone on the sea in a boat on the coast of La Sommeilleuse, he was heard to ask:

"Is there a passageway?"

A voice called out from the top of the rocks:

"Truly, brave one!"

To whom could he have spoken, if it was not to some one who replied to him? This seems to us a proof.

On another stormy night, so dark that nothing could be seen, very near to Catiau-Roque, which is a double row of rocks where witches, goats and "faces" dance on Fridays, people were convinced that they heard Gilliatt's

voice mingling in the following dreadful conversation:

"How is Vésin Brovard?" (He was a mason who fell from a roof.)

"He is recovering."

"*Ver dia!* He fell from a greater height than this high peak. It is delightful to think that he was not injured."

"The people had fine weather at the seaweed gathering last week."

"Finer than to-day."

"Truly! There will not be so much fish in the market."

"The wind is too high."

"They cannot lower their nets."

"How is Catherine?"

"She has a magic spell."

"Catherine" was evidently a sarregouset. Gilliatt, if appearances are to be believed, worked at night; at least no one doubted it.

He was sometimes seen, with a pitcher that he possessed, pouring water on the ground. Now, water thrown on the ground traces the form of devils.

Three stones, placed like stairs, are to be seen on the way to Saint Sampson, vis-à-vis the Martello No. 1.

Upon the platform of these stones, now empty, there used to stand a cross, unless it

might have been a gallows. These stones are very uncanny.

Very worthy and reliable people strictly affirm that they have seen Gilliatt near these stones talking with a toad. Now, there are no toads in Guernsey. Guernsey contains all the snakes, and Jersey all the toads. This toad had evidently swam from Jersey to speak to Gilliatt. The conversation was friendly.

These facts were firmly established; and the proof is that these stones are yet there. Those who doubt can go there and see them; and also at a short distance there is a house, at the corner of which this inscription can be read: "Dealer in cattle, alive and dead; old cordage, iron, bones and quids of tobacco. He is prompt in payment and very attentive."

One must be sceptical who contests the existence of these stones and this house. All this was prejudicial to Gilliatt's reputation.

Only the ignorant are unaware that the greatest danger of the coasts of La Manche is the King of the Auxcriniers. No inhabitant of the sea is more redoubtable. Those who have seen him are shipwrecked between one Saint Michel and the other. He is little, being a dwarf; he is deaf, being a king. He knows the names of all those who have died in the sea, and in what spot they rest. He has a profound knowledge of the cemetery at the

bottom of the ocean. A head massive in the lower portion and narrow in the upper, a body thick-set, a belly viscous and deformed, wens on his skull, short limbs, long arms, fins for feet, claws for hands, and a green countenance. Such is a description of this king. These claws have palms, and these fins have nails. Let us imagine a fish which is a spectre and has the form of a man. To put an end to him, one must exorcise him, or fish him up. Meanwhile, he continues his sinister ways. Nothing is less reassuring than to perceive him.

Above the waves and the breakers, through the thickness of the fog, can be seen the outline of a being ; a low forehead, a snub nose, flat ears, a large, toothless mouth, the corners of which are light green, elevated eyebrows and great, laughing eyes. He appears red when the lightning is livid, and pale when the lightning is purple. He has a stiff flowing beard, cut square, which spreads itself out over a membrane in the form of a pelerine, which is ornamented with fourteen shells, seven before and seven behind. These shells are wonderful to those well versed in conchology. The King of the Auxcriniers is only visible in a tempestuous sea. He is the sad harbinger of storms. His form can be seen roughly outlined in the fog, in squalls and in

the rain. His navel is hideous. His armor of scales covers his side like a vest. He rises above the top of the rolling waves as they fly before the force of the breeze and twist themselves like shavings from the carpenter's plane. He stands entirely above the foam, and, if there are any vessels in distress on the horizon, he dances, wan in the twilight, his face illuminated by the light of a faint smile, his appearance foolish and terrible.

This is an evil sign. At the time when the people of Saint Sampson were pre-occupied with Gilliatt, the last people who had seen the King of the Auxcriniers declared that he had no more than thirteen shells on his pelerine. Thirteen; he could for this reason be only the more dangerous. But what had become of the fourteenth? Had he given it to some one? and to whom had he given it? No one could say; and so people confined themselves to conjectures. What is certain is, that Mr. Lubin-Mabier, from a place called Godaines, a man of property, a proprietor, was ready to swear, under oath, that he once saw Gilliatt holding a very remarkable shell in his hands.

It was not uncommon to hear dialogues such as these between two countrymen:

"Have I not a fine ox, my neighbor?"

"A bloated one, my neighbor."

"Stay, it is true all the same."

"It is better for tallow than for meat."

"*Ver dia!*"

"Are you certain that Gilliatt has not cast his eye upon it?"

Gilliatt stopped at the edge of the fields near the laborers, and on the border of the gardens near the gardeners, and it happened that he spoke mysterious words to them:

"When the *mors du diâble* blooms, harvest the winter rye."

(The *mors du diâble* is the scabious.)

"The ash tree is in leaf; there will be no more frost.

"Summer solstice—the thistle in blossom.

"If it does not rain in June, the wheat will whiten. Fear the mildew.

"When the bunches of wild cherries appear, beware of the full moon.

"If the weather on the sixth day of the moon corresponds with that of the fourth day or the fifth day, it will correspond in the same manner, nine times out of twelve, in the first case, and eleven times in twelve in the second, during the whole month.

"Look out for neighbors who have lawsuits with you. Beware of tricks. A hog which is made to drink warm milk dies. A cow whose teeth have been rubbed with leeks will eat no more.

"The smelts spawn, beware of fevers.

"The frog is seen, sow melons.

"The liverwort blooms, sow barley.

"The linden blossoms, mow the meadows.

"The Ypres elm blooms, open the hot-houses.

"When tobacco-plant blossoms, close the greenhouses."

And, fearful to relate, if people followed his counsels, they found themselves benefited.

One night in June, when he was playing the bagpipe on the dunes, on the side of the Demie de Fontenelle, mackerel fishing failed.

One evening, at low tide, on the beach opposite his house, Bû de la Rue, a cart loaded with seaweed overturned. He was probably afraid of being called before a magistrate; he took a great deal of trouble to assist in raising the cart, and he reloaded it himself.

A little girl of the neighborhood having lice, he had gone to Saint-Pierre-Port, and had returned with an ointment, and had rubbed the child with it; and Gilliatt had removed her lice, which proves that Gilliatt had given them to her.

Everyone knows that there is an evil spell which gives lice to people.

Gilliatt was said to look into wells, which is dangerous when one has an evil eye; and the fact is that one day at Arculons, near

Saint-Pierre-Port, the water of a well became unwholesome. The good woman to whom the well belonged said to Gilliatt: "See, then, this water." And she showed him a glassful of it. Gilliatt acknowledged it.

"The water is thick," said he, "it is true."

The good woman, who was distrustful, said to him: "Remedy this for me, then."

Gilliatt asked her some questions: If she had a cow-stable? If the stable had a drain? If the stream of the drain did not pass quite near the well? The good woman answered "Yes." Gilliatt entered the cow-stable, worked at the drain, turned the outlet in another direction, and the water of the well became good again. People in the neighborhood thought what they liked. A well is not bad and then good without a cause. They did not find what ailed this natural well, and, in fact, it is difficult not to believe that Gilliatt had thrown a spell on the water.

Once, when he had gone to Jersey, it was remarked that he was lodged at Saint Clement, in the street of "des Alleurs." *Les alleurs* are ghosts.

In villages they gather special information about a man's character, and this forms a reputation.

It happened that Gilliatt was suddenly taken with nose-bleeding. This appeared serious.

The master of a bark, a man who had sailed almost around the world, affirmed that among the Tungousians all the sorcerers bled at the nose. When a man is seen to bleed at the nose one knows what to expect. However, reasonable people called attention to the fact that what characterizes sorcerers at Tungousie may not characterize them in the same degree at Guernsey.

In the environs of one of the Saint Michels he had been seen to stop in a meadow on the grounds of the Huriaux, skirting the highway from the Videclins. He whistled in the meadow, and a moment afterward a crow alighted there, and the next moment a magpie. This fact was attested by a worthy man, who has since been appointed "douzenier" of the Douzaine, those authorized to make a new register of the fief of a king.

At Hamel, in the Vingtaine of L'Epine, there were some old women said to have certainly heard one morning at the dawn of day, swallows calling Gilliatt.

In addition to all this he was ill-tempered.

One day a poor man beat an ass. The ass balked. The poor man gave him some blows in the stomach with his wooden shoe; the ass fell. Gilliatt ran to help the ass up. The ass was dead. Gilliatt thrashed the poor man.

Another day, seeing a boy climb down from a tree with a brood of newly hatched épluque-pommiers, almost without feathers and naked, Gilliatt took this brood from this boy, and carried his perversity so far as to replace them in the tree.

Passers-by reproached him with it. He replied only by showing them the father and mother épluque-pommiers crying above the tree and returning to their nest. He had a weakness for birds. This is a sign by which one can generally tell magicians.

Children take pleasure in destroying nests of sea-gulls in the cliffs. They carry away quantities of blue, yellow and green eggs, with which they make wreaths to ornament the front of mantelpieces. As the cliffs are peaked, their feet sometimes slide from under them, they fall and are killed. Nothing is prettier than screens decorated with the eggs of sea-birds. Gilliatt only knew how to cause misfortune. He climbed, at the peril of his own life, in the crevices of the rocks on the seashore, and hung there bundles of hay with old hats and all sorts of scarecrows, to keep the birds from building there, and also the children from going there.

This is why Gilliatt was almost hated in the country. This at least might be it.

V.

OTHER SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERISTICS OF GILLIATT

No settled opinion had been adopted with regard to Gilliatt.

He was generally believed to be a marcou; some went so far as to believe him to be a cambion. A cambion is the son of a woman by the devil.

When a woman has seven consecutive male children by one man, the seventh is a marcou. But no daughter must interrupt the series of boys.

The marcou has a natural *fleur-de-lys* imprinted on some part of his body, which enables him to cure scrofula as well as is done by the kings of France. There are marcous more or less all over France, particularly in Orléanais. Every village of Gâtinais has its marcou. To cure the sick, the marcou has only to breathe upon their wounds, or to let them touch his *fleur-de-lys*. This is particularly successful on the night of Good Friday. About ten years ago the Marcou d'Ormes in

Gâtinais, surnamed the "Beau Marcou," and consulted by all the Beauce, was a cooper named Foulon, who had a horse and wagon. In order to stop his miracles it became necessary to call in the armed police. His *fleur-de-lys* was under his left breast. Other marcous have it elsewhere.

There are marcous in Jersey, in Aurigny and in Guernsey. That comes, without doubt, from the rights that France possesses over the Duchy of Normandy. Otherwise, of what use is the *fleur-de-lys*?

There are also scrofulous people in the Isles of La Manche; this renders marcous necessary.

Some persons being present one day when Gilliatt was bathing in the sea, thought they saw on him the *fleur-de-lys*. Questioned with regard to it, a laugh was his only reply. For he laughed like other men sometimes. Since that time no one has seen him bathe. He bathed only in perilous and solitary places. Probably in the night, by moonlight; a thing which, it will be acknowledged, is suspicious.

Those who were determined to consider him a cambion—that is to say, a son of the devil—were evidently mistaken. They should have known that there are scarcely any cambions, except in Germany. But the Valle and

Saint Sampson were, fifty years ago, countries full of ignorance.

To believe, in Guernsey, that anyone is the son of the devil, is plainly an exaggeration.

Gilliatt was consulted for the very reason that he caused uneasiness. The country people came with fear to speak to him of their illnesses. This fear itself furthered confidence, and in the country, the more the physician is suspected of magic, the more certain is the cure. Gilliatt had his own remedies, which he had inherited from the old deceased woman; he gave them to those who had asked him for them, and would not receive any money. He cured whitlows by the application of herbs; the liquor of one of his phials broke fever; the chemist of Saint Sampson, or *pharmacien*, as he would have been called in France, thought that it probably was a decoction of Peruvian bark. The less benevolent willingly agreed that Gilliatt was a good enough devil for the sick, when only ordinary remedies were required; but as a marcou he would listen to nothing. If a scrofulous person asked to touch his *fleur-de-lys* he made no reply, but shut the door in his face; to do miracles was the one thing which he refused; which is absurd in a sorcerer. Be not a sorcerer; but if you are one, act accordingly.

There were one or two exceptions to this

universal antipathy. Sieur Landoys, of Clos-Landès, was recorder of the parish of Saint-Pierre-Port, entrusted with the documents and guardian of the registry of births, marriages and deaths. This Recorder Landoys was proud of being descended from the treasurer of Bretagne, Pierre Landais, hanged in 1485. One day Sieur Landoys, while bathing in the sea, went too far out and came near drowning. Gilliatt threw himself into the water, and at the risk of his life, saved Landoys. From that day Landoys said nothing more against Gilliatt. To those who were astonished at it, he replied: "Why do you wish me to detest a man who has never done me any harm, and who has rendered me a service?" The recorder even showed Gilliatt a certain friendship. This recorder was a man without prejudices. He did not believe in sorcerers. He laughed at those who were afraid of ghosts. As for him, he had a boat; he fished to amuse himself in his hours of leisure, and he had never seen anything extraordinary, unless once in the moonlight a white woman who had jumped upon the water; and still he was not very sure about it. Moutonne Gahy, the witch of Torteval, had given him a little bag that was to be tied under his cravat as a protection against spirits. He did not know what it contained; however,

he wore it, feeling himself safer when he had it on his neck.

Some courageous people ventured to follow the example of Sieur Landoys by remarking in Gilliatt certain extenuating circumstances, some semblance of good qualities, his sobriety, his abstinence from gin and tobacco; and they sometimes went so far as to give him this great praise: "He neither drinks, smokes, chews, nor snuffs."

But sobriety is not a merit unless one possesses others.

Public opinion was against Gilliatt.

However that might be, as a marcou Gilliatt could be useful. At midnight on a certain Good Friday, the day and hour propitious for this kind of cure, all the inhabitants of the island who were afflicted with scrofula, either by inspiration or by agreement among themselves, came in a crowd to Bû de la Rue, with joined hands, and with pitiable wounds, to ask Gilliatt to cure them. He refused. They thereby found another proof of his wickedness.

VI.

THE CRAFT

Such was Gilliatt.

Girls thought him ugly.

He was not ugly. He was perhaps handsome. His profile resembled somewhat that of an old barbarian. In repose it was like a Dacian on Trajan's column. His ear was small, delicate, without irregularities, having an admirable acoustic form. Between his eyes he had the proud and straight vertical line, which indicates a bold and persevering man. The two corners of his mouth drooped, expressing bitterness; his forehead was of a noble and serene contour. The frank pupil of his eye looked straight forward, although troubled by the winking which the motion of the waves gives to fishermen. His laugh was boyish and charming. No ivory was whiter than his teeth. But the sun had burned him almost as black as a negro. One does not brave with impunity the ocean during tempests and at night.

When thirty years old he appeared to be forty-five. He wore the dark mask of the wind and the sea.

He was nicknamed Gilliatt the malicious.

An Indian fable says: "One day Brahmâ asked of Strength: 'What is stronger than thou?' He replied: 'Skill.'" A Chinese proverb says: "What could not the lion do if he were a monkey?" Gilliatt was neither a lion nor a monkey; but his actions supported the Chinese proverb and the Hindoo fable. Of medium size and ordinary strength, he found the means, such was his inventive and powerful dexterity, to raise the burdens of a giant and to accomplish the prodigies of an athlete.

He had somewhat the power of the gymnast; he used his right hand and his left hand equally well.

He did not hunt, but he fished. He spared the birds, not the fish. Bad luck to the dumb. He was an excellent swimmer.

Solitude either makes men of talent or idiots. Gilliatt appeared under both of these aspects. In moments when he was seen with the astonished look of which we have spoken, he might have been taken for a brute. At other times he had an indescribably thoughtful look. Ancient Chaldea possessed men of this kind. At certain times the density of the

shepherd became transparent and revealed the wise man.

After all, he was only a poor man, who only knew how to read and write. It is probable that he was on the boundary which separates the dreamer from the thinker. The thinker wills, the dreamer submits. Solitude adds to the simple qualities and complicates them to a certain extent. They become unconsciously penetrated with a sacred awe. The shadow which surrounded the mind of Gilliatt was composed, in almost equal portions, of two elements, both obscure, but very different; within him, ignorance, infirmity; beyond him, mystery and immensity.

By dint of climbing rocks, scaling steep precipices, going to and fro among the islands in all weathers, of navigating the first craft which came to hand, of risking himself day and night in the most difficult passes without reaping any reward from it besides that of his fancy and of his pleasure, he had become a wonderful sailor.

He was a born pilot. The true pilot is the sailor who navigates the bottom of the sea more even than its surface. The wave is an external problem, continually complicated by the form of the bottom over which the vessel passes. To see Gilliatt sailing on the shallow water and across the reefs of the Norman

islands, it would seem as though he had a map of the bottom of the sea in the arch of his skull. He knew all and braved all.

He knew the beacons better than the cormorants which perched upon them. The imperceptible differences which distinguish the four beacon pillars of Creux, Alligande, the Trémies and Sardrette, were perfectly distinct and clear to him, even in the fog. He hesitated neither at the oval, apple-headed stake of Anfré, nor at the triple lance head of La Rousse, nor at the white ball of the Corbette, nor at the black ball of Longue Pierre, and there was no fear that he would confound the cross of Goubeau with the sword planted on the land of La Plata, nor the hammer-headed buoy of Barbées with the round tail of the buoy of Moulinet.

His rare skill as a sailor showed brilliantly one day at Guernsey, when there was one of those maritime jousts called regattas. The question was this: To navigate alone a vessel having four sails, to conduct it from Saint Sampson to the Isle of Herm, which is a league distant, and to bring it back again from Herm to Saint Sampson. To manage alone a vessel with four sails is something every fisherman can do, and it does not seem difficult; but this is what made it worse: First, the vessel itself, was one of those large

and strong round-bottomed sloops of olden days in use at Rotterdam, and which the sailors of the last century called "Dutch sloops." Sometimes the old Dutch boats, chubby and fat, are seen on the sea; they have on larboard and on starboard two sails, which lower sometimes one and sometimes the other, according to the wind, and are used instead of the keel. Secondly, the return from Herm—return which was complicated by a heavy ballast of stones. They went empty, but returned loaded. The prize of the joust was the sloop. It was given to the winner in advance. This sloop had been a pilot boat. The pilot who had embarked on it and conducted it for twenty years was the most robust of all the sailors of La Manche; at his death no one could be found to sail the boat, and it was therefore decided to make it the prize of a regatta. The sloop, though not decked, had its merits, and could tempt a skilful captain. Her mast was placed forward, which increased the motive power of the sails. Another advantage was that the mast did not interfere with the cargo. It was a solid craft, heavy, but spacious, and sailing well on the open sea; truly a godmother barque. It was eagerly contested for; the struggle was great, but the prize was handsome. Seven or eight fishermen, the most

vigorous on the island, presented themselves. They tried, one after the other; not one of them could reach Herm. The last who tried was known to have rowed, in rough weather, through the dreaded narrow sea between Serk and Brecq-Hou. Dripping with perspiration he brought back the vessel and said: "It is impossible." Then Gilliatt entered the barque, took first the oar, then the mainsail, and pushed to the open sea. Then, without fastening the sheet-rope, which would have been imprudent, and without letting it go, which kept him master of the mainsail, letting the sheet-rope roll in the grommet at the will of the wind without drifting, he seized the tiller with his left hand. In three-quarters of an hour he was at Herm.

Three hours later, although a strong south wind had arisen and had blown across the harbor, the boat commanded by Gilliatt entered Saint Sampson with the load of stones. He had as a superfluity and for bravado added to the cargo the little bronze cannon of Herm, which the people of the island fired off every year on the 5th of November, by way of rejoicing over the death of Guy Fawkes.

Guy Fawkes, by the way, has been dead two hundred and sixty years; that is a long rejoicing.

Gilliatt thus overloaded and driven, although

he had the extra weight of the bronze cannon of Guy Fawkes in his vessel and the south wind in his sail, steered, one might say brought back, the boat to Saint Sampson.

Seeing which Mess Lethierry exclaimed: "There's a bold sailor!"

And he offered his hand to Gilliatt.

We will speak again of Mess Lethierry.

The boat was awarded to Gilliatt.

This adventure detracted nothing from his evil name.

Some people declared that the feat was not at all astonishing, because Gilliatt had hidden a branch of wild medlar in the boat. But that could not be proved.

From that day Gilliatt had no other craft than that boat. It was in this heavy barque that he went fishing. He moored it in the little anchorage that he kept for himself alone under the wall of his house of Bû de la Rue. At nightfall he threw his nets over his back, crossed his garden, climbed the parapet of dry stones, clambered from rock to rock and jumped in the boat. Then he pushed out to sea.

He caught quantities of fish, but it was said that the branch of melier was always fast to his boat. The melier is the same as the medlar tree. No one had seen this branch, but everyone believed in it.

When he had more fish than he needed he did not sell them, but gave them away.

The poor received his fish, but had a grudge against him notwithstanding, because of this branch of medlar. That should not be. One ought not to play tricks with the sea.

He was a fisherman, but he was not only that. He had, by instinct or for amusement, learned three or four trades. He was a joiner, worker in iron, wheelwright, caulker and even somewhat of a machinist. No one mended a wheel as well as he. He made all his fisherman's tackle after a fashion of his own. In one corner of Bû de la Rue he had a little forge and an anvil, and the boat having but one anchor, he had, without assistance, made another for himself. This anchor was excellent; the ring had the requisite strength, and Gilliatt, though without instruction, had found the exact size which the stock of the anchor should be to prevent it from turning upside down.

He had patiently replaced all the nails in the planks of the ship by wooden pins, which rendered holes from rust impossible.

In this way he had much improved the sea-going qualities of the sloop. He used it to go from time to time to pass a month or two in some solitary islet like that of Chousey or the Casquets. People said: "Hold! Gilliatt is absent!" but that did not grieve anyone.

VII.

A HAUNTED HOUSE—A VISIONARY OCCUPANT

Gilliatt was a dreamer; from this arose his daring, also his timidity; he had his own ideas.

Perhaps there was in Gilliatt something defective and also something inspired. Delusions haunt a countryman like Martin as well as a king like Henry IV. The unknown sometimes astonishes the mind of man. A sudden rending of the shadow gives a glimpse of the invisible, then closes again. These visions are sometimes transfiguring; they convert a camel-driver into Mahomet, and a girl tending her goats into Jeanne d'Arc. Solitude engenders a certain quantity of sublime enthusiasm. It is like the smoke of the burning bush. From this results a strange quivering of ideas which expands the doctor into the seer, and the poet into the prophet. For example, Horeb, Kedron, Ombos, the intoxication of fermented Castilian laurels, the revelations of the month of Busion. Hence also we have Peleia at Dodona, Phemonoe at Delphos, Trophonius in Lebadea, Ezekiel in the Chebar and Jerome in the Thebaide. This visionary state often overwhelms and stupefies man. Sacred stupidity exists. The fakir has his vision for his burden as the Alpine peas-

ant has his goître. Luther speaking with the devils in the garret of Wittemburg, Pascal masking hell with the screen of his cabinet, the negro Obi conversing with the white-faced god, Bossum; it is the same phenomena differently borne by the brains through which it passes, according to their strength and size. Luther and Pascal are and will remain great; the l'Obi is a half-witted creature.

Gilliatt was neither so exalted nor so low. He was a dreamer, nothing more.

He saw nature from an unusual point of view.

Several times he found, in perfectly clear sea-water, quite large, unusual living creatures of different forms, of the medusa variety, which out of the water resembled soft crystal, and thrown back into the water mingled there with their surroundings by the identity of transparency and of color, so that they disappeared there; he concluded that since these living transparencies inhabited the water, so other transparencies equally alive could easily inhabit the air. Birds are not inhabitants of the air; they are amphibious. Gilliatt did not believe the air to be a desert. He said: "Since the sea is filled with life, why should the atmosphere be vacant? Creatures of the color of the air would be effaced in the light, and would escape our sight. What proof have we that there are none of these? Analogy in-

dicates that the air should have its fish as well as the sea; these aërial fishes would be diaphanous; a blessed precaution of creation for us as well as for them; allowing the light to pass through their forms, and casting no shadow and having no outline, they remain unknown to us, and we can tell nothing about them." Gilliatt imagined that if the atmosphere surrounding the earth could be exhausted, and if one fished in the air like one fishes in a pond, surprising creatures would be found there. And he added in his reverie that many things would be explained.

Reverie, which is thought in a nebulous state, borders upon sleep, and is pre-occupied with itself as with its boundary. The air inhabited by transparent living creatures would be the commencement of the unknown, but beyond that extends the vast realm of the possible. There are other beings; there are other facts. No supernaturalism, but the occult continuation of infinite nature. Gilliatt, in this laborious idleness, which was his existence, was an odd observer. He even went so far as to observe sleep. Sleep has a close relation to the possible, which we call also the unlikely. The nocturnal world is a world of itself. Night, as far as it is night, is a universe. The material organism on which rests an atmospheric column of forty-

five leagues high, is fatigued by night and sinks from weariness, lies down and rests. The eyes of flesh close; then in this drowsy head, less inactive than we think, other eyes open. The unknown appears. The dark things of the unknown world become man's neighbors, whether there is a true communication or whether the distance of the abyss has a magnifying power. It seems that the indistinct beings of space come to look at us, and that they have a curiosity about us earthly beings. Some phantom creature mounts and descends towards us and walks beside us in the twilight; before our imaginary sight a life other than ours appears and disappears, composed partly of ourselves and partly of other things; and the sleeper, not seeing clearly, and not altogether unconscious, has glimpses of these strange animal existences, this extraordinary vegetation, these terrible or smiling spectres, these larvæ, these masks, these hydras, these undefined shapes, this moonlight without the moon, these obscure and formless wonders, these growths and disappearances in troubled sleep, these floating of forms in the darkness, all this mystery which we call dreams and which is nothing else than the approach of an invisible reality. The dream is the aquarium of the night. Thus thought Gilliatt.

VIII.

THE CHAIR GILD-HOLM-'UR

To-day it would be useless to look for the cove of Houmet, for Gilliatt's house, his garden and the creek where he sheltered the boat. The Bû de la Rue no longer exists. The little peninsula upon which this house stood has fallen under the pick-axe of the destroyers of the sea-cliffs, and has been loaded cart-load by cart-load on the vessels belonging to the dealers in rocks and granite. It has become quay, church and palace in the capital. All that ridge of rocks has long ago been taken to London.

These stretches of rock in the sea, with their gaps and crevices, are like miniature chains of mountains. They give one the same impression that a giant would have in looking at the Cordilleras. In the local idiom they are called "banques." These banks are of different forms. Some resemble a spinal column, each rock a vertebra; others are like a fish-bone; others again like a drinking crocodile.

At the extremity of the bank of Bû de la Rue was a large rock which the fishermen of Houmet called the Horn of the Beast. This rock, a kind of pyramid, resembled, though not so high, the pinnacle of Jersey. At high tide the water separated it from the bank and the horn was isolated. At low tide it was reached by an isthmus of passable rocks. The remarkable feature of this rock was on the side of the sea—a sort of natural chair worn away by the sea and polished by the rain. This chair was treacherous. One was insensibly attracted thither by the beauty of the scene. One stopped there "to enjoy the view," as the people of Guernsey say; something detained one there; there is a charm in these large horizons. This chair presented itself; it made a kind of niche on the perpendicular face of the rock. It was easy to climb to this niche, for the sea, which had cut it in the rock, had very conveniently arranged beneath it a kind of stairway of flat stones. The abyss has these snares; beware of its proffered aids. The chair was tempting; one climbed there and sat down and felt himself at ease. For a seat, the granite worn and polished by the foam; for arms, two curves, which seem to have been made especially for comfort; for back, all the high vertical wall of the rock that one admired above one's

head without thinking of saying to one's self that it would be impossible to climb it. Nothing more easy than to forget one's self in this arm-chair. The whole sea was before one; vessels were seen passing to and fro, and the eye could follow a sail until it was hidden beyond the Casquets beneath the horizon of the ocean. One wondered, looked, enjoyed or felt the caress of the breeze and the billow. There is a vespertillis found at Cayenne which knowingly puts people to sleep in the dark with the soft and gloomy motion of its wings. The wind is this invisible bat; when it is not raging it is stupefying. While looking at the sea and listening to the wind one felt the drowsiness of ecstacy. When the eyes are filled with an excess of beauty and light, it is a pleasure to close them. Suddenly one awakened. It was too late. The tide had risen little by little. The water enveloped the rock.

One was lost.

A blockade to be dreaded, this: the sea rising.

The tide increases, at first slowly, then faster. Reaching the rocks it becomes angered and foams. Swimming in the breakers is not always a success. Excellent swimmers have been drowned at the Horn of Bû de la Rue.

In certain places, at certain times, it is

fatal to look at the sea. It is as sometimes to look at a woman.

Very old inhabitants of Guernsey formerly called this niche made in the rock by the billows "The Chair of Gild-Holm-'Ur," or "Kidormur," a Celtic word which those who understand Celtic do not comprehend, but which those who are familiar with French translate: "He who sleeps dies." Such is the country people's translation.

The reader is at liberty to choose between this translation, "He who sleeps dies," and the one given in 1819, I believe in the *Armoricain*, by Mr. Athénas. According to this Celtic authority Gild-Holm-'Ur would signify "Resting-place for flocks of birds."

Another chair of this kind is to be found at Aurigny, called the Monk's Chair, so well sculptured by the waves, and with a rocky projection so well placed, that it might be said that the sea has been polite enough to place a footstool under one's feet.

In the open sea at high tide the chair Gild-Holm-'Ur could no longer be seen. The water covered it completely.

The chair Gild-Holm-'Ur was the neighbor of Bû de la Rue. Gilliatt knew it, and sat in it. He often went there. Was he reflecting? No. He was dreaming, as we have just said. He did not allow himself to be entrapped by the sea.

BOOK TWO

MESS LETHIERRY

I.

AN AGITATED LIFE AND A TRANQUIL CONSCIENCE

Mess Lethierry, the noted man of Saint Sampson, was a formidable sailor. He had sailed a great deal. He had been cabin-boy, sailmaker, topmastman, steersman, boatswain, pilot, captain. He was now owner of a privateer. No other man had such knowledge of the sea as he. He was brave in putting out to ships in distress. In foul weather he wandered the length of the shore, looking out at the horizon. What is that yonder? Some craft is in trouble. Is it a fish-boat from Weymouth, a cutter from Aurigny, a bisquine from Courseulle, a yacht of a lord? Is he English? is he French? is he a poor man? is he a rich man? is he the devil? No matter; Mess Lethierry jumped in a boat, called two or three brave men, or went without them if necessary; loosened the mooring, took the oar and pushed into the open sea, rose and fell in the hollows of the waves, plunged into

the storm, braved the danger. Then far off in the storm he was seen standing on the deck amid the rain and the lightning, with the face of a lion and a mane of foam. Often he would pass whole days encountering dangers and uncertainties amidst the hail and wind, making his way to wrecked vessels, rescuing men, saving cargoes, struggling with the tempest. In the evening he returned home and knit a pair of stockings.

He led this life for fifty years, from ten to sixty, as long as he was young. At sixty he found that he could no longer raise the anvil of the forge at Varclin with one arm. This anvil weighed 300 pounds. Suddenly he was made a prisoner by the rheumatism. He was obliged to give up the sea. Then he passed from the heroic to the patriarchal age. He was no longer anything but simply a good fellow.

He had come in possession at the same time of rheumatism and of competence. These two results of labor willingly fraternize. At the time man becomes rich he is paralyzed. That crowns life.

They say to themselves, let us enjoy ourselves now.

In islands like Guernsey the population is composed of men who have passed their lives in going around their fields, and of men who

have passed their lives in going around the world. These are two kinds of laborers, the tillers of the land and the toilers of the sea. Mess Lethierry was of the latter class. However, he understood tilling the land. He had had a very hard workman's life. He had traveled on the continent; he had been a ship carpenter at Rochefort, afterwards in Cette. We have just spoken of a journey around the world. He had accomplished his "tour de France" working as a journeyman in carpentry. He had worked at the great salt works of France-Comté. This honest man had led the life of an adventurer. In France he had learned to read, to think and to wish. He had done a little of everything, and in everything that he had done he had been honest. In the depths of his nature he was a sailor. The water was his element. He said: "The fish live in my home." In fact his whole existence, except two or three years, had been devoted to the ocean. Thrown in the water, said he, he had sailed on the large seas, on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, but he preferred La Manche. He cried with enthusiasm: "It is that which is rough!" He was born there and he wished to die there. After having been once or twice around the world, knowing what to expect, he had returned to Guernsey and had never left it. His voyages

henceforth were to Granville and Saint Malo.

Mess Lethierry was a Guernseyite, that is to say Norman, English and French. He had within himself this quadruple country, merged and almost lost in that greater country, the ocean. Throughout his life and wherever he went he kept the manners of a Norman fisherman.

That did not prevent him from opening an old book occasionally, or from knowing the names of philosophers and poets, and jabbering a little in every language.

II.

ONE OF HIS FANCIES

Gilliatt was not a polished man, neither was Mess Lethierry.

This rough man had some natural refinement.

He was fastidious about women's hands. In his youth, when still a lad, holding a position between a sailor and a cabin-boy, he had heard the bailiff of Suffren exclaim: "There's a pretty girl, but what great devils of red hands." A word from an admiral, on any subject, equals a command. Above the oracle there stands the order. The exclamation of the bailiff of Suffren made Lethierry fastidiously exacting with regard to little white hands. His own hand, a large mahogany-colored spatula, compared in lightness to a club, its friendly grasp was like that of a pair of pincers, and when closed it could break a paving stone by falling upon it.

He had never married. He had never wished to marry, nor had he found a suitable

match. Perhaps the reason for this was, that this sailor sought for hands like those of a duchess; such hands are rarely found among the fisherwomen of Portbail.

It was whispered, however, that at Rochefort, in Charente, he had formerly found a peasant girl who realized his ideal. She was a pretty girl with pretty hands. She was also a gossip, and had the habit of scratching. It was dangerous to attack her! her nails turned into claws, if necessary, which were in perfect order. These charming nails first enchanted Lethierry and then gave him cause for uneasiness, and, fearing that the day might be when he would not be master of his mistress, he decided not to lead this sweetheart before the mayor.

Another time, at Aurigny, a girl pleased him. He was contemplating marriage, when one of the inhabitants said to him: "I congratulate you. You will have in her a good fuel-thrower." He asked for an explanation. The following is a custom at Aurigny: The cows' dung is taken and thrown against the walls in a special manner. When dry it falls, and is then used for manure. This dried dung is called *coipiaun.* No one will marry a girl unless she is a good fuel-thrower. This talent frightened Lethierry away.

Besides, in the matter of love or courtship, he was quite a good country philosopher; he possessed the wisdom of a sailor, always captivated, never chained; and he boasted that in his youth he was easily conquered by the "cotillion." What is now called "crinoline" was then called "cotillion." That means more and less than a wife.

These rude sailors of the Norman Archipelago are intelligent. Almost all know how to read and do read. On Sunday one sees little fellows of eight years old seated on a coil of rope with books in their hands. These Norman sailors have always been sarcastic, and were, as is now said, in the habit of making puns. It was one of them, the bold pirate Queripel, who thrust this saying at Montgomery when he was a refugee in Jersey, after his unlucky lance had killed Henry II.: "Foolish head has broken empty head." Another, Touzeau, sea-captain at Saint Brelade, made that philosophical pun which has been wrongfully attributed to Bishop Camus: "*A près la mort, les papes deviennent papillons, et les sires deviennent cirons.*" (After death popes become butterflies and sires become mites.)

III.

THE OLD DIALECTS OF THE SEA

The sailors of the Channel Islands are veritable old Gauls. These islands, which are now becoming rapidly Anglicized, maintained their original characteristics for a long period. The peasant of Serk speaks the language of Louis XIV.

Forty years ago the classical nautical dialect was to be found in the mouths of the Jersey and Aurigny sailors. One could imagine one's self surrounded by the sailors of the seventeenth century. A philologist could have studied there the old dialect of seamanship and of battle shouted by Jean Bart through that speaking trumpet which frightened Admiral Hidde. The maritime vocabulary of our fathers is almost entirely changed to-day; it was still used in Guernsey in 1820. A vessel which sails close to the wind was "bon boulinier;" a vessel which hauls close to the wind almost of her own accord, notwithstanding her foresails and her helm, was

a "vaisseau ardent." To fill the sails was "prendre l'air;" to lie to in a storm was to "capeyer;" to make fast the end of a running rope was "faire dormant;" to take the wind above was to "faire chapelle;" to ride firmly at anchor was "faire teste;" to be in disorder on board, was to be "en pantenne;" to have the sails filled with wind was "porter plain." None of these expressions are now used. To-day they say "louvoyer" (to beat to the windward), then they said "leauvoyer;" now they say "naviguer;" they used to say "naviger." They say "virer vent devaut" (to tack), they used to say "donnez vent devant;" they now say "aller de l'avant" (to have headway), they said, "tailler de l'avant"; they say "tirer d'accord" (to pull together), they used to say "halez d'accord;" they now say "dérapez" (to raise the anchor), they formerly said "deplantez;" they now say "embraquez" (to haul taut), they used to say "abraquez;" they say "taquets" (wedges), they said "bittons;" they now say "burins" (rams), they used to say "tappes;" they now say "balancines" (lifts), they used to say "valencines;" they now say "tribord" (starboard), they used to say "stribord;" they say "les hommes de quart à bâbord" (the men of the larboard watch), they used to say "les basbourdis." Tourville wrote to Har-

quincourt: "*Nous avous singlé*" (We have sailed). Instead of "la rafale" (the squall), "le raffal;" instead of "bossoir" (bow), "boussoir;" instead of "drosse" (rope), "drousse;" instead of "loffer" (to luff), "faire une oloffée" instead of "elonger" (to lay alongside), "alonger;" instead of "fort brise" (stiff breeze), "survent;" instead of "jouail" (the stock of an anchor), "jas;" instead of "soute" (store-room), "fosse." Such was the language of the coast of the islands of La Manche in the beginning of this century. Angus would have been touched could he have heard a Jersey pilot speak. While everywhere else sails "faseyaient" (shivered in the wind), in the isles of La Manche they "barbeyaient." A "saute de vent" (gust of wind) was a "folle-vent." Nowhere else were these two Gothic methods of mooring in use, the Valture and the Portuguese. There, alone, the old commands were heard: "Tour et choque!" (to collide); "bosse et bitte!" (stopper and bitt). A Granville sailor now said "le clan" (the mortise), while a Saint Aubin or Saint Sampson sailor still said "le canal de pouliot." What was called "bout d'alonge" (an end of timber) at Saint Malo, went by the name of "oreille d'âne" (asses' ear) at Saint Hélier. Mess Lethierry, precisely like the Duke of

Vivonne, called the concave curvature of decks, "la tonture," and the caulker's marking-iron, "la patarasse." It was with this strange dialect that Duquesne beat Ruyter, that Duguay-Trouin conquered Wasnaer, and that Tourville, in 1681, brought the first galley which bombarded Algiers, broadside on, in full daylight. To-day it is a dead language. The jargon of the sea is now quite different. Duperré would not understand Suffren.

The language of signals is no less transformed; it is a long distance between the four Bourdonnais pennants, red, white, blue and yellow, and the eighteen flags of to-day, which, hauled up two by two, three by three, and four by four, furnish seventy thousand combinations for the exigencies of distant communication; these combinations never fall short, and, so to speak, foresee the unforeseen.

IV.

ONE IS VULNERABLE THROUGH THE OBJECT OF ONE'S LOVE

Mess Lethierry carried his heart in his hand; a large hand and a large heart. His defect consisted in possessing too much of this valuable quality, confidence. He had a way of his own of making an engagement, it was solemn. He said: "I give my word of honor to the good Lord." That said, he persevered to the end. He believed in the good God, in nothing more. The little that he attended church was out of politeness. At sea he was superstitious. No bad weather, however, compelled him to turn back; that was because he was little affected by opposition. He tolerated it no more from the ocean than from anything else. He expected to be obeyed; so much the worse for the sea if it resisted, it must of necessity obey him. Mess Lethierry did not yield. An angry sea had no more power to stop him than a quarrelsome neighbor. What he said was said, and what he designed was accomplished. He bowed

neither before an objection nor before a storm. The word "no" did not exist for him, neither in the mouth of a man nor in the rumbling of a thunder-cloud. He looked beyond. He would take no refusal. Hence his obstinacy in life, and his bravery on the ocean.

He enjoyed seasoning his fish soup for himself, knowing the proportion of pepper, salt and herbs which it required, and he enjoyed making it as much as eating it. A being who is transformed by a suroit, and who, in an overcoat, looks like a brute; who, with his hair flying in the wind, resembles Jean Bart, and in a round hat, Jocrisse; awkward in the city, wild and formidable at sea; a back like a porter; no oaths, very rarely angry; a very sweet little accent, which becomes thunder through a speaking trumpet; a countryman who has read the encyclopædia; a Guernseyite who has seen the Revolution; a learned ignoramus, free from bigotry, but indulging in all kinds of visions; more faith in ghosts than in the Holy Virgin; possessing the form of Polyphemus, the logic of the weather-cock, the determined will of Christopher Columbus; a little of the bull and something of the child in his nature; a rather snub nose, powerful cheeks, a mouth containing all its teeth, a face covered with wrinkles; a countenance which

seems to have been buffeted by the waves, and on which the winds had blown for forty years; a stormbeaten brow; a hard incarnation of a rock in open sea. Now, add to this hard face a kind look, and you have Mess Lethierry.

Mess Lethierry had two loves: Durande and Déruchette.

BOOK THREE

DURANDE AND DERUCHETTE

I.

CHATTER AND SMOKE

The human body may well be regarded merely as a semblance of ourselves. It hides our reality. It covers our light, or our shadow. Reality is the soul. Strictly speaking our face is a mask. The true man is that which is hidden under the outward man. If one could perceive this true man crouched and hidden behind this illusion which we call the flesh, one would be more than astonished. It is a common error to mistake the exterior being for the real being. Such a girl, for example, if one could see her as she is, would appear to be a bird.

A bird having the form of a girl, what could be more exquisite? Imagine that you had her in your home. This would represent Déruchette. The delicious creature! One would be tempted to say to her: "Good morning, Mademoiselle Wagtail!" The wings are invisible, but the warbling is heard. Sometimes she sings. Her conversation is inferior

to that of man, but her song is superior to his. There is a mystery in this song; a virgin is the embodiment of an angel; when the woman develops, the angel takes flight; but returns later, bringing a little soul to the mother. While awaiting life, she who will one day be a mother remains for a long time a child, the child is still visible in the maïden; let us call this a linnet. On seeing her one thinks, how good it is of her not to fly away. The sweet familiar being moves about the house, unrestrained; flits from branch to branch, or rather from room to room; goes to and fro; approaches and retires, plumes her feathers, or rather combs her hair, makes all kinds of gentle little sounds, murmurs, one knows not what—something unintelligible to your ears. She asks a question, we reply to it; we ask another, she warbles a reply. We chat with her; to chat thus is a rest from serious conversation. This being carries something of heaven within her. She is a bright thought interwoven with your sombre thoughts. You thank her for being so light, so airy, so evasive, so intangible, and for having the goodness to remain visible, when it would seem so easy for her to be impalpable. Here below, the beautiful is a necessity. There are in this world few functions more important than this: to be charming. The forest

would despair without the humming-bird. To scatter joy abroad, to radiate happiness, to throw light upon dark objects, to be the gilding of destiny, to be harmonious, to be graceful, to be gentle, is to render a service. Beauty benefits one by being beautiful. Such a creature has the fairy gift of enchanting all who surround her; sometimes she is entirely unconscious of it herself, that renders it all the more powerful; her presence brightens, her approach warns; when she passes, one is content; when she stops, one is happy; to look at her, is to live. She is the dawn in human form; she is merely there, but that is sufficient; she makes an Eden in the house; Paradise breathes from her every pore; she communicates this ecstacy to everyone, without giving herself any other trouble than to be with them. To have a smile which, one knows not how, diminishes the weight of the enormous chain dragged in common by every human creature, what can I say about it? It is divine. This smile Déruchette possessed. Let us say more. Déruchette was this smile. There is something which resembles us more than our features—it is our expression; and there is something which resembles us more than our expression, it is our smile. Déruchette smiling, was simply Dèruchette.

The Jersey and Guernsey races are peculiarly attractive. The women, particularly the young girls, are of a blooming and exquisite beauty. Their complexion is a combination of Saxon fairness and Norman freshness. Rosy cheeks and blue eyes; these eyes lack brilliancy. The English education subdues them. Their liquid glances will be irresistible whenever the Parisian depth shall appear in them. Happily, English women are not yet like the Parisians. Déruchette was not a Parisian, but neither was she a Guernseyite. She was born at Saint-Pierre-Port, but Mess Lethierry had brought her up. He had trained her to be a dear little thing; and so she was.

Déruchette had a languid air, she was bewitching without knowing it. Perhaps she did not know the meaning of the word love, and she liked to make people fall in love with her. But, with no bad intentions, she never thought of marriage. The old emigrant, a gentleman who had taken root in Saint Sampson, said: "This little one is a dead shot at a flirtation."

Déruchette had the prettiest little hands in the world, and feet to match her hands; four flies' feet, said Mess Lethierry. She was goodness and gentleness throughout; her family and fortune were summed up in Mess

Lethierry, her uncle; her occupation was merely to exist; her talent consisted in being able to sing a few songs; in the place of science she possessed beauty; in the place of intelligence, innocence; in the place of love, ignorance. She had the graceful Creole indolence, mingled with heedlessness and vivacity; the teasing gaiety of childhood, with an inclination to melancholy; costumes a little insular, elegant, but inappropriate; she wore flowers in her hats all the year round; an innocent brow, a supple and graceful neck, chestnut hair, a fair skin, slightly freckled by the summer sun, a large and healthy mouth, and on that mouth the adorable and dangerous light of the smile. Such was Déruchette.

Sometimes in the evening, after sunset, when the night blends with the sea, when the twilight invests the waves with a mysterious terror, there could be seen entering the narrow entrance of the harbor of Saint Sampson upon the dark rolling waves, a strange, indescribable, formless mass, a monstrous form, which puffed and blew; a horrible object, which roared like a wild beast and which smoked like a volcano; a kind of hydra foaming among the breakers, dragging a fog after it, and rushing toward the city with a frightful beating of its fins, and a mouth from which flame issued. This was the Durande.

II.

THE OLD STORY OF UTOPIA

A steamboat was a prodigious novelty in the waters of La Manche in 182–. The whole coast of Normandy was long startled by it. To-day, the ten or twelve steamers which appear above the horizon and cross each other's course in different directions attract no attention; at most, they claim a moment's notice from the special connoisseur who distinguishes, by the color of the smoke, whether they burn Welsh coal or Newcastle coal. If they pass, well and good; welcome, if they arrive; a pleasant voyage if they are outward bound.

In the first quarter of the present century people viewed these inventions less calmly, these machines and their smoke were particularly obnoxious to the islanders of La Manche. In this Puritan archipelago, in which the Queen of England was censured for violating the Scriptures (Genesis iii: 16) by using chloroform at the time of her confinements, the first steamboat was destined to be baptized *Le Bateau Diable* (devil-boat). In the eyes of

these good fishermen, formerly Catholics, now Calvinists, always bigots, it seemed to be a floating hell. A local preacher selected this question: "Has one the right to make fire and water work together, when God has separated them? (Genesis i: 4.) Did not this beast, composed of fire and iron, resemble the Leviathan? Was it not remaking chaos after a human invention? This is not the first time that the rise of progress has been termed "return to chaos."

"Foolsh idea, gross error, absurdity." Such was the verdict of the Academy of Sciences, which Napoleon consulted at the beginning of the century about the steamboat; the fishermen of Saint Sampson are excusable if, in scientific matters, they are no more than on the level with the mathematicians of Paris, and in religious matters, a little isle like Guernsey is not expected to be more intelligent than a great continent like America. In 1807, when Fulton's first steamboat, commanded by Livingston, provided with Watts' engine, sent from England and manned, besides her crew, by two Frenchman only, André Michaux and one other, made her first voyage from New York to Albany, it chanced that she sailed the 17th of August. Thereupon Methodism took up the word, and in all the chapels the preachers cursed this machine,

declaring that the number seventeen was the total of the ten horns and the seven heads of the beast of the Apocalypse. In America, the beast of the Apocalypse was invoked against the steamboat, and in Europe the reptile of of Genesis. This was the only difference.

Learned men rejected the steamboat as impossible; priests in their turn rejected it as impious; science condemned it, religion anathematized it. Fulton passed for a kind of Lucifer. The simple inhabitants of the seashore and the interior clung to this reprobation on account of the uneasiness which this novelty gave them. In the presence of the steamboat the religious point of view was this: "Water and fire are divorced. This divorce is ordained by God. Let no man put asunder what God has joined together, nor join together that which he has put asunder." The countryman's point of view was this: "I am afraid of it."

At that early period, to venture the great enterprise of taking a steamboat from Guernsey to Saint Malo, no less a man than Mess Lethierry was needed. He alone, as an independent thinker, could conceive such an idea and, as a bold sailor, carry it out. The French side of his character conceived the idea, the English side executed it.

How that happened we are about to narrate.

III.

RANTAINE

Forty years before the period in which the events we are narrating took place, in the suburbs of Paris, near the city wall, between the Fosse-aux-Lions and the Tombe-Issoire, there stood a house of questionable reputation. It was an isolated hovel, a resort for cut-throats, when necessary. Here, with his wife and child, dwelt a kind of city ruffian, formerly clerk to the procurator of the Châtelet, now evidently become a thief. He appeared later in the Court of Assizes. This family was named Rantaine. On a mahogany chest of drawers in this hovel were two decorated china cups, on one of which was written in gilt letters: "Souvenir of Friendship," and on the other: "A Token of Esteem." The child lived in this hovel in the midst of crime. The father and mother having belonged to the lower middle-class citizens, the child learned to read; they brought him up. The mother pale, almost in rags, gave "instruc-

tion" to her child mechanically, made him spell, and interrupted the lesson to assist her husband in some rascality, or to earn for herself the wages of prostitution. During this time the "Cross of Jesus" remained on the table, open at the place where they had left it, and the child sat by it meditating.

The father and mother, detected in some flagrant crime, disappeared in penal obscurity. The child also disappeared.

Lethierry in his wanderings met an adventurer like himself, rescued him from some scrape, rendered him a service, and was thankful to him for it. He took a fancy to him, helped him, brought him to Guernsey, found him well informed about the coasting trade, and made him his partner. This was the little Rantaine grown to manhood.

Rantaine, like Lethierry, had a thick neck, a large and powerful breadth of shoulders, enabling him to carry burdens, and the loins of the Farnèse Hercules. Lethierry and he had the same gait and the same appearance. Rantaine was taller. People who saw them walking side by side along the port exclaimed: "There go two brothers." But their front view was different. All that was open in Lethierry's countenance was reserved in Rantaine's. Rantaine was circumspect; he was a fine fencer, played the harmonica, and could

snuff a candle with a bullet at twenty paces, had a magnificent fist for boxing, recited verses from *la Henriade*, and interpreted dreams. He knew by heart "The Tombs of Saint Denis," by Treneuil, and said that he had been intimate with the Sultan of Calicut, "whom the Portuguese call 'Zamorin.'" If one could have turned over the leaves of the little memorandum book which he carried with him, there would have been found, among other notes, items of this kind: "At Lyons, in one of the cracks of the wall in one of the dungeons of Saint Joseph, there is a file hidden." He spoke with a grave deliberation, and called himself the son of a Knight of Saint Louis. His linen was a combination of odd pieces, marked with different letters. No one was more punctilious than he about a point of honor; he fought, and killed. His expression was something like that of the mother of an actress.

His strength served to cover his cunning. Such was Rantaine.

The skill with which his clenched fist was applied one day at a fair upon a *cabeza de moro* (Moor's head) had originally won the heart of Lethierry. No one at Guernsey knew anything of his adventures. They were checkered. If the fates have a wardrobe, Rantaine's destiny should be clad as a

harlequin. He had lived and seen the world, was a navigator, and had followed a variety of trades. He had also been a cook at Madagascar, trainer of birds at Sumatra, general in Honolulu, religious editor in the Gallapagos Islands, poet at Oomrawuttee, and Freemason in Hayti. In this last capacity he pronounced a funeral oration in Grand Goâve, of which the local papers have preserved this fragment: "... Adieu, then, beautiful soul! In the azure arch of heaven, whither thou art now taking thy flight, thou wilt, without doubt, meet the good Abbot Léandre Cramean of Petit-Goâve. Tell him that, thanks to ten years of glorious effort, thou hast finished the Church of Anse-a-Veau! Adieu! transcendant genius, model mason!" His Freemason's mask did not prevent him, as we have seen, from disguising himself somewhat as a Roman Catholic. The former attracted to him men fond of progress, and the latter, men fond of order. He declared that he was of pure white blood. He hated the blacks; however, he would certainly have admired Soulouque. At Bordeau, in 1815, he had been a Royalist (*verdet*). At this time his enthusiasm for royalty took the form of an immense white plume, which he wore on his forehead. His life had been a series of eclipses, appearing, disappearing,

reappearing. He was a brilliant scoundrel. He spoke a little Turkish; instead of guillotined, he said *néboissé*. He had been a slave to a Thaleb in Tripoli, and had there learned the Turkish language, having had it whipped into him. It had been his duty to go every evening before the doors of the mosques, and there read aloud, before the faithful, the Koran, written on little wooden boards, or on the shoulder-blades of camels. He was probably a renegade, capable of everything and of something worse.

He burst out laughing and knit his brows at the same time. He used to say: "In politics I esteem only men who are inaccessible to bribes." He also said: "I esteem good manners." He was rather gay and cordial than otherwise. The expression of his mouth belied the sense of his words. His nostrils were distended like those of a wild beast. At the corner of his eyes he had a network of wrinkles, in which all sorts of dark thoughts clustered. It was there alone that the secret of his physiognomy could be studied. His crow's feet looked like vulture's claws. His skull was low at the top and wide at the temples. His deformed ears bristled with rough hair, and seemed to say: "Do not speak to the beast which is within."

One fine day Rantaine was not to be found in Guernsey.

Lethierry's partner had vanished, leaving the treasury of the association empty.

In this treasury there was, without doubt, some of Rantaine's money, but there were also 50,000 francs belonging to Lethierry.

Lethierry, in his business of coaster and ship carpenter, had, during forty years of industry and honesty, gained 100,000 francs. Rantaine robbed him of half this sum.

Although Lethierry was half ruined, he did not flinch, but thought at once of retrieving his losses. One can ruin the fortune of a true man, but not his courage. People now began to talk about the steamboat. The idea occurred to Lethierry to try Fulton's machine, so variously esteemed, and to connect the Norman Archipelago with France by steamboat communication. He played his last trump on this idea, and devoted the remnant of his savings to it. Six months after the disappearance of Rantaine, the astonished people of Saint Sampson saw a steam vessel going out of the port, looking like a fire at sea, the first steamer which had been seen in La Manche.

This boat, on which the hatred and disdain of everyone had at once bestowed the nickname of "Lethierry's Galley," was announced to make regular trips from Guernsey to St. Malo.

IV.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF UTOPIA.

This undertaking, as can well be understood, was at first looked upon with disfavor. All the owners of small vessels plying between the islands of Guernsey and the French coast made a great outcry. They denounced this attack on the Holy Scriptures, and on their monopoly. Some of the chapels denounced it. A reverend gentleman named Elihu termed the steamboat "a scandalous machine." The sailing vessels were declared orthodox. The devil's horns could be distinctly seen on the heads of the oxen which the steamboat brought and unloaded. This protestation lasted a considerable time. However, it was gradually perceived that these oxen arrived less fatigued and sold better, the meat being of superior quality; that the men ran fewer risks at sea, and that the passage was less expensive, safer and shorter; that the vessel left at a stated hour and arrived at a specified time; that the fish,

in consequence of being transported more quickly, were fresher, and that they could in future send the large hauls of fish, so frequent in Jersey, to the French markets; that the butter of the admirable Guernsey cows was more rapidly transported in the "devil-boat" than in sailing vessels, and no longer lost any of its superior quality, inasmuch that there was a market for it in Dinan, in Brittany, as well as in Saint Brieuc and Renno, so that at last there was, thanks to what the people called *La Galiote à Lethierry* (Lethierry's Galley), security of transit and regularity of communication, easy and prompt voyages to and fro, an increase of circulation, more markets for merchandise, extension of commerce, and finally that it was expedient to use this "devil-boat" which violated the teachings of the Bible and enriched the island. A few strong-minded people ventured to give it a qualified approval. Sieur Landoys, the recorder, gave his approval to this boat; an impartial judgment on his part, for he did not like Lethierry, in the first place, because Lethierry was Mess and Landoys merely Sieur. Besides, though recorder at Saint-Pierre-Port, Landoys was a parishioner of Saint Sampson. Now, Lethierry and he were the only two men in the parish who had no prejudices; the least they could do was to detest each

other. Living on the same coast produces estrangement.

Sieur Landoys, nevertheless, was honest enough to approve of the steamboat. Others agreed with him. Insensibly this opinion increased. Events progress like a tide. With continued and increasing success, with the evidence of service rendered, the increase of the prosperity of the community being acknowledged, there came a time in which everyone, except a few wiseacres, admired *La Galiote à Lethierry.*

It would call forth less admiration now. Our present steamboat makers would be amused at this steamer of forty years ago. This marvel was both ill-shaped and infirm.

From our large trans-Atlantic steamers of the present day, to the boats with wheel-paddles that Denis Papin floated on the *Fulda* in 1707, there is no greater distance than from the three-decker *Montebello*, two hundred feet long, fifty wide, having a large main yard of one hundred and fifteen feet, drawing three thousand tons, carrying eleven hundred men, a hundred and twenty cannon, ten thousand cannon balls, and a hundred and sixty packackes of shot, vomiting forth at every broadside, when in action, three thousand three hundred pounds of iron, and when in motion, spreading to the wind five thousand six hun-

dred square metres of canvas, and the old Danish galley of the second century, found full of stone axes, bows and clubs resting in the mud of the seashore at Wester-Satrup and deposited in the Hôtel de Ville at Flensburg.

Just a hundred years, 1707–1807, had elapsed, between Papin's first boat and Fulton's first boat. *La Galiote à Lethierry* was certainly an improvement upon these two attempts. Nevertheless, it was itself but an attempt. For all that, it was considered a masterpiece. Every embryo invention of science presents this double aspect, a monster as a fœtus, a marvel as a germ.

V.

THE DEVIL-BOAT

Lethierry's galley was rigged so that the action of the wind on the sails was not directly over the centre of gravity; according to the laws of naval construction, this was no defect; besides, the vessel, being propelled by steam, did not depend upon the sails. Let us add that a paddle steamboat is almost entirely independent of sails. The galiot was too short, too round, too thick-set; she had too much bow, too much quarter. Boldness of invention had not yet reached the point of knowing how to make a steam vessel light. The galiot possessed some of the defects, as well as some of the merits, of Gilliatt's Dutch boat. She pitched but little, but rolled a great deal. Her paddle-boxes were too high. She had too much beam for her length. Her massive machinery encumbered her, and to make her capable of carrying a heavy cargo, it had been necessary to raise her bulwarks to an unusual height, which gave to the galiot

somewhat the defects of the vessels of '74, which are of incorrect outline, and which ought to be lowered to render them serviceable for fighting and sailing. Being short, she would have been able to turn quickly, the time employed in turning round being in proportion to the length of the ship, but her weight deprived her of the advantage of her shortness. Her midship frame was too broad, which retarded her; the resistance of the water being in proportion to the largest submerged section and to the square of the speed of the vessel. Her prow was vertical, which would not now be considered a fault, but at that time it was the invariable custom to incline it at an angle of 45 degrees. All the curves of the hull were properly proportioned to each other, but not long enough for the slant, and especially for the correspondence with the prism of water displaced, which ought never to be driven back otherwise than laterally. In rough weather she drew too much water, sometimes fore and sometimes aft, which indicated a fault in the centre of gravity. As the cargo could not be properly placed on account of the weight of the engine, the centre of gravity often shifted behind the mast, and then it was necessary to depend upon steam, and not to trust to the mainsail, for, in that case, the effect of the mainsail would be to

veer the vessel around, instead of keeping her to the wind. The remedy was, when sailing close to the wind, to slacken the main sheet; in this way the wind was fixed on the bow by tacking, and the mainsail had no longer the effect of a sail in the stern. This was a difficult thing to accomplish. The rudder was of the old-fashioned pattern, not the wheeled one of the present day, but with a tiller turning on its hinges, fixed to the stern-posts of the ship and moved by a horizontal girder passing above the stern-frame. Two small boats, *youyous* (Chinese boats), were suspended from the davits. The vessel had four anchors—the sheet anchor, the second or working anchor and the two bower anchors. These four anchors, slung by chains, were managed, according to circumstances, by the captain at the prow. At this time the hydraulic windlass had not yet replaced the intermittent efforts of the handspike. Having only two bower anchors, one to starboard and the other to larboard, the vessel could not moor *pattes d' oie* (said of three ropes radiating from the same point), which, in certain winds, made it more difficult to manage. However, on such occasions, she could use the second anchor. Her buoys were of the usual kind, and were constructed in such a manner as to bear the weight of the

buoy rope of the anchors, at the same time remaining afloat. The ship's boat was of a useful size. It was the true dependence of the ship in time of need, and was strong enough to raise the sheet anchor. A peculiarity of this ship was that it was partly rigged with chains, which, however, did not interfere with the free movement of the running rigging or the tension of the standing rigging. Her mast, though of secondary importance, was faultless; the top rigging, which was drawn taut and well separated from the other rigging, showed but little. Her timbers were solid but heavy. Steam vessels do not require the same lightness of wood as sailing vessels. Her speed was two leagues per hour. When lying-to she rode well. Such as she was, "Lethierry's Galley" was a good sea boat, but she was not pointed enough to cut the water with ease, and it could not be said that she was altogether satisfactory. It was thought that she might become unmanageable, in case of encountering quicksands, rocks or water-spouts. She rattled like something incomplete, and when in motion, made a sound like the creaking of new shoes.

This vessel was, above all, a boat for merchandise, and like all vessels used more for commerce than for war, was exclusively arranged for storage. She carried but few pas-

sengers. The transportation of cattle rendered the stowage peculiarly difficult. In those days cattle were stowed in the hold, which complicated the difficulty. At the present day they are stowed on the forward deck. The paddle-boxes of Lethierry's "devil boat" were painted white, the hull to the water-line red, and all the rest of the vessel black, in accordance with the ugly fashion of that day. When empty she drew seven feet of water, and when laden fourteen.

The force of the engine was great. Its power was equal to that of one horse to every three tons, almost as great as that of a tug. The paddle-wheels were well placed, a little forward of the centre of gravity of the vessel. The engine had a maximum pressure of two atmospheres. It consumed quantities of coal, although it was constructed on the condensation and expansion principle. It had no fly-wheel, because of the instability of the fulcrum, and this was remedied, as at the present time, by a double apparatus causing the alternate motion of two handles fixed at the extremities of the rotary shaft, and arranged in such a manner that when one was at its height the other was at its lowest point. The whole engine rested on a single plate of cast-iron, so that, even in the case of serious damage, no tossing of the sea could change its equilib-

rium, and even injury to the hull could not destroy the engine. To render the engine still more solid, the principal connecting-rod had been placed near the cylinder; this transferred the centre of oscillation from the middle to the extremity of the walking-beam. Since then, oscillating cylinders have been invented by which connecting-rods can be dispensed with; but at that time the connecting-rod near the cylinder seemed to be the culminating point of the machinery. The boiler was divided by partitions and provided with its salt-water pump. Her wheels were very large, which diminished the loss of power, and her smoke-stack was very high, which increased its draught; but the wheels, owing to their size, offered considerable resistence to the water, and the smoke-stack, owing to its height, impeded the force of the wind. These well-constructed wheels were paddle-boards with iron hoops, the stocks of the wheels were of cast-iron, and, surprising to say could be taken apart. Three of these paddle-boards were always submerged. The speed of the centre paddle-boards only exceeded the speed of the vessel by one-sixth; therein lay the defect of these wheels. Besides, the handle of the connecting-rod was too long, and the steam-port distributed the steam in the cylinder with too much friction. At that time

this engine seemed to be, and was, very good.

It had been constructed in France at the Bercy iron foundry. Mess Lethierry had roughly designed it; the machinist, who made it after his model, was dead; so that this engine was unique, and, therefore, impossible to replace. The designer still lived, but the builder was no more.

This engine cost forty thousand francs.

Lethierry, himself, had constructed the galiot under the covered shipyard, which is beside the first tower, between Saint-Pierre-Port and Saint Sampson. He had gone to Bremen to purchase the timber. In building this boat he had exhausted all his skill as a ship's carpenter, and his talent could be seen in the scanning of the planks, which were narrow and even, and covered over with *sarangousti*, an Indian varnish better than pitch. The sheathing was well nailed. Lethierry had smeared the bottom with a covering of *gallegalle*. To counteract the roundness of the hull he had fitted a jibboom to the bowsprit, which enabled him to add a flying jib to the jib. The day when she was launched he said: "Here I am afloat!" The ship was a success, as we have seen.

By chance, or intentionally, she was launched on the 14th of July (the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile). On that day,

standing on the bridge between the two paddle boxes, was Lethierry, looking intently at the sea. He exclaimed: "It is thy turn! the Parisians have taken the Bastile; now we will take thee!"

Lethierry's boat made the voyage from Guernsey to Saint Malo once a week. She left on Tuesday morning and returned on Friday evening, in time for Saturday market. She was more sturdy than any of the largest coasting vessels of the archipelago, and her capacity being in proportion to her size, one of her voyages equaled four voyages of any ordinary boat in the same trade. Thence arose large profits. The reputation of a vessel depends on its capacity for stowage, and Lethierry knew well how to stow a cargo. When he was no longer able to work at sea himself, he instructed a sailor, so that he could replace him in stowing the cargo. At the end of two years the steamboat brought in a clear seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year; that is equal to eighteen thousand francs. The pound sterling of Guernsey is worth twenty-four francs; that of England, twenty-five, and that of Jersey, twenty-six. These differences are not so trifling as they appear. The banks know how to profit by them.

VI.

LETHIERRY'S EXALTATION

La Galiote was a success. Mess Lethierry saw the time draw near when he would become Monsieur. In Guernsey one cannot at once become Monsieur. There is quite a ladder to climb from the plain man to the gentleman. To begin with, on the first round, we have the simple name Peter, for example; on the second round, Neighbor Peter; on the third round, Father Peter; then, on the fourth round, Sieur Peter; afterward, on the fifth round, Mess Peter; then the crowning title, Monsieur Peter.

This ladder, which ascends from the earth, reaches high in the air. All the upper classes of England climb on it, and take possession of it. These are the rounds as they mount higher and higher: above the gentleman the esquire; above the esquire the knight (Sir for life); higher yet the baronet (Sir hereditary); then the lord (laird in Scotland); the baron, the viscount, the count (earl in England, *jarl*

in Norway); then the marquis, the duke, the English peer, the prince of the blood royal, and, at last, the king. This ladder ascends from the people to the middle class, from the middle class to the baronetage, from the baronetage to the peerage, from the peerage to royalty.

Thanks to his successful plan, thanks to steam, thanks to his engine, thanks to the "devil-boat," Mess Lethierry had become of some importance. He had been obliged to borrow money to build *La Galiote*, and had become indebted at Bremen; he also owed money at Saint Malo; but each year he paid off some of his debt.

He had, moreover, purchased on credit, at the entrance of the port of Saint Sampson, a pretty stone house, quite new, situated between the sea and a garden, on the corner of which could be read the name: *Les Bravées*. The dwelling, called the Bravées, the front of which was also a part of the wall of the port, was remarkable for a double row of windows; on the northern side was an enclosure filled with flowers, on the southern was the seashore; so that this house had two fronts, one facing the storms, the other overlooking the roses. These two fronts seemed made for the two inhabitants, Mess Lethierry and Miss Déruchette.

The Bravées was popular at Saint Sampson, for Mess Lethierry had at last become popular. This popularity was partly due to his kindness, his devotion and his courage, and partly to the number of men whom he had saved; much, also, to his success, and because he had accorded to Saint Sampson the privilege of being the port of departure and arrival of the steamboat.

Seeing that the "devil-boat" was a decided success, Saint Pierre, the capital, claimed it for its port, but Lethierry remained firm for Saint Sampson.

It was his native town. "It is there that I was first launched on the sea," said he. Hence his great local popularity. His position of tax-paying proprietor constituted him what the Guernseyites call a "habitant." He had been chosen *douzenier*. This poor sailor had climbed five of the six rounds of the social ladder of Guernsey; he had been Mess, he nearly reached the title of Monsieur, and who knows whether or not he would not soon gain that honor. Who knows if, one day, the almanac of Guernsey may not contain, in the chapter on Gentry and Nobility, the astonishing and proud inscription, Lethierry, Esq.

But Mess Lethierry disdained, or rather ignored, such vanity. He felt that he was

useful, and that was his greatest pleasure. To be popular was less gratifying to him than to be useful. He had, as we have said, but two loves, and consequently but two ambitions—Durande and Déruchette.

However that might be, he had embarked in the lottery of the sea and had gained the prize.

This prize was the seaworthy Durande.

VII.

THE SAME GOD-FATHER AND THE SAME PATRON SAINT

After having built this steamboat, Lethierry christened it. He named it Durande, *La Durande*. We will henceforth call it by no other name. We will also take the liberty, contrary to typographical usage, to write the name Durande, without putting it in italics, conforming in this to the wish of Mess Lethierry, for whom Durande was almost a living person.

Durande and Déruchette are the same name. Déruchette is the diminutive. This diminutive is very common in the western part of France.

In country places saints often bear not only their real name, but all their diminutives and additions. One would imagine several persons are meant, when in reality there is but one. It is by no means unusual to designate the same patron saint by different names. Lise, Lisette, Lisa, Eliza, Isabelle, Lisbeth, Betsy, all mean Elizabeth. It is probable that Mahout, Maclou, Malo and Magloire, are all the

same saint. However, we are not sure of this.

Saint Durande is a saint of Agoumois and of Charente. Is she an authentic saint? That is for the Bollandists to decide. Authentic or not, there are chapels dedicated to her.

While Lethierry was at Rochefort, as a young sailor, he made the acquaintaince of this saint, probably in the person of some pretty girl of Charentaise, perhaps in that of the grisette with the pretty nails. He had remembered her well enough to give her name to the two things which he loved—Durande to the ship, and Déruchette to the girl.

He was the father of the one, the uncle of the other.

Déruchette was the daughter of a deceased brother. Both her father and mother were dead; he had adopted her, and was taking the place of father and mother to her.

Déruchette was more than his niece, she was his god-daughter; he had held her at the baptismal font; it was he who had chosen her patron saint, Saint Durande, and her Christian name, Déruchette.

Déruchette, as we have said, was born at Saint-Pierre-Port. Her name was inscribed, with the date of her birth, in the parish register.

So long as the niece was a child, and so long as the uncle was poor, no one took any

notice of this name, Déruchette; but when the little girl became a miss, and the sailor a gentleman, the name Déruchette seemed inappropriate. Everyone was astonished at it, and asked Mess Lethierry why he called her Déruchette. His reply was: "There is such a name as that." They tried several times, without success, to induce him to change her name. He would not listen to it. One day a beautiful lady in the upper circle of society in Saint Sampson, the wife of a rich retired blacksmith, said to Mess Lethierry: "Hereafter I shall call your daughter Nancy." "Why not *Lons-le-Saulnier?*" said he. The beautiful lady did not yield her point, but the next day said to him: "We really do not like the name Déruchette. I have found a pretty name for your daughter, Marianne." "A pretty name, in fact," replied Mess Lethierry, "but composed of two ugly beasts, *mari*, a husband, and *âne*, an ass." He retained the name Déruchette.

It would be a mistake to imagine from the foregoing pun that he did not wish his niece to marry. Certainly he wished her to marry, but in his own way; he wished her to have a husband like himself; one who would work hard and leave her little to do. He liked brown hands on a man and white ones on a woman. To prevent Déruchette from spoil-

ing her pretty hands he had brought her up like a young lady. He had procured for her a music master, a piano, a little library, and also a work-basket containing a few needles and some thread. She was more fond of reading than of sewing, and preferred music to reading. Mess Lethierry was glad that it was so. All that he asked of her was to be charming. He had brought her up to be more like a flower than a woman. Anyone who has studied the character of sailors will understand this: rough persons appreciate delicacy. In order that the niece might realize the uncle's ideal she should be rich. That is what Mess Lethierry determined. His large steamboat worked to this end. He charged Durande to gain a marriage portion for Déruchette.

VIII.

THE AIR "BONNIE DUNDEE"

Déruchette occupied the prettiest room in the Bravées; it had two windows and was furnished in grained mahogany, adorned with a bed trimmed with green and white checkered curtains, and looked out upon the garden and also upon the high hill on which stands Castle Valle. It was on the other side of this hill that the Bû de la Rue was situated.

Déruchette had her music and her piano in this room. She accompanied herself on the piano while singing her favorite air, the melancholy Scotch melody, "Bonnie Dundee." The charm of evening was in the tune and the freshness of dawn in her voice. The contrast produced a sweet surprise. People said: "Miss Déruchette is at her piano;" and passers-by at the foot of the hill sometimes stopped before the garden wall of the Bravées to listen to this song, which was at the same time so fresh and so sad.

Déruchette, as she went to and fro in the

house, was the soul of joy. She created perpetual spring.

She was beautiful, but rather pretty than beautiful, and more graceful than pretty. To the good old pilots, friends of Mess Lethierry, she recalled the princess in the soldiers' and sailors' song, who was so beautiful "that she passed for such in the regiment." Mess Lethierry said: "She has a cable of hair."

She had been charming from infancy. For a long time there had been a doubt as to the beauty of her nose, but the little one, probably determined to be beautiful, had kept her resolution; she grew up without loss of beauty; her nose was neither too long nor too short, and while growing she remained charming.

She never called her uncle by any other name than "my father."

He allowed her to exercise some taste in gardening, and even in housekeeping. She herself watered her beds of hollyhocks, of purple fox-gloves, of perennial phlox and of scarlet bennets; she cultivated pink crépes and pink oxalis, and made the most of the climate of Guernsey, so favorable to flowers. She, like everyone else, had aloes growing in the open air, and, what is more difficult, successfully cultivated the cinquefoil of Nepaul. Her little kitchen garden was intelligently arranged; she made spinach succeed radishes,

and peas follow spinach; she knew when to sow Dutch cauliflowers and Brussels cabbages, which she transplanted in July; turnips for August, curled endive (a kind of chicory) for September, round parsneps for autumn, and rampions (small turnips) for winter. Mess Lethierry allowed her to do as she pleased, provided that she did not handle the spade and the rake too much, and especially that she did not handle the manure herself.

He had provided her with two servants, one named Grace and the other Douce, which are two Guernsey names. Grace and Douce did the work of the house and garden, and they earned the right to have red hands.

Mess Lethierry's room was a little retreat overlooking the port and communicating with the large hall on the ground floor, in which the front door was situated, and in which the different stairways of the house terminated. His room was furnished with his hammock, his chronometer and his pipe; it also contained a table and a chair. The raftered ceiling had been whitewashed, as well as the four walls; on the right of the door was nailed a beautiful marine chart of the Archipelago of La Manche bearing these words: "W. Faden, 5, Charing Cross. Geographer to His Majesty;" and on the left, stretched out and fastened with other nails, was one of

those large cotton handkerchiefs, on which all the marine signals of the world are represented in color, having at the four corners the standards of France, Russia, Spain and the United States of America, and in the centre the Union Jack of England.

Douce and Grace were two creatures, such as they were, using the words in a good sense. Douce was not ill-tempered and Grace was not ugly. These dangerous names had not brought ill luck. Douce was unmarried; she had "a gallant." In the isles of La Manche the word is used as well as the reality. These two girls possessed what might be called the characteristics of the Creole service, a kind of slowness not out of keeping with the Norman life of the archipelago. Grace, coquettish and pretty, watched the horizon with the uneasiness of a cat. This arose from the fact that she too had "a gallant," and besides, rumor said, a sailor husband, whose return she feared. But that does not concern us. The difference between Grace and Douce is this: that in a household less austere and less pure Douce would have remained the servant and Grace would have become the soubrette. The dangerous talents of Grace were lost upon such a pure-minded girl as Déruchette. Besides, the amours of Douce and Grace were

hidden. Mess Lethierry heard nothing of them, neither did Déruchette.

The room on the ground floor, a hall with a fire-place surrounded by benches and tables, had, in the last century, served as a meeting-room for a conventicle of French Protestant refugees. The sole ornament of the bare stone wall was a frame of black wood containing a sheet of parchment ornamented with representations of the prowess of the Blessed Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux. Some poor persons belonging to the diocese of this famous orator, who were persecuted by him at the time of the Edict of Nantes, and had taken refuge in Guernsey, fastened this frame on the wall to bear witness to these facts. There could be read, as far as the rude hand-writing and the yellow ink would permit, facts but little known, herewith given: "The 29th of October, 1685, demolition of the temples of Morcef and Nanteuil, demanded of the king by the Bishop of Meaux." "The 2d of April, 1686, the arrest of the Cochards, father and son, on account of their religion, at request of the Bishop of Meaux; released, the Cochards, having recanted." "The 28th of October, 1699, Bishop of Meaux sends to Ponchartrain a memorandum stating reasons why it will be necessary to place the Misses de Chalandes and de Neuville, who are of the

reformed religion, in the house of the 'New Catholics' at Paris." "The 7th of July, 1703, the king's order executed, as requested by the Bishop of Meaux, for shutting up in the asylum Baudoin and his wife, two bad Catholics of Fublaines."

At the end of the hall, near the door of Mess Lethierry's room, was a little wooden enclosure, which had been the Huguenot pulpit, and had become, thanks to a grating with a small opening, the office of the steamboat; that is to say, the office of La Durande, kept by Mess Lethierry himself.

Upon the old oaken pulpit, a register, with its pages marked Debtor and Creditor, replaced the Bible.

IX.

THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED RANTAINE'S CHARACTER

So long as Mess Lethierry had been able to sail the vessel, he had commanded the Durande, and had employed no other pilot or captain than himself, but there had come a time, as we have said, when it became necessary for Mess Lethierry to find some one to replace him. For this purpose he had chosen Sieur Clubin, of Torteval, a silent man. Sieur Clubin had throughout the coast the reputation of being strictly honest. He became the *alter ego* (the other self) and the representative of Mess Lethierry.

Sieur Clubin, although he looked more like a notary than a sailor, was an unusually capable seaman. He possessed every talent necessary in perpetually changing emergencies. He was a skilful stower, a careful man at the masthead, a good boatswain, a strong steersman, an experienced pilot, and a bold captain. He was prudent, and sometimes he carried his prudence to the point of daring, which is a

great quality at sea. His apprehensiveness of danger was tempered by his instinct of what was possible in an emergency. He was one of those seamen who brave dangers understandingly, and whose success is insured through every peril. Whatever assurance the sea can give to man he possessed. Besides, Sieur Clubin was a renowned swimmer; he was one of the race of men accustomed to toss about in the waves, who remain as long as they please in the water, who can start from Havre-des-Pas, in Jersey, double the colette, swim round the Hermitage and Castle Elizabeth, and return, after two hours, to the point of their departure. He came from Torteval, and it is reported that he often swam across the dreaded passage from the Hanois to the point of Plainmont.

One thing which more than any other had recommended Sieur Clubin to Mess Lethierry was, that knowing or penetrating the character of Rantaine, he had pointed out the dishonesty of this man to Mess Lethierry, and had said to him: "Rantaine will rob you." That proved true. More than once, in trifling matters, it is true, Mess Lethierry had put this over-scrupulous honesty of Sieur Clubin to the test, and he trusted some of his business to him. Mess Lethierry used to say: "A good conscience expects every confidence."

X.

TALES OF LONG VOYAGES

Mess Lethierry, for the sake of his own comfort, always wore his sea clothes, and preferred his sailor-coat to his pilot-jacket. Déruchette turned up her little nose at this. Nothing is so pretty as the changes of expression in a graceful young creature when angry. She scolded and laughed. "Good father," she said, "pooh! you smell of tar!" And she would give his broad shoulders a little tap.

This good old hero of the ocean had brought home many wonderful stories of his voyages. When in Madagascar he had seen birds' feathers so large that three of them were sufficient to make the roof of a house. In India he had seen field sorel, the stalks of which grew nine feet high. In New Holland he had seen flocks of turkeys and geese led and guarded by a bird called *agami*, taking the place of a shepherd's dog. He had visited elephants' cemeteries. In Africa he had seen the gorilla, a kind of

man-tiger, seven feet high. He knew the habits of all the monkeys, from the wild baboon, which he called the *macaco bravo*, to the howling baboon, which he called the *macaco barbado*. In Chili he had seen an ape move the compassion of the hunters by showing them her little one. In California he had seen on the ground the fallen trunk of a hollow tree, through which a man on horseback could ride a hundred and fifty steps. In Morocco he had seen the Mozabites and the Biskris fight with matraks (Algerian war clubs) and bars of iron—the Biskris because they had been treated like *kelb*, which means dogs, and the Mozabites because they had been treated like *khamsi*, which means people of the fifth sect. In China he had seen the pirate Chanh-thong-quan-larh-Quoi cut to pieces for having assassinated the âp of the village. At Thu-dan-mot he had seen a lion carry off an old woman from the open market-place of the city. He had been present at the arrival of the great serpent, which was brought from Canton to Saigon to celebrate, in the pagoda of Cho-len, the fête of Quan-nam, the goddess of navigators. He had beheld the great Quan-Sû among the Moï. At Rio Janeiro he had seen the Brazilian ladies wear little gauze balls in their hair in the evening, containing a vagalumes (a beau-

tiful fire-fly) forming a head-dress of stars. In Uruguay he had fought the ant-hills, and in Paraguay the bird-spiders, hairy and as large as an infant's head, their legs covering a diameter of a third of a yard, and attacking men by pricking them with their bristles, which penetrate the skin like sharp arrows, and raise blisters. On the river Arinos, an affluent of the Tocantins, in the virgin forests of the north of Diamantina, he had verified the existence of the frightful bat-like people, the Murcilagos, who are born with white hair and red eyes. They inhabit the depths of the forest, sleeping during the day and remaining awake during the night. They fish and hunt in the darkness, seeing better when there is no moon. He told how, near Beyrout, in an encampment of an expedition of which he formed a part, a rain-guage having been stolen from a tent, a sorcerer clad in two or three bands of leather, resembling a man dressed in his suspenders, had rung a bell at the end of a horn so violently that a hyena returned, bringing with him the rain-guage. The hyena was the thief. These true stories sounded so much like fiction that they amused Déruchette.

The *poupée* (figure-head) of the Durande was the tie between the vessel and the young girl. In the isles of Normandy the figure-

head, carved of wood and placed on the prow of the ship, was called the *poupée*. So, in speaking of sailing, this local expression is used: *Être entre-poupe et poupée* (to be between the stern and the figure-head).

The *poupée* of the Durande was particularly dear to Mess Lethierry. He had directed the carpenter to make it a likeness of Déruchette. But it looked as though chopped by a hatchet. It was a log of wood trying to appear like a pretty girl.

This unshapely block deluded Mess Lethierry. He contemplated it with satisfaction. He placed entire faith in it. He recognized in it a likeness to Déruchette. It is somewhat thus that dogma resembles truth, and the idol the deity.

Mess Lethierry had two great pleasures every week—one on Tuesday, the other on Friday. His first pleasure was in seeing the Durande start; his second, in seeing her return to port. He leaned upon his elbow at his window, contemplated his work, and was happy. There is something like this, in Genesis: *Et vidit quod esset bonum* (and He saw that it was good).

On Friday the presence of Mess Lethierry at his window was as good as a signal. When he was seen at the window of the Bravées lighting his pipe, people said: "Ah! the

steamboat is in sight." One kind of smoke announced the other.

The Durande, on entering port, made her cable fast to a large iron ring fixed in the foundations of the Bravées, under Mess Lethierry's windows. On those nights Lethierry slept soundly in his hammock, knowing that Déruchette was asleep on one side of him, and Durande moored on the other.

The moorings of the Durande were near the bell of the port. A little strip of wharf was built before the door of the Bravées. This wharf, the Bravées, the house, the garden, the alleys bordered with hedges, even the greater part of the surrounding houses, are no longer there. The trade in Guernsey granite caused these lands to be sold. This entire space is now occupied by stone-cutters' yards.

XI.

MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS

Déruchette was approaching womanhood and was unmarried.

Mess Lethierry, in bringing her up to have white hands, had also rendered her difficult to please. An education of that kind does not always result as one could wish.

Besides, as for him, he was still more difficult to please. The husband whom he dreamed of for Déruchette was also to be somewhat of a husband for Durande. He would have liked to have provided at the same time for both of his daughters, and wished that the guide of the one might also be the pilot of the other. What is a husband? He is the captain of the voyage of life. Why not have the same captain for the girl as for the boat? A household obeys the tides. He who knows how to conduct a boat knows how to guide a woman. These are the two subjects of the moon and the wind. Sieur Clubin, being scarcely fifteen

years younger than Mess Lethierry, could only be temporary captain of the Durande. A young pilot was needed, a permanent captain, a true successor of the founder, inventor and creator. The ultimate master of the Durande would be somewhat of a son-in-law to Mess Lethierry. Why not blend the two sons-in-law in one? He was delighted with this idea. He even saw a *fiancé* in his dreams. His ideal was a powerful seaman, sun-burned and tawny, an athlete of the sea, which was not altogether Déruchette's ideal. Her dream was more *coulour de rose*.

At all events, the uncle and the niece seemed to agree to be in no haste. When people began to regard Déruchette as a probable heiress, she received many offers of marriage. Admiration of this description is not always of the best kind. Mess Lethierry felt this. He muttered: "A maiden of gold, a husband of brass." And he dismissed these suitors. He waited, so did she.

It was a singular fact that he cared but little for aristocracy. In this regard Mess Lethierry was unlike an Englishman. It will hardly be believed that he had gone so far as to refuse for Déruchette a Ganduel of Jersey and a Bugnet-Nicolin of Serk. People did not hesitate to say, but we doubt whether that can be possible, that he had not

accepted an offer coming from the aristocracy of Aurigny, and that he had declined the propositions of a member of the family of Edou, evidently descended from Edward the Confessor.

XII.

AN ANOMALY IN THE CHARACTER OF LETHIERRY

Mess Lethierry had one fault, and that was a great one. He hated the priests, not individually, but as a class. One day, as he was reading (for he was in the habit of reading) in a work of Voltaire (for he read Voltaire) these words: "Priests are cats," he laid down the book and was heard muttering in a low tone: "I feel that I am a dog."

It must be remembered that the priests, Lutherans and Calvinists, as well as Catholics, had earnestly opposed and slightly persecuted him when he was building the local "devil-boat." To revolutionize navigation, to attempt to adjust the spirit of progress to the needs of the Norman Archipelago, to make the poor little island of Guernsey experience the disadvantages of a new invention, was, we have not concealed it, a damnable rashness. So they had somewhat anathematized it. Let us not forget that we are speaking now of the old clergy, very different from the

clergy of the present day, who in almost all the local churches display a liberal progressive tendency. They had trammeled Lethierry in a hundred ways. The sum of all obstacles which could be introduced into lectures and sermons had been opposed to him. Detested by the churchmen, he detested them. Their hatred of him was the extenuating circumstance of his ill-will toward them.

But let us remark his aversion to priests was an idiosyncrasy. It was not necessary for him to hate them in order to be hated by them. He was, as he said, the dog among these cats. He had an antipathy to them, not only imaginary, but what is more difficult to analyze, instinctive. He felt their hidden claws, and he showed his teeth; sometimes, it must be confessed, a little at random, and not always to the point. It is wrong to make no distinction. It is a mistake to hate anything *en masse*. The Savoyard curate would have found no favor in his sight. Mess Lethierry did not believe that there could be a good priest. By dint of being a philosopher, he lost a little wisdom. There is such a thing as the intolerance of the tolerant, as well as the rage of the patient man. But Lethierry was so good-natured that he could not be really spiteful. He repelled rather than attacked. He kept the church people at a distance. They had

injured him, so he contented himself by withdrawing his good wishes. The shade of difference between his hatred and theirs was, that theirs was animosity and his was antipathy.

Guernsey, small as it is, has found room for two religions. It contains the Catholic religion and the Protestant religion. Let us add that it does not celebrate the religious services of the two churches in the same edifice. Each denomination has its temple or chapel. In Germany, at Heidelberg, for example, people do not take so much trouble; they divide the church in two—one half dedicated to St. Peter, the other half to Calvin, and between the two there is a partition to prevent blows. They share equally; the Catholics have three altars and the Huguenots three altars; as prayers are said at the same hour, one bell rings for the two services. It summons at the same time to God and to the devil. Nothing could be more simple.

The phlegmatic German becomes accustomed to this arrangement, but in Guernsey, each religion has a place of its own. There is the orthodox parish and the heretical parish; one can choose between the two. Neither one nor the other was Mess Lethierry's choice.

This sailor, workman and philosopher, risen from the ranks of labor, was apparently very

simple, though in reality not at all so. He possessed his angles and his prejudices. With regard to the priests, he was immovable. He could have given points to Montlosier.

He permitted himself to make very misplaced jests. He had peculiar expressions of his own, odd, but full of meaning. Going to confession he called "to comb his conscience." The very little learning which he possessed, gleaned here and there between squalls at sea, did not prevent him from spelling badly. He also made mistakes in pronunciation, not always artless. When peace was concluded at Waterloo, between the France of Louis XVIII. and the England of Wellington, Mess Lethierry said: "Bourment has been the *traitre d'union* between the camps." Once he wrote *papanté* (*pape ôté*), (papacy; Pope deposed). We do not, however, think that this was intentional.

His anti-papist principles did not conciliate the Anglicans. He was no more liked by the Protestant clergy than by the Catholic curates. In the presence of the gravest dogmas his irreligion burst forth almost beyond bounds. Chance having led him to hear a sermon on hell by the Rev. Jaquemin Hérode, a magnificent discourse, filled from beginning to end with sacred texts, proving the eternal punishment, the anguish, the torments, the

damnation, the inexorable chastisements, the everlasting fire, the inextinguishable curses, the anger of the Almighty, the celestial fury, the divine vengeance, incontestable facts, he was heard to say softly, when leaving with one of the faithful: "You see, I—I have a strange idea. I imagine that God is good."

This leaven of atheism was the result of his stay in France.

Although he was a Guernseyite of sufficiently pure descent, he was called in the island "the Frenchman," on account of his irreligious spirit. He did not conceal from himself that he was tinged with subversive ideas. His determination in constructing this steamboat, this "devil-boat," had made this very evident. He said: "I have sucked from '89 (year of French Revolution); that is not good milk."

Besides this he was inconsistent. In small countries it is very difficult to retain one's individuality. In France, to keep up appearances, in England, to be respectable, is necessary to a tranquil life. To be respectable implies a crowd of observances, from the well-kept Sabbath to the well-tied cravat. "To avoid being pointed at," this is the terrible law. To be pointed at is the diminutive of anathema. Small cities, *marais de commerès*, excel in this isolating malignancy, which is

malediction seen through the small end of a telescope. The most valiant dread this ordeal. One can brave grape-shot and confront the hurricane, and yet recoil before Mrs. Grundy. Mess Lethierry was more obstinate than logical. But under this pressure even his obstinacy quailed. He put, to use another of his expressions full of hidden and unacknowledged meaning, "some water in his wine." He held himself aloof from the clergy, but he did not absolutely close his door to them. On official occasions, and at stated times of pastoral visits, he received the Lutheran rector or the Catholic chaplain sufficiently well. Once in a long while it chanced that he accompanied Déruchette to the Anglican parish church, which she herself, as we have said, only attended on the four great fêtes of the year.

After all, these concessions, which cost him an effort, irritated him, and far from inclining him to the church people, increased his inward hatred. He compensated himself for it by more sneering. This man, devoid of bitterness, was not acrimonious, except on this subject. It was impossible to find means to make him any better in this respect.

In fact, this was absolutely his temperament, and it was necessary to make the best of it.

All the clergy displeased him. He had the revolutionary irreverance. He could see little

distinction between one form of worship and another. He did not even give credit to this great progress of thought—the disbelief in the Real Presence. His shortsightedness in these things went so far that he could not recognize the difference between an abbot and a minister. He confounded a reverend doctor with a reverend father. He said: "Wesley was no better than Loyola." When he saw a clergyman passing with his wife, he would turn around. "Married priest!" he would say with the absurd accent with which these two words were spoken in France at that time. He related that, during his last voyage to England, he had seen "the bishopess of London." His repugnance to this sort of marriage went almost to the verge of anger. "Gown and gown do not mate well!" he cried. The priesthood seemed to him like a distinct sex. He would readily have said: "Neither man nor woman, but priest." He, with very bad taste, applied the same disdainful epithets to the Anglican and to the Catholic clergy. He confounded the two cassocks in the same phraseology, and took no trouble to vary with regard to any priests whomsoever, Catholic or Lutheran, the figures of speech used among the soldiers of that time. He said to Déruchette: "Marry whom you like, only not a priest."

XIII.

THOUGHTLESSNESS ADDS A CHARM TO GRACE

A word once said, Mess Lethierry remembered it; a word once said, Déruchette forgot it. That was the difference between the uncle and the niece.

Déruchette, brought up as we have seen, was unaccustomed to responsibility. There is, let us insist upon it, more than one hidden peril in an education not undertaken seriously. It is perhaps imprudent to attempt to make one's child happy too soon.

Déruchette thought that, provided she was contented, all was well. She also felt that her uncle was glad to see her happy. She had about the same opinions as Mess Lethierry. Her religious life was satisfied by attending church four times a year. We have seen her dressed for Christmas.

She was wholly ignorant of life. She possessed all the qualities to make her some day fall extravagantly in love. Meanwhile, she was gay.

She sang and chatted as chance led, and enjoyed the passing hour; said a word and passed on, fulfilled some little duty and fled; in fact, was charming. Add to this English liberty. In England children go alone, young girls are their own mistresses, and youth goes its own gait. Such are the customs. Later on these free girls become women slaves. We use these two words in their best sense—free in youth, but in womanhood slaves to duty.

Déruchette awoke each morning forgetful of her actions of the preceding day. She would have been very much at a loss if asked what she had done last week. This did not prevent her from having troubled hours of mysterious uneasiness, and from feeling an indescribable cloud from the dark side of life pass over her youth and her happiness. These skies have such clouds. But these clouds disappeared quickly. She emerged from them with a burst of laughter, not knowing why she had been sad, nor why she was now happy. She toyed with everyone. She teased the passers-by. She played tricks on the boys. If she had met the devil she would not have spared him; she would have made a niche for him. She was pretty, and at the same time so innocent, that she took advantage of it. She smiled as readily as a

young kitten gives a blow with her paw. So much the worse for the one scratched. She thought no more of it. Yesterday did not exist for her. She lived in the fullness of to-day.

This is the result of too much happiness. With Déruchette the remembrance vanished as readily as the snow melts.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

VOLUME I

	CHAPTER	PAGE
Dedication	. .	v
Preface	. .	viii

THE ARCHIPELAGO OF LA MANCHE

The Old Cataclysms	I. .	xi
Guernsey	II. .	xii
Guernsey (*Continued*)	III. .	xv
The Grass	IV. .	xviii
The Perils of the Sea	V. .	xxi
The Rocks	VI. .	xxiv
Country and Ocean	VII. .	xxvii
Saint-Pierre-Port	VIII. .	xxxiii
Jersey, Aurigny, Serk	IX. .	xl
History, Legend, Religion	X. .	xliii
The Old Haunts and the Old Saints	XI. .	xlvii
Local Circumstances	XII. .	lii
The Work of Civilization in the Archipelago	XIII. .	lvii
Other Peculiarities	XIV. .	lix
Antiquities and Antiques, Customs, Laws, and Manners	XV. .	lxvi

	CHAPTER	PAGE
Continuation of Peculiarities	XVI	lxviii
Compatibility of Extremes	XVII	lxxiii
Asylums	XVIII	lxxix
XIX	XIX	lxxxiii
Homo Edax (Greedy Man)	XX	lxxxv
Power of the Stone-breakers	XXI	xc
Kind-heartedness of the Inhabitants of the Archipelago	XXII	xciii

BOOK I—IN WHAT A BAD REPUTATION CONSISTS

A Word Written on a White Page	I	3
Le Bû de la Rue	II	6
For Your Wife, when You Marry	III	13
Unpopularity	IV	18
Other Suspicious Characteristics of Gilliatt	V	32
The Craft	VI	37
A Haunted House—A Visionary Occupant	VII	45
The Chair Gild-Holm-'Ur	VIII	49

BOOK II—MESS LETHIERRY

An Agitated Life and a Tranquil Conscience	I	55
One of His Fancies	II	59
The Old Dialects of the Sea	III	62
One is Vulnerable Through the Object of One's Love	IV	66

BOOK III—DURANDE AND DERUCHETTE

Chatter and Smoke	I	71
The Old Story of Utopia	II	76

	CHAPTER	PAGE
Rantaine	III	79
Continuation of the History of Utopia	IV	85
The Devil-boat	V	89
Lethierry's Exaltation	VI	97
The Same God-father and the Same Patron Saint	VII	101
The Air "Bonnie Dundee"	VIII	105
The Man who Discovered Rantaine's Character	IX	111
Tales of Long Voyages	X	113
Matrimonial Prospects	XI	118
An Anomaly in the Character of Lethierry	XII	121
Thoughtlessness Adds a Charm to Grace	XIII	128

Copyrighted 1892 by G. F.

Géry-Bichard sc.

Déruchette at the Window.—Toilers of the Sea, Vol. II.

BOOK FOUR

THE BAGPIPE

I.

THE FIRST GLEAM OF DAWN OR OF A CONFLAGRATION

Gilliatt had never spoken to Déruchette. He knew her from having seen her from a distance, as one knows the morning star.

At the time when Déruchette met Gilliatt on the way from Saint-Pierre-Port to Valle, and had surprised him by writing his name on the snow, she was sixteen years old. Only the evening before, Mess Lethierry said to her: "No more childishness; you are now a large girl."

The word Gilliatt, written by this young girl, sank into an unfathomed depth.

What were women to Gilliatt? He himself would have been unable to say. When he met one she was afraid of him, and he was afraid of her. He only spoke to a woman when forced to do so. He had never courted any country lass. When he was walking alone in a road, and saw a woman approaching, he climbed over the fence of a field, or hid himself in the brushwood and fled. He even avoided old

women. Once in his life he had seen a Parisienne. A Parisienne traveling was a strange event for Guernsey at that distant epoch. And Gilliatt had heard this Parisienne recount her misfortunes in these terms: "I am very much annoyed; some drops of rain have fallen on my hat; it is apricot color, which stains readily." Some time afterward he found an old fashion-plate between the leaves of a book representing a "lady of the *Chaussée d'Antin*" in full dress, and pasted it on his wall, as a souvenir of this apparition. On summer evenings he hid behind the rocks of Houmet-Paradis inlet to see the country women bathe in *dishabille* in the sea. One day he looked through a hedge and saw the witch of Torteval fastening her garter. He was probably a bachelor.

The Christmas morning when he met Déruchette, and when she laughingly wrote his name, he returned home, forgetting why he had started out. Night came; he did not sleep. He thought of a thousand things; that it would be well to cultivate black radishes in his garden, that the exposure was good; that he had not seen the boat from Serk pass by; had anything happened to this boat? Then he remembered that he had seen the white stone-crop in bloom, a rare thing at that season. He had never exactly

known what relationship the old woman who was dead bore to him. He said to himself decidedly that she must have been his mother, and he thought of her with increased tenderness. He thought of the woman's clothing which was in the leather trunk. He thought that the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode would probably some day be appointed Dean of Saint-Pierre-Port, surrogate of the bishop, and that the rectory of Saint Sampson would become vacant. He thought that the day after Christmas would be the twenty-seventh day of the moon, and that consequently it would be high tide at twenty-one minutes after three o'clock, half ebb at fifteen minutes after seven, low tide at thirty-three minutes after nine, and half flood tide at thirty-nine minutes after twelve. He recalled, even to the smallest detail, the costume of the Highlander who had sold him the bagpipe; his bonnet ornamented with a thistle, his claymore, his light jacket with short plaid flaps, his skirt, the scilt or filibeg ornamented with sporran and smushingmull (horn snuff-box), his pin set with a Scotch stone, his two girdles, the diagonal sash and the belt, his sword, the cutlass and the dirk, and his *skene d'hu*, a black knife with a black handle ornamented with two cairngorms (a kind of smoky quartz), and the bare knees of this soldier,

his stockings, his plaid gaiters and buckled shoes. This costume seemed to him a spectre, which pursued him, gave him a fever and put him to sleep. He awoke in broad daylight, and his first thought was of Déruchette.

The next night he slept, but all night long he saw the same Scotch soldier. He said to himself, in his sleep, that the sittings of the chief law courts after Christmas would be held on the 21st of January. He also dreamed of the old rector, Jaquemin Hérode.

Again, on awaking, he thought of Déruchette and felt violently angry with her. He regretted that he was no longer a boy, because in that case he would throw stones at her windows. Then he reflected that if he were a child again he would have his mother, and he began to cry.

He had intended passing three months at Chousey or at Minquiers. However, he did not go.

He never again walked along the road from Saint-Pierre-Port to Valle.

He imagined that his name, Gilliatt, had remained traced upon the ground, and that all who passed that way could see it.

II.

ENTRANCE, STEP BY STEP, INTO THE UNKNOWN

To make amends for this, Gilliatt saw the Bravées every day. He did not go on purpose, he just happened to pass that way. He found that his road always led him to pass by the path which bordered the wall of Déruchette's garden.

One morning, as he was walking along this path, he overheard a market-woman, who was coming from the Bravées, say to another: "Mess Lethierry likes sea-kale."

He immediately dug a trench for sea-kale in his garden at Bû de la Rue. Sea-kale is a kind of cabbage which tastes like asparagus.

The garden wall of the Bravées was very low. It was easy to climb. He would have been struck with horror at the idea of jumping over it. But nothing hindered him from hearing as he passed, like everyone else, the voices of people who were speaking in the rooms or in the garden. He did not listen, nevertheless he heard. Once he overheard the

two servants, Douce and Grace, quarreling. It made a noise in the house. The sound of this quarrel lingered in his ear like music.

Another time, he distinguished a voice unlike that of the others, which seemed to him as though it must be Déruchette's. He fled.

The words that this voice uttered dwelt forever in his memory. He repeated them every moment. They were: *Vous plairait-il me bailler le genêt?* (Will you please give me the broom?)

By degrees he became bolder. He even dared to linger. One day it happened that Déruchette was at her piano, singing; she was invisible from without, although her window was open. She was singing her favorite song of "Bonnie Dundee." He turned pale, but resolved to listen.

The spring came. One day Gilliatt beheld a vision. Heaven opened. He saw Déruchette watering the lettuce.

Soon he did more than stop. He observed her habits, and he watched for her.

He took care not to be seen.

When it was time for the shrubbery to be filled with butterflies and roses, he used to hide, unseen, behind this wall, and remain there motionless, silent, and scarcely daring to breathe for hours together; so by degrees he became accustomed to see Déruchette pass

in and out of the garden. One can become accustomed to poison.

From his hiding-place he often heard Déruchette conversing with Mess Lethierry under a thick arbor of horn-bean trees, where there was a seat. Their words reached him distinctly.

What progress he had made! Now he even watched and listened. Alas! the human heart has always been addicted to spying.

There was another bench in sight, quite near, on the border of a path. Déruchette sometimes sat there.

Judging from the flowers he had seen Déruchette gather and smell, he guessed her taste in perfumes; the bindweed possessed the perfume she preferred; next the pink, then the jasmine. The rose came only fifth. She looked at the lily, but she did not smell it.

According to her choice of perfumes, Gilliatt formed his idea of her. To each odor he attached a perfection.

The mere idea of speaking to Déruchette made his hair stand on end.

A good old rag-picker, whose roving occupation brought her from time to time to the lane skirting the enclosure of the Bravées, began to notice, in a confused way, Gilliatt's assiduity beside this wall, and his devotion to

this deserted spot. Did she connect the presence of a man in front of this wall with the possibility of a woman behind the wall? Did she perceive that vague and invisible thread? Had she, in her beggarly decrepitude, remained sufficiently young to remember some of her happier years, and did she still know, in this winter and night of her life, what the dawn is? We cannot tell; but it appears that once she passed near Gilliatt, "when he was watching." She smiled on him as well as she was able, and muttered between her gums: "That warms one."

Gilliatt heard these words and was struck by them; he murmured with an inward note of interrogation: "That warms one. What does this old woman mean?" He repeated this phrase mechanically all day, but did not understand its meaning.

One night when he was at his window in Bû de la Rue, five or six young girls from Ancresse came on an excursion to bathe in the creek Houmet. They played very innocently in the water, about a hundred paces distant from him. He shut his window violently. He perceived that the sight of a nude woman horrified him.

III.

THE AIR "BONNIE DUNDEE" FINDS AN ECHO ON THE HILL

It was behind the enclosure of the garden of the Bravées, at an angle of wall covered with holly and ivy, overgrown with nettles, with a wild mallow shrub and a large mullein springing up between the stones, that he passed nearly the entire summer. He remained there, feeling inexpressibly sad. The lizards became accustomed to him and warmed themselves in the sun among the same stones. The summer was bright and dreamy. Overhead Gilliatt saw the clouds move to and fro. He remained seated in the grass. Birds sang all about him. He held his forehead between his hands and questioned himself: "But, then, why did she write my name in the snow?" The wind blew a gale from far over the sea. At intervals the horn of the miners in the distant quarry of la Vaudue blew sharply, warning passers-by to stand aside, as an explosion was going to take place. The port of Saint Sampson was not visible, but the tops of the masts could be seen above the

tops of the trees. The sea-gulls were flying about. Gilliatt had heard his mother say that women could fall in love with men; that this did sometimes happen. He answered himself: "There, I understand, Déruchette is in love with me." Then he felt very sad. He thought: "But she also, she thinks of me; it is well." He remembered that Déruchette was rich and that he was poor, and he thought that the steamboat was an execrable invention. He could never exactly remember the day of the month. He looked listlessly at the great black bees with yellow bodies and short wings, and watched them bury themselves, with a buzzing sound, in the holes of the walls.

One evening Déruchette went indoors to go to bed. She approached her window to close it. The night was dark. Suddenly she caught a sound. She listened. From out this profound darkness came the sound of music. Perhaps some one on the hillside, or at the foot of the towers of Valle Castle, or perhaps more distant yet, was playing an air upon an instrument. Déruchette recognized her favorite melody, "Bonnie Dundee," played upon the bagpipe. She could not account for it.

From that moment the music was heard again from time to time at the same hour, particularly on very dark nights. Déruchette was not very much pleased with this.

IV.

For the Uncle and the Tutor, quiet men, not boys,
Serenades are nuisances. Why? They make a noise.
(*Lines of an Unpublished Comedy.*)

Four years passed.

Déruchette was nearly twenty-one years old and still unmarried.

Some author has written somewhere: "A fixed idea bores like a gimlet. Every year it penetrates a turn further in. To pull it out the first year is like pulling out our hair by the roots, the second year like tearing off our skin, the third year like breaking our bones, the fourth year like taking out our brain."

Gilliatt had reached this fourth year. He had never yet exchanged one word with Déruchette. He dreamed about this lovely girl. That was all.

It happened one day that, finding himself by chance at Saint Sampson, he had seen Déruchette talking with Mess Lethierry before the door of the Bravées, which opened on the road of the port. Gilliatt ventured to approach very near. He fancied he was sure that she had smiled at the very moment when

he passed. There was nothing impossible in that.

From time to time Déruchette still heard the bagpipe.

Mess Lethierry had also heard this bagpipe. Finally he had remarked this inveterate music under Déruchette's window. A tender strain, a circumstance all the more aggravating. A nocturnal lover was not to his taste. He wished Déruchette to marry when the proper time came, when she wished and when he wished, purely and simply, without romance and without music. Provoked at it, he had watched, and felt sure that he had seen Gilliatt. He scratched his beard, a sign of anger, and muttered: "What business has that fool got to pipe around here? It is evident that he is in love with Déruchette. You waste your time. Any man who wishes Déruchette should address himself to me, and not spend his time playing the flute."

An important event, which had been expected for a long time, now took place. It was announced that the Rev. Jaquemin Hérode was appointed surrogate to the Bishop of Winchester, dean of the island, and collector of Saint-Pierre-Port, and that he would leave Saint Sampson for Saint Pierre immediately after having installed his successor.

The new rector must soon arrive. This priest was a man of Norman extraction—Mr. Joe Ebenezer Caudray, Anglicized Cawdry.

Some facts were known about the new rector, which kindly disposed people and malicious people interpret differently. It was reported that he was young and poor, but that his youth was tempered by much learning and his poverty by expectations. In the especial language invented for inheritance and riches, death is called expectations. He was the nephew and heir of the old and rich Dean of Saint Asaph. At the death of this dean he would be rich. Mr. Ebenezer Caudray had distinguished relations. In fact, he almost had a right to the title Honorable. As to his doctrine, opinions differed. He was an Anglican, but, according to the expression of Bishop Tillotson, a "libertine;" that is to say, very severe. He repudiated Phariseeism. He favored Presbyterianism more than he did Episcopalianism. He dreamed of the primitive church, when Adam had the right to choose Eve, and when Frumentius, Bishop of Hierapolis, carried off a young girl to make her his wife, at the same time saying to her parents: "She wishes it, and I wish it. You are no longer her father and her mother. I am the angel Hierapolis, and she is my wife. The Father, He is God." If reports are to be

trusted, Mr. Ebenezer Caudray subordinated the text "Honor thy father and thy mother" to the text which he considered superior to it, "The woman is the flesh of the man. The woman shall leave her father and her mother and cleave unto her husband."

Besides, this tendency to circumscribe the parental authority, and to religiously favor every method of forming the conjugal tie, is characteristic of all Protestantism, particularly in England and especially in America.

V.

MERITED SUCCESS IS ALWAYS HATED

This is the way matters now stood with Mess Lethierry. The Durande had fulfilled all that she had promised. Mess Lethierry had paid his debts, repaired the breach in his fortune, discharged his obligations at Bremen, and met the notes falling due at Saint Malo. He had paid off the mortgages on his house, the Bravées, and bought up all the local charges against the property. He was the possessor of a large productive capital, the Durande. The net revenue of the ship was now a thousand pounds sterling and was increasing. Properly speaking, the Durande was his entire fortune. It also constituted the fortune of the country. The transport of cattle being one of the greatest profits of the ship, it had been necessary, in order to facilitate the stowage and the embarking and disembarking of the animals, to dispense with the luggage boxes and the two boats. This was perhaps imprudent. The Durande had but

one boat left—the long boat. But this boat, it is true, was excellent.

Ten years had elapsed since Rantaine's robbery.

This prosperity of the Durande had one weak side. It did not inspire confidence. It was thought to be dangerous. Lethierry's good fortune was considered merely as an exception. He was thought to have perpetrated a lucky folly. Some one at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, who had imitated him, had not succeeded. The experiment had ruined the stockholders. Lethierry said: "That was because the engine was badly constructed." But the people shook their heads. Innovations always have this evil to contend against; that is, that everyone distrusts them; the least mishap compromises them. One of the commercial oracles of the Norman Archipelago, Jauge, the banker from Paris, on being consulted about a speculation in steamboats, had, so it is said, turned his back and replied: "Is it a change you propose to me in this—the change of money into smoke?"

On the other hand, sailing vessels found no difficulty in raising funds. Capitalists obstinately preferred sails to steam. At Guernsey the Durande was a reality, but steam was not yet an established principle. Such is the

tenacity of conservatism in the presence of progress. It was said of Lethierry, "That is good, but he could not try it successfully again." His example, far from being an encouragement, caused everyone to be more cautious. No one would have dared to risk a second Durande.

VI.

GOOD FORTUNE OF THE SHIPWRECKED CREW IN MEETING THE SLOOP

The equinox begins early in La Manche. The sea there is narrow, which confines and irritates the wind. The west wind begins in February, and the waves are tossed in every direction. Navigation becomes precarious. People on shore then look at the signal mast, and watch for vessels in distress. The sea appears to be lying in wait, and an invisible trumpet calls to we know not what disaster. Vast and furious blasts agitate the horizon. The gale is terrible. The dark night whistles and howls. In the depth of the clouds the black face of the storm distends its cheeks.

The wind is one danger, the fog is another.

Fogs have always been feared by navigators. In certain fogs, microscopic prisms of ice are in suspension, to which Mariotte attributes the halos, the mock suns and the mock moons. Stormy fogs are of a composite character. Various vapors of unequal specific gravity combine in them with the vapor of

water, and arrange themselves layer over layer in an order which divides the fog into zones, making a true formation of mist. The lowest stratum is iodine; above the iodine is sulphur; above the sulphur, bromine; above the bromine, phosphorus. This, in a certain degree, in making part of the electric and magnetic tension, explains many phenomena, as the Saint Elmo fire of Columbus and of Magellan; the flying stars moving about the vessels, spoken of by Seneca; the two flames, Castor and Pollux, alluded to by Plutarch; the Roman legion, whose javelins Cæsar thought he saw take fire; the peak of the Castle of Duino in Frioul, which the sentinel caused to send forth sparks by touching it with the iron of his lance, and perhaps even those flashes of lightning from below, which the ancients called "the terrestrial lightning of Saturn." A wide band of permanent fog encircles the globe at the equator; this is called the cloud-ring. The function of the cloud-ring is to cool the tropics, just as the function of the gulf-stream is to warm the poles. Under the cloud-ring the fog is often fatal. These are called horse latitudes. Here navigators of olden days used to throw horses into the sea in stormy weather, to lighten the ship; in time of calm, to economize the supply of water. Columbus said: *Nube*

abaxo es muerte (from the low cloud comes death). The Etruscans, who were as skilled in meteorology as the Chaldeans were in astronomy, possessed two high priests—the high priest of thunder and the high priest of the cloud. Electricians observed the lightning and the weather sages the mist. The College of Priest-augurs of Tarquin was consulted by the Tyrians, the Phœnicians, the Pelasgians, and by all the early navigators of the ancient inland seas. The origin of storms was observed from that time forward. It is intimately connected with the generation of fogs, and is, properly speaking, the same phenomenon. Three regions of fogs exist on the ocean, one equatorial and two polar. Sailors call them by the same name—the "black pot." In all latitudes, but especially in La Manche, equinoctial fogs are dangerous. They cover the sea with sudden darkness. One of the perils of the fog, even when it is not very thick, is that, by changing the colors of the water, it prevents the nature of the bottom from being defined. The result is the deception to be dreaded on approaching breakwaters or shallows. One runs against a rock without having received any warning. Often in a fog there is no other resource but to lie to or to cast anchor. There are as many shipwrecks caused by the fog as by the winds.

However, after a very violent squall which followed one of the foggy days, the mail boat *Cashmere* arrived safely from England. It entered Saint-Pierre-Port as the first gleam of dawn appeared over the sea, at the very moment when the cannon of Cornet Castle announced the sunrise. The sky was bright. The sloop *Cashmere* was expected, as it was to bring the new rector of Saint Sampson.

Shortly after the arrival of the sloop the rumor spread through the town that she had been hailed at sea during the night by a boat containing a shipwrecked crew.

VII.

HOW A LOITERER WAS RESCUED BY A FISHERMAN

On that night, as soon as the wind lulled, Gilliatt went out to fish, without, however, pushing his clumsy boat too far from the shore.

As he was returning on the rising tide, toward two o'clock this sunny afternoon, in passing before the "Corne de la Bête" on his way to the creek of Bû de la Rue, it seemed to him that he saw a shadow other than the shadow of the rock thrown in the projection of the chair Gild-Holm-'Ur.

He steered his vessel alongside, and perceived that it was a man who was seated in the chair Gild-Holm-'Ur. The sea was now very high, the rock was encircled by the waves; retreat was no longer possible. Gilliatt made frantic gestures to the man, but he remained motionless. Gilliatt approached.

The man was asleep.

He was dressed in black.

"He looks like a priest," thought Gilliatt.

He approached still nearer, and saw the face of a youth.

This face was unfamiliar to him.

Fortunately the rock was perpendicular, and the water there was deep. Gilliatt turned the boat around, and succeeded in placing it alongside of the rocky wall. The tide raised the boat high enough for Gilliatt to stand on the gunwale of the sloop, reach up and touch the man's feet. He stood erect on the edge and stretched out his hands.

If he had fallen at that moment it is doubtful whether he would have reappeared upon the water. The sea was rough. He would undoubtedly have been crushed between the boat and the rock.

He pulled the foot of the sleeping man.

"Ho! What are you doing there?"

The man aroused.

"I am looking," he said.

He was now fully awakened, and said: "I have just arrived in this country. I came here while taking a walk. I passed the night on the sea. I found the view beautiful. I was tired, and I went to sleep."

"Ten minutes later you would have been drowned," said Gilliatt.

"Bah!"

"Jump into my boat."

Gilliatt kept the boat fast with his foot, but

held tight to the rock with one hand and reached out the other hand to the man dressed in black, who quickly jumped into the boat. He was a very handsome young man.

Gilliatt plied the oars, and in two minutes the boat entered the creek of Bû de la Rue.

The young man wore a round hat and a white cravat. His long black frock-coat was buttoned up to his chin. He had a crown of light hair, a feminine face, a clear eye and a grave appearance.

However, the boat touched land. Gilliatt passed the cable in the mooring-ring, then he turned and perceived the very white hand of the young man holding out to him a gold sovereign.

Gilliatt pushed the hand gently aside.

Silence followed.

The young man was the first to speak.

"You have saved my life."

"Perhaps," said Gilliatt.

The moorings were made fast. They stepped out of the boat.

Again the young man said: "I owe my life to you, sir."

"What does that matter?"

This reply of Gilliatt's was again followed by silence.

"Do you belong to this parish?" asked the young man.

"No," replied Gilliatt.

"To what parish do you belong?"

Gilliatt raised his right hand, pointed to Heaven, and said: "Of that one."

The young man bowed and left him.

After moving off a few steps he stopped, felt in his pocket, drew out a book, approached Gilliatt and offered the book to him.

"Permit me to offer you this."

Gilliatt took the book.

It was a Bible.

An instant after, Gilliatt, leaning his elbows on the parapet, saw the young man turn the angle of the path which led to Saint Sampson.

Little by little he lowered his head, forgot all about this stranger, knew no more whether the Gild-Holm-'Ur existed, and everything disappeared before him in the bottomless depth of a reverie. For Gilliatt there was one fathomless abyss—Déruchette.

A voice called him and aroused him from this dream.

"Ho, Gilliatt!"

He recognized the voice and looked up.

"What is the matter, Sieur Landoys?"

It was, in fact, Sieur Landoys, who was passing on the road about a hundred paces from Bû de la Rue, in his phaeton drawn by one small horse. He had stopped to hail Gilliatt, but he appeared occupied and in haste.

"There is news, Gilliatt."

"Where?"

"At the Bravées."

"What then?"

"I am too far off to tell you."

Gilliatt shuddered.

"Is Miss Lethierry going to be married?"

"No, but she must marry."

"What do you mean to say?"

"Go to the Bravées, and you will find out."

And Sieur Landoys whipped his horse.

BOOK FIVE

THE REVOLVER

I.

CONVERSATIONS AT L'AUBERGE JEAN

Sieur Clubin was a man who awaits his opportunity.

He was small and sallow, with the strength of a bull. The sea had not been able to tan him.

His flesh resembled wax; it was the color of a wax candle, and the same modest light shone in his eyes. His memory was peculiarly retentive. When he once saw a man he placed him in his memory like one places a note in a note-book. His quick glance was piercing. The pupils of his eyes received the impression of a face and kept it. The face might grow old, but Sieur Clubin could recognize it again. It was impossible to deceive that tenacious memory. Sieur Clubin was curt, serious, cold; never a gesture. His appearance of candor won everyone immediately. Many people thought him artless. He had a wrinkle at the corner of his eye expressive of astonishing stupidity. As we

have said, no better sailor than he; no one like him for reefing a sail, for keeping head to the wind, and for keeping the sails well set. No reputation for religion and integrity surpassed his. Anyone who would have suspected him would himself have aroused suspicion. He was intimate with Mr. Rébuchet, a broker in Saint Malo, who lived in Saint Vincent street alongside of the gunsmith, and Mr. Rébuchet was in the habit of saying: "I would leave my shop to Clubin's care." Sieur Clubin was a widower. His wife had been an upright woman, the same as he was an upright man. When she died her reputation was beyond reproach. If the bailiff had whispered soft nothings to her, she would have taken it before the king; and if the good God had been in love with her, she would have told it to the curate. This couple, Sieur and Dame Clubin, had realized in Torteval the idea of the English epithet "respectable." Dame Clubin resembled a swan. Sieur Clubin's reputation was as white as ermine. A stain on it would have killed him. He could not have found a pin without searching for the owner. He would have advertised a box of matches. One day he entered a tavern in Saint Servan and said to the tavern-keeper: "I breakfasted here three years ago; you made a mistake in your

bill;" and he paid the tavern-keeper sixty-five centimes. He was the personification of honesty, with a watchful puckering of the lips.

He seemed always on the watch. For whom? Probably for scoundrels.

Every Tuesday he steered the Durande from Guernsey to Saint Malo. He arrived at Saint Malo on Tuesday evening, remained two days to load, and started back to Guernsey Friday morning.

In those days there was a little tavern at the port of Saint Malo called l'Auberge Jean.

The construction of the present quays has demolished this inn. In those days the sea washed the port of Saint Vincent, and also the port of Dinan. Saint Malo and Saint Servan communicated with each other at low tide by light vans and maringottes, turning and winding between the vessels which are high and dry, avoiding the buoys, the anchors and the ropes, and sometimes running the risk of staving in their leather hoods on a lowered yard or on the end of a jibboom. Between tides the coachmen whipped their horses over the sand, where six hours later the wind would whip the waves. On this same strand, in olden days, roamed the twenty-four mastiff watch-dogs of

Saint Malo, who devoured a naval officer in 1770. Their excess of zeal was the cause of their extinction. Their nocturnal barking is no longer heard between the Little Tallard and the Great Tallard.

Sieur Clubin put up at l'Auberge Jean. The French office of the Durande was held there.

The custom-house officers and the coast-guards were in the habit of taking their meals and of drinking at l'Auberge Jean. They had a separate table. The custom-house officers of Bicnic met there with the custom-house officers of Saint Malo, because it was conveniently near their business.

Skippers also went there, but they ate at another table.

Sieur Clubin sat sometimes at the one and sometimes at the other; he preferred, however, the table of the custom-house officers to that of the skippers. He was welcome at either.

These tables were well served. There were strange drinks, especially provided for foreign sailors. A foppish sailor from Bilbao would have found a *helada*. Stout was served there as at Greenwich; or brown *gueuse* as at Antwerp.

Captains who had returned from long voyages and ship-owners sometimes were seen at

the table set aside for the skippers, where they exchanged news: "How are sugars? That commission is only paid on small lots. The brown sugars, however, are selling: three thousand sacks of Bombay and five hundred hogsheads of Sagua. You will see that the discussion in the Senate will end by the defeat of Villèle. What about indigo? Only seven bales of Guatemala have changed hands. The *Nanine-Julie* is in the roads; a pretty three-master from Brittany. The two cities of La Plata are again quarreling. When Montevidio grows fat, Buenos Ayres becomes thin. It has been found necessary to transfer the cargo of the *Regina-Coeli*, condemned at Callao. Cocoas bring a good price; bags of Caracas cocoa are quoted at two hundred and thirty-four, and Trinidad bags at seventy-three. At the review on the Champs de Mars it seems the people cried out: 'Down with the Administration!' Salted raw hides from Saladeros are selling: ox-hides at sixty francs and cow-hides at forty-eight. Have they passed the Balkin? What is Diebitsch doing? At San Francisco the supply of aniseed tufts is short. Plagnoil olive oil is quiet. Gruyère cheese, in tins, sells for thirty-two francs per hundredweight. Well, is Leo XII. dead?" etc., etc.

Such things as these were talked over and

noisily commented upon. At the table of the custom-house officers and coast-guards the conversation was more subdued.

The coast police and revenue officers prefer their doings less publicly and less explicitly discussed.

The skippers' table was presided over by an old captain who had made long voyages—Mr. Gertrais-Gaboureau. Mr. Gertrais-Gaboureau was not regarded as a man; he was thought of as a barometer. His familiarity with the sea gave him a surprising power of predicting the weather. He foretold the weather for the following day. He listened to the wind; he felt the pulse of the tide. He said to the clouds: "Show me your tongue;" that is to say, the lightning. He was the physician of the waves, of the breeze, of the squall. The ocean was his patient; he had journeyed round the world as one goes through a course of clinics, examining each climate in its good and bad aspects; he thoroughly understood the diseases of the season. He was heard to announce facts like these: Once in 1796 the barometer fell to three degrees below the storm point. He was a sailor from choice. He hated England as much as he loved the sea. He had carefully studied English navigation, in order to discover its weak side. He explained in what

way the *Sovereign* of 1637 differed from the *Royal William* of 1670, and from the *Victory* of 1755. He compared their fittings. He regretted the towers on deck, and the funnel-shaped tops of the *Great Harry* of 1514, probably considering them from the point of view of the French bullets which lodged so well in their surfaces. According to his opinion, nations had no existence except in proportion to their maritime institutions. He expressed himself in some odd figures of speech. He chose to designate England by the name of "Trinity House," Scotland by "Northern Commissioners," and Ireland by "Ballast-board." He was very well informed. He was in himself both alphabet and almanac; authority on low-water mark and tariff. He knew by heart the lighthouse tolls, especially those of England; a penny per ton for passing this one, a farthing for passing that one. He would say to you: "The lighthouse of Small's Rock, which used to burn but two hundred gallons of oil, now consumes fifteen hundred." One time, aboard ship, he was attacked by a serious illness, and was thought to be dead; the crew surrounded his hammock, but he interrupted the sobs of agony by saying to the master-carpenter: "It would be an advantage to make a mortise on each side of the thick part of the main-mast, and

to insert a bit of cast iron to pass the top ropes through." This habit of command gave him a dignified expression.

It was rare that the subjects of conversation were the same at the skippers' table and the custom-house officers' table. This, however, did take place during the early part of that month of February, from which we have gathered the facts which we now relate. The three-masted vessel *Tamaulipas*, Captain Zuela, lately arrived from Chili, and about to return there, attracted the attention of the two tables. At the skippers' table they were talking of her cargo and at the custom-house officers' table of her trim appearance.

Captain Zuela, of Copiapo, was a Chilian somewhat after the style of a Colombian. He had fought on his own account in the war for independence—sometimes for Bolivar and then again for Morillo, whichever way his interest led him. He had enriched himself by serving all sides. No man was a better Bourbonist, Bonapartist, absolutist, liberalist, atheist or Catholic. He belonged to that large party which may be called the Lucrative party. From time to time he made his appearance in France on commercial tours, and, if report is to be believed, he gladly gave passage on his vessel to fugitives,

bankrupts or political exiles; it mattered little to him, so they paid. His manner of taking them on board was simple. The fugitive waited on a deserted point of the coast, and at the moment of setting sail, Zuela would detach a small boat to bring him on board.

On his preceding voyage he had in this way assisted the escape of a defaulter connected with the Berton trial, and it was said that this time he intended to carry off the men implicated in the Bidassoa affair. The police were warned and had their eyes upon him.

This period was an epoch of escapes. The Restoration was reactionary. Revolutions lead to emigration, and restorations lead to banishments. During the first seven or eight years after the restoration of the Bourbons, panic spread everywhere—in finance, in manufactures and in commerce, which felt the earth tremble—and caused many failures. There was a general exodus in political circles. Lavalette had fled, Lefebvre-Desmouettes had fled, Delon had fled. The special tribunals, as well as Trestaillon, punished rigorously. People shunned the Pont de Saumur, the Esplanade de la Réole, the wall of the Paris Observatory and the Tower of Taurias d'Avignon—dismal outlines in history which the reaction has marked, and

where even to-day that bloody hand is visible.

In London the Thistlewood law-suit, with its ramifications in France; in Paris the Trogoff law-suit branching into Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, had multiplied the causes for anxiety and flight, and had increased this great confusion, which left a blank even in the highest ranks of the social system of that day.

To find a place of safety was the general aim. To be suspected was to be lost. The spirit of the military tribunals had survived their institution. Condemnations were matters of favor. People took refuge in Texas, in the Rocky Mountains, in Peru and in Mexico. The men of the Loire—traitors then, patriots to-day—had founded the Champ d'Asile (field of refuge). Béranger remarks in one of his songs:

> "Savages! we are Frenchmen;
> Take pity on our glory."

Their only resource was to expatriate themselves. But nothing is more difficult than flight. This monosyllable contains unfathomable depths. Everything seems an obstacle to the fugitive. To escape implies disguise; eminent and illustrious persons were reduced to the expedients of criminals. And yet they were, in fact, unlucky. Their habit of freedom

made it difficult for them to slide through the meshes of evasion. A thief escaping from banishment was, in the eyes of the police, more to be respected than a general. Can one imagine innocence obliged to hide itself, virtue to disguise its voice, or glory to wear a mask? Such an individual with a suspicious air was a noted person in search of a false passport. The dubious appearance of the man who escaped was no proof that we did not behold a hero—ephemeral but characteristic features of the times, which the regular course of history neglects, but which deserve to be underlined by the true portrayer of an age. Under cover of these upright men who attempted to escape, rogues, less watched, slipped through. A scoundrel, forced to hide himself, would profit by the confusion, number himself among the banished, and often, as we have just said, thanks to his greater skill, seemed, in that dim twilight, more upright than the virtuous man. Nothing is more awkward than virtue taken before the law. It understands nothing about it, and acts injudiciously. A counterfeiter would have a better chance of escape than a law-abiding person.

It is a curious fact that flight opens other avenues for dishonest persons. The amount of civilization which a scamp carried with

him from Paris or London stood in the place of an independent fortune in primitive or barbarous countries, ingratiated him with the people and made him a leader. It was not impossible for a man to evade the law here, and to reach the dignity of the priesthood in foreign lands. Flight transformed him, and more than one flight has resulted like the fancies of a dream. An example of this kind led toward the unknown and chimerical. A certain bankrupt, decamping from Europe, appeared twenty years afterward as grand vizier to the mogul or king of Tasmania.

It was a business to assist people to escape, and in view of the frequency of the case, a business with large profits. This business was carried on under cover of lawful commerce.

Anyone who wished to escape to England applied to the smugglers; he who wished to take refuge in America applied to defrauders who had made long voyages like Zuela.

II.

CLUBIN PERCEIVES SOMEONE

Zuela sometimes took meals at l'Auberge Jean. Sieur Clubin knew him by sight. Besides, Sieur Clubin was not proud; he was not above knowing scamps by sight. Sometimes he even went so far as to know them even better, giving them his hand in the open street and bidding them good-morning.

He spoke English to the smuggler and jabbered Spanish to the contrabandistas. On this subject he had a number of phrases: "One can gain advantage from the knowledge of evil." "The gamekeeper converses advantageously with the poacher." "The pilot should sound the pirate, the pirate being a dangerous person." "I taste a scoundrel the same as a physician tastes poison." This was unanswerable. Everyone agreed with Captain Clubin. People approved of his not being too fastidious. Who, then, would dare to speak evil of him? Everything

that he did was evidently "for the good of the public service." With him everything was easy. Nothing could compromise him. Crystal could not spot itself if it would. This confidence was the just recompense of a long life of integrity, and the reward of a well-established reputation. Whatever Clubin did, or appeared to do, his mistakes were looked upon as virtues. He had attained a sinless height; in addition, he was said to be very circumspect; and from such and such acquaintance, which in another would have been accounted suspicious, his integrity stood out in bold relief. His reputation for ability mingled harmoniously with his reputation for ingenuousness without contradiction or disturbance. A person can be at the same time both skilful and innocent. This is one of the types of a virtuous man, and one most appreciated. Sieur Clubin was one of those men who, when found in intimate conversation with a sharper or a robber, are all the better received, understood and respected, and are winked at by the satisfied eyes of public esteem.

The *Tamaulipas* had completed her cargo. She was about ready for sea, and would soon set sail.

One Tuesday evening the Durande arrived at Saint Malo while it was still light. Sieur

Clubin, standing on the bridge and superintending the landing of the vessel, saw, upon the sandy beach near Petit-Bey, two men talking together, standing in a lonely place between two rocks. He looked at them through his spy-glass, and recognized one of the two men. He was Captain Zuela. It seemed as though he also recognized the other.

This other person was tall, with hair streaked with gray. He wore the high hat and plain dress of Friends. Probably he was a Quaker. He modestly lowered his eyes.

On arriving at l'Auberge Jean, Sieur Clubin heard that the *Tamaulipas* expected to set sail in ten days.

It was afterwards learned that he obtained additional information. That night he went to the gunsmith on Saint Vincent street and said to him:

"Do you know what a revolver is?"

"Yes," replied the gunsmith; "it is an American weapon."

"It is a pistol which begins the conversation."

"Just so; a weapon which comprises in itself both question and answer."

"And the answer?"

"Precisely, Mr. Clubin, a revolving barrel."

"And five or six balls."

The gunsmith twisted the corner of his lip

and made that sound with his tongue which, accompanied by a jerk of the head, expresses admiration.

"The weapon is a good one, Mr. Clubin. I think it will do."

"I want a revolver with six barrels."

"I have none."

"How is that, and you a gunsmith?"

"I have as yet not kept that kind. You see it is new. It has just been brought out. In France, as yet, only pistols are manufactured."

"The devil!"

"That is not on the market yet."

"The devil!"

"I have excellent pistols."

"I want a revolver."

"I admit that it is preferable. But wait a moment, Mr. Clubin . . . "

"What?"

"I think I know that there happens to be one now at Saint Malo for sale cheap."

"A revolver?"

"Yes."

"For sale?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"I think I know where. I will find out."

"When can you give me an answer?"

"A bargain; but good."

"When shall I return?"

"If I procure you a revolver it will be a good one."

"When will you give me an answer."

"After your next voyage."

"Do not mention that it is for me," said Clubin.

III.

CLUBIN TAKES SOMETHING AWAY AND BRINGS NOTHING BACK

Sieur Clubin loaded the Durande, took on board a number of oxen, and also a few passengers, and left Saint Malo Friday morning, as usual, for Guernsey.

On this same day (Friday), when the vessel had reached the open sea, which enables the captain to absent himself a few moments from his post, Clubin entered his cabin, shut himself in, took a valise which he had, packed clothing in the elastic compartment, and in the solid compartment biscuit, boxes of preserves, several pounds of cocoa in sticks, a chronometer and a marine spy-glass; he then padlocked the bag, and through the handles he drew a small rope, arranged so as to be ready to hoist, if necessary. Then he descended into the hold, went into the cable-tier, and was seen returning with one of those knotted ropes furnished with a hook, such as is used by calkers at sea and by robbers on land. These ropes facilitate climbing.

Having arrived at Guernsey, Clubin went to Torteval. He spent thirty-six hours there. With him he carried the sac-valise and the knotted rope and returned without them.

Let us repeat, once for all, that the Guernsey referred to in this book is the ancient Guernsey, which no longer exists, and of which it would now be impossible to find a remnant elsewhere than in the country. There it is still the same, but in the cities it has passed away. The remark which we have made about Guernsey also applies to Jersey; Saint Hélier equals Dieppe; Saint-Pierre-Port equals Lorient. Thanks to progress, thanks to the admirable enterprising spirit of this valiant little island community, everything in the Archipelago of La Manche has been changed during the last forty years. Where darkness reigned there is now light. That said, let us proceed.

In times long enough in the past to be considered historical, smuggling was extensively carried on in La Manche. Smuggling vessels were numerous, particularly on the west coast of Guernsey. Thoroughly well-informed persons, who knew even to the most minute details what took place just half a century ago, even go so far as to tell us the names of several of these vessels; almost all were Asturian (province north of Spain) or

Guiposcoans (one of the Basque provinces). However, it is certain that scarcely a week passed without the arrival of one or two of them in Saints Bay or at Plainmont. It seemed almost like a regular trade. An ocean cave at Serk was then, and is now, called the *boutiques* (the shops), because it was in this place that people came to buy their merchandise from the smugglers. The necessities of these transactions required the use of a kind of contraband language which was spoken on those occasions in La Manche. It is now forgotten. It bore the same relation to Spanish that the Levantine does to Italian.

On many points of the English and French coasts smuggling was secretly on the best terms with legitimate and open commerce. It was admitted by more than one great financier—by the back door, it is true—and it mingled mysteriously in the undercurrent of commercial circulation, and through all the arteries of industry. Merchants before the world, secretly smugglers, constituted the history of many fortunes. Séguin accused Bourgain of it, and Bourgain returned the accusation. We do not guarantee their words; perhaps they calumniated each other. However that might have been, smuggling, when discovered by the authorities, was certainly well supplied with ready money, and was in

communication with *le meilleur monde* (the best society). This den, in which Mandrin formerly elbowed the Count of Charolais, presented a respectable appearance and an irreproachable front towards society, gable end to the street.

Hence they resorted to many connivances necessarily masked. These mysteries required impenetrable secrecy. A smuggler was acquainted with many things which it was necessary for him to conceal; an inviolable and rigid fidelity was his law. The first accomplishment of a smuggler was loyalty to his trust. Without discretion, no smuggling. Fraud has its secrets as well as the confessional.

These secrets were faithfully guarded. The smuggler swore strict secrecy, and kept his word. No one could be better trusted than a smuggler. One day the judge-alcalde of Oyarzun arrested a smuggler of dry port wine, and put him to the torture to force him to name the capitalist who aided him. The smuggler did not name the money-lender. This money-lender was the judge-alcalde himself. Of these two accomplices, the judge and the smuggler, the one had been compelled, in order to fulfil the law in the eyes of the people, to order the torture, which the other had endured for the sake of his oath.

The two most famous smugglers who frequented Plainmont at this period were Blasco and Blasquito. They were Tocayos; that is to say, a sort of Spanish and Catholic relationship which consists in having the same patron saint in Heaven—a thing, it will be admitted, not less worthy of consideration than having the same father upon earth.

When one was sufficiently initiated in the ways of smuggling to speak to these men nothing was easier, and at the same time more difficult. It was sufficient to have no fear of dark nights, to go to Plainmont and to brave the mysterious interrogation point which stands there.

IV.

PLAINMONT

Plainmont, near Torteval, is one of the three angles of Guernsey. On the point of the cape a high grassy ridge overlooks the sea.

This summit is a deserted spot. It is even more lonely because of the one house there.

This house adds terror to the solitude. It is said to be haunted.

Haunted or not, its appearance is peculiar.

This one-story house, built of granite, stands in the midst of the grass. It does not look like a ruin. Indeed, it is quite inhabitable. The walls are thick, and the roof is solid. Not a stone is wanting in the walls; not a tile lacking on the roof. A brick chimney leans against the angle of the roof. This house turns its back to the sea. Nothing but a blank wall faces the ocean. On attentively examining this front a walled window can be seen. The two gable ends have three dormer windows—one fronting east, two

fronting west, all three walled up. The front, which faces inland alone, has one door and a few windows. The door is walled up. The two windows on the ground floor are also walled up. On the first floor—and this is the feature which most attracts the attention on approaching the house—are two open windows; but the walled windows are less strange than these open windows; their being open makes them look black in the daylight. They have no panes of glass, not even sashes. They open on the darkness within. One might call them the open sockets from which two eyes had been torn. There was nothing in this house. Through the gaping windows the dilapidation of the interior could be seen. No ceiling, no woodwork; only the bare stone. One could imagine it a tomb with windows, which permitted the spectres to look out. On the side next the sea the rains undermine the foundations. At the base of the wall a few nettles grow, tossed about by the wind. No other human habitation in sight. This house is an empty space where silence reigns. If, however, you place your ear against the wall you may hear, now and then, a confused sound, like the frightened fluttering of wings. Over the walled door, upon the stone which forms its architrave, are engraved these letters: "E.L.M. —P.B.I.L.G.," and this date: "1780."

At night the dead moonlight penetrates the interior.

The sea surrounds this house. Its situation is magnificent, and consequently more dreary. The beauty of the place is puzzling. Why does no human family dwell here? The situation is beautiful, the house is good. Why is it abandoned? To these questions, suggested by reason, others succeed, suggested by reverie. This field is capable of being cultivated. Why is it not tilled? No owner for it; the door walled up. What is the matter with this place? Why does man shun it? What takes place here? If nothing, why is no one here? When all the world is asleep, is anyone awake on this spot? Dark squalls, wild winds, birds of prey, strange animals, unknown forms, present themselves to the imagination and mingle together in this house. For what kind of travelers is this the stopping-place? One can fancy the gloom of hail and of rain beating in these windows. Indistinct traces of storms have left their imprints on the inner walls. These rooms, both walled and open, are visited by the storms. Has a crime been committed here? It seems as though this house, given over to the abode of darkness, ought to call out for help in the night. Is it dumb? Do voices issue from it? What use is it to anyone in this solitude? The mystery

of darkness remains undisturbed here. If its aspect is alarming at noontime, what must it be at midnight? In looking at it one beholds a secret. The dreamer asks himself (for dreams have their logic and the possible has its scope), what happens in this house between the evening twilight and the morning dawn. Has the vast supernatural world some connection with this deserted height, which stops it here and causes it to descend and become visible? Do the scattered elements come here in a vortex? Does the impalpable take form and substance here? Insoluble enigmas. A sacred awe penetrates the very stones. The gloom which lurks in these forbidden chambers is more than gloom, it is the unknown. After sunset the fishing boats will return, the birds will become silent, the goat-herd behind the rocks will go home with his goats, reptiles will slide confidently through the crevices in the rocks, stars will begin to look forth, the cold wind will begin to blow, and darkness will come upon the earth; these two windows will still be there, yawning. That suggests dreams; and it is by apparitions, spectres, phantom faces vaguely outlined, masks in the lurid light, mysterious tumults of spirits and ghosts, that the popular belief, at the same time stupid and profound, compared the dark recesses of this dwelling to night.

The house is "haunted." This explains everything.

Credulous people have their explanations, but common-sense thinkers have theirs also. Nothing more simple, say the latter, than the history of this house. It was an old observatory in the time of the Revolution, of the Empire and of smugglers. It was built for such purposes. The war being ended, the post was abandoned. The house has not been demolished, because it might at some future time be useful again. The door and windows of the ground floor have been walled up to prevent depredations, and also to keep people from entering. The walls of the windows on the three sides facing the sea have been walled up against the south and west winds. That is all.

The ignorant and credulous insist upon their theory. In the first place, they say that the house was not built at the time of the wars of the Revolution. It bears the date 1780—before the Revolution. Besides, it was not built for an observatory. It bears the letters "E.L.M.—P.B.I.L.G.," which constitute the double monograms of two families, and indicates, according to custom, that the house was built for the home of a newly-married couple. So it has been inhabited? Why, then, should it be deserted? If the door and

the windows were walled up to prevent people from entering the house, why are two windows left open? All should have been walled up, or none. Why are there no shutters, no window-frames, no glass? Why wall up the windows on one side and not on the other? The rain is prevented from entering on the south, but is permitted to come in from the north.

No doubt, the credulous are wrong, but certainly the practical are not right. The problem remains unsolved.

It is quite evident, however, that the house has the reputation of having been more of a help than a hindrance to the smugglers.

The magnifying effect of fear distorts the true proportions of facts. Without doubt, many nocturnal phenomena among those which have contributed by degrees to make the house "haunted" might be explained by the presence of obscure and stealthy persons; by the brief sojourn of men who immediately embarked; sometimes by the precautions or the boldness of certain suspicious persons, lying in wait to do evil, or allowing people to catch a glimpse of them in order to inspire fear.

At this distant epoch, many daring deeds were possible. The police, especially in the small countries, was not what it is now.

Let us add that, if this house was, as we have said, a resort for smugglers, their rendezvous would of necessity have had a certain freedom, precisely because the house was looked upon with superstition. This superstition prevented complaints from being made about it. People scarcely complain to the police or custom-house officers about ghosts. Superstitious people make the sign of the cross, and do not report to the officers. They see, or think they see, flee, and are silent. There is a tacit connivance — involuntary, but real—between the object causing fear and those who are frightened. People who are frightened feel that they are in the wrong in having been frightened; they imagine that they have unveiled a secret; they fear to aggravate their position, mysterious even to themselves, and to encounter the anger of the apparition. Therefore they are discreet. And even notwithstanding this reasoning, silence is the instinct of the credulous; fright strikes people dumb; the terrified speak little; horror seems to say, "Hush!"

It must be remembered that this took place in the remote period when the Guernsey peasants believed that the mystery of the manger was repeated by oxen and asses on a certain day every year; a time when no one would have dared to have entered a stable on Christmas

night, for fear of disturbing the animals on their knees.

If the local legends and the people's version are to be credited, the popular superstition formerly went so far as to suspend on the walls of this Plainmont house from nails, traces of which are seen here and there, rats without feet, bats without wings, carcasses of dead animals, tadpoles crushed between the leaves of a Bible, sprigs of yellow lupins—strange votive offerings, fastened there at night by imprudent passers-by who fancied that they had seen something, and who hoped by these offerings to obtain pardon and to propitiate the vampires, hobgoblins and evil spirits. In all ages people have been superstitious about the abacas and the nightly meeting of witches, even among persons high in authority. Cæsar consulted Saganius, and Napoleon, Mademoiselle Lenormand. There are consciences so restless that they even try to obtain indulgences from the devil. "May God do, and Satan not undo," was a prayer of Charles V. Other minds are even more timid. They persuade themselves that they may sin against the evil one. To be irreproachable in the eyes of the devil is one of their aims. Hence, the religious observances by which the great mysterious evil spirit is propitiated. It is only one form of bigotry, like any other. Crimes

against the demon exist in certain diseased imaginations; odd and ignorant casuists are afraid of violating the law of the lower regions; they have their scruples with regard to the spirit of darkness. A belief in the efficacy of devotions to the mysteries of Brocken and Armuyr; an idea that they have sinned against hell; imaginary penances for imaginary crimes; avowals of truth to the spirit of falsehood; self-accusation before the father of evil, and confessions in an inverted sense—all these things are now or have been. The trials of witchcraft prove it on every page of their records. Human imagination extends even this far. When once man is frightened, he stops at nothing. He dreams of imaginary faults, of imaginary purifications, and sweeps his conscience with the shadow of the witches' broom.

However that may be, if this house has a secret, that is its own affair; except by some rare chance, no one goes there to see. It is left to itself. No one wishes to risk encountering spirits of the infernal regions.

Thanks to the terror which guards it, and which keeps at a distance all those who could observe, and bear testimony about it, it has always been easy to enter the house at night, by means of a rope-ladder, or even quite simply by the use of the first ladder that can

be found in an adjoining field. A supply of clothing and food carried there would permit one to await coming events in security and the suitable time for secretly setting sail. Tradition relates that about forty years ago a fugitive—some say political, others say commercial—remained some time hidden in the haunted house of Plainmont, whence he succeeded in embarking for England in a fishing-boat. From England it is easy to reach America.

This same tradition affirms that the provisions deposited in this house remained there untouched, Lucifer, as well as the smugglers, hoping that he who had placed them there would return.

From the height on which this house is situated, the rock of Hanois can be seen a mile from the shore, toward the southwest.

This rock is celebrated. It has been guilty of every evil thing of which a rock is capable. It was one of the most dreaded assassins of the sea. It lay in wait treacherously for vessels during the night. It has enlarged the cemeteries of Torteval and Rocquaine.

In 1862 a lighthouse was placed there.

Now the rock of Hanois is a beacon light for the vessels, which it formerly misled. This snare carries a torch in its hand. Navigators look for this rock on the horizon, and

consider it a protector and a guide, while formerly they fled from it as from a pitiless destroyer. The Hanois give a feeling of safety to these vast dark spaces which they formerly frowned upon. It reminds one of the brigand converted into a policeman.

There are three Hanois—the large Hanois, the little Hanois and the Mauve. It is on the little Hanois where the "Light Red" is now.

This rock forms part of a group of points, some of them submarine, others projecting above the water. It overlooks them all. It possesses its outworks like a fortress, from the side of the open sea, a line of thirteen rocks; on the north, two breakwaters, the Hautes-Fourquies, the Aiguillons and a sand-bank, l'Hérouée; at the south, three rocks—the cat-rock, the Percée and the Roque-Herpin; then more mud-banks—the south mud and the mud Mouet, and besides these, opposite Plainmont, on a level with the surface of the water, *Tas de Pois d'Aval.*

To swim across the channel from the Hanois to Plainmont is difficult, but not impossible. Let us remember that it was one of the feats of Sieur Clubin. The swimmer who is familiar with these shallow waters finds two places where he can rest, the Round Rocque, and farther on, turning a little obliquely to the left, the Red Rocque.

V.

THE BIRDS'-NEST HUNTERS

It was near the Saturday passed by Sieur Clubin at Torteval that a singular incident occurred, which must be narrated. It was little talked about at first in the country, and was not well known for a long time afterward; for many things, as we have just observed, remain unknown in consequence of the terror experienced by those who have witnessed them.

During the night between Saturday and Sunday—we mention the date and think it exact—three children climbed the precipice of Plainmont. These children were returning to the village. They came from the direction of the sea. They were what is called in the local dialect the *dèniquoiseaux*, or bird's-nest hunters. Wherever there are cliffs and hollows in the rocks overhanging the sea, children hunting for birds' nests abound. We have already mentioned that fact. You recollect that Gilliatt turned his attention to this,

for the sake of the birds and for the sake of the children.

The birds'-nest hunters are the street arabs of the ocean; they are not troubled by timidity.

The night was very dark. Thick layers of clouds hid the zenith. Three o'clock in the morning had just struck on the bell of Torteval, which is round and pointed, and resembles the cap of a magician.

Why were these children returning so late? Nothing more simple. They had been hunting for sea-gulls' nests in the *Tas de Pois d'Aval.* The season having been very mild, the birds began to mate early. These children, busy watching the movements of the male and female about their nests, and absorbed by the excitement of this pursuit, had forgotten the time. The tide had surrounded them, and prevented them from reaching the little creek where they had moored their boat, so they had been obliged to wait on one of the peaks of Tas de Pois until the tide should fall. Hence their return by night. Such returns are watched for in feverish anxiety by the mothers, whose anxiety, when quieted, expends itself in joy and anger—tears give place to blows. The children, therefore, hastened anxiously. They hastened as though they would willingly linger, as though they scarcely

wished to return. They had before them the prospect of an embrace accompanied by a box on the ear.

Only one of these children had nothing to fear. He was an orphan. He was a French boy with neither father nor mother, and he was glad at that moment that he had no mother. No one being interested in him, he had no cause to fear a thrashing.

The two others were Guernseyites, from the parish of Torteval.

Having climbed the ridge of rocks, the three hunters of birds' nests reached the plateau on which the haunted house stood.

They began to be afraid, which is the duty of every passer-by, especially of every child, at this hour and at this place.

They had a great desire to run away as fast as possible and also a wish to stop and look.

They stopped.

They looked at the house.

It was quite dark and formidable.

It stood in the middle of the deserted plateau, a dark block, a hideous but symmetrical excrescence, a high, square mass with rectilinear corners, something like an immense gloomy altar.

The first thought of these children was to run away; the second was to draw near. They

had never seen this house at this hour. There is such a thing as the curiosity of fear. A little French boy was with them, and he persuaded them to approach.

It is acknowledged that the French believe in nothing.

Besides, it is reassuring to have company in danger, for it is encouraging when there are three to share the fear.

They were hunters, they were children, and the three together did not number thirty years. They were accustomed to search, to rummage, to spy hidden things. Shall they now stop on their way? They thrust their heads in one hole, why not in another? He who hunts is carried away by impulse; he who explores is in training for it. Looking so often into birds' nests gives one a desire to peer a little into the nest of spectres—to search into hell. Why not?

From game to game one reaches the devil. After the sparrows, the hobgoblins. These boys are going to know how much to believe of all those terrors by which they have been impressed by their parents. No place is more slippery than the track of a weird story. To know quite as much about it as the gossips is tempting.

All these curious ideas produced a natural state of confusion in the minds of those

Guernseyite birds'-nest hunters and made them bolder. They walked toward the house.

Besides, the little boy who led them in this exploit was trustworthy. He was a resolute boy, an apprentice to a calker, one of those children who seemed already a man; he slept on the straw in a shed in the work-yard, earned his own living, had a strong voice, climbed walls and trees easily, and was not troubled by scruples with regard to neighboring apples. He had worked at repairing war vessels, was a son of chance, a lucky child, a happy orphan. He was born in France, no one knew where—two reasons for being bold. He did not hesitate to give a coin to a poor person, was very mischievous, but very good natured, had light hair—almost sandy—and had talked with Parisians. At that time he gained a shilling per day calking fishing boats which were under repair at the Pêqueries.

When he wished, he took holiday, and went birds'-nest hunting. Such was this little French boy.

The solitude of the place possessed a strange funereal aspect. Its threatening spell was felt. It was wild. This plain, silent and bare, terminated its sloping and retreating curve in a precipice at no great distance. The sea below was quiet. There was no wind. Not a blade of grass stirred.

The little hunters of birds' nests advanced slowly, the French boy ahead, looking at the house.

One of them, afterwards, in narrating the story, or what little he remembered of it, added: "It said nothing."

They approached, holding their breath, as one would approach a wild animal.

They climbed the hill which was behind the house and which ended to seaward in a little isthmus of almost impassable rocks; they had come quite near the house, but they only saw the southern front, which was all walled up; they had not dared to turn to the left, where they would have seen the other front containing two windows, which would have been terrible.

However, they grew bolder, the calker apprentice having whispered to them: "Let's veer to larboard. That is the side which is beautiful. We must see the two black windows."

They turned to larboard and came round to the other side of the house.

The two windows were lighted.

The children fled.

When they were far away, the little French boy turned back.

"See!" said he, "the lights are put out."

In fact, there was no longer any light in

the windows. The profile of the house was as sharply defined as if cut with a punch against the livid sky.

Their fear did not leave them, but their curiosity returned. The birds'-nest hunters approached.

Suddenly the light reappeared at the same time in both of the windows.

The two Torteval lads ran away as fast as they could. The little devil of a French boy did not advance; neither did he retreat.

He remained motionless, facing the house and looking at it.

The light disappeared—then shone anew. Nothing could be more horrible. The reflection made a vague streak of light upon the grass, wet with the night dew. At one moment the light traced large, black, moving profiles and shadows of enormous heads on the inner walls of the house.

Besides, as the house was without ceilings or partitions, and had only the four walls and the roof, one window could not be lighted without the other also.

Perceiving that the calker's apprentice remained, the other two birds'-nest hunters returned, step by step, one after the other, trembling and curious. The calker's apprentice whispered to them: "There are ghosts

in the house—I have caught a glimpse of one." The two Torteval boys hid behind the French boy; they stood tip-toe, looking over his shoulder and sheltered by him, and, using him for a shield, made him face the situation; reassured that he stood between them and the vision, they looked—even they.

The house, on its part, seemed to look at them. Its two red eyeballs glared from out this silent darkness. These were the windows. The light vanished, reappeared, vanished again, as is the custom of such lights. These sinister intermissions are probably connected with the flitting to and fro of the devil. Half opening, then shutting. The air-hole of this sepulchre has the effect of a dark-lantern.

Suddenly a very dark shadow of human form stood at one of the windows, as though it came from without, then plunged into the interior of the house. It seemed as though some one had just entered.

It is the habit of robbers to enter by the window.

For a moment the light was more brilliant, then went out and appeared no more. The house became dark again. Then sounds proceeded from it. These sounds resembled voices. It is always so. When one sees, one does not hear; and when one does not see, one hears.

Night at sea has a peculiar silence. The silence of darkness is more profound there than elsewhere. When neither wind nor wave stirs in that moving expanse, over which, usually, even the flight of eagles is not heard, the movement of a fly can be distinguished. This sepulchral quiet gave a gloomy importance to the noises which issued from the house.

"Let us look," said the little French boy.

And he took a step toward the house.

The other two were so afraid that they decided to follow him. They were no longer brave enough to run away alone.

Just as they passed a heap of fagots, which for some reason reassured them in this solitude, a sparrow-owl flew from a bush. That caused a rustling of the branches. The sparrow-owls have an unsteady kind of flight, exceedingly oblique. The bird passed near the children, fixing upon them its round eyes, bright at night.

A shudder ran through the group behind the little French boy.

He addressed the sparrow-owl thus:

"Sparrow, you are too late. You are behind time. I will see."

And he advanced.

The creaking of his heavy-nailed shoes on the furze did not prevent the sounds within

the house from being heard. They rose and fell with the slight and continuous accentuation of a dialogue.

A moment later he added :

"Besides, only fools believe in ghosts."

Insolence in the presence of danger rallies those who are left behind and urges them on.

The two Torteval lads resumed their walk, following the footsteps of the calker's apprentice.

The size of the haunted house appeared to them to increase enormously. In this optical delusion of fear there was some truth. The house did in fact grow larger, because they were approaching it.

Meanwhile the voices in the house were heard still more distinctly. The children listened. The ear also magnifies sounds. It was not a murmur; it was more than a whisper, less than an uproar. Occasionally one or two words clearly articulated were heard. These words, which it was impossible to understand, sounded strangely. The children stopped, listened and then resumed their steps toward the house.

"It is the ghosts talking!" muttered the calker's apprentice; "but then I do not believe in ghosts."

The Torteval boys were sorely tempted to take refuge behind the pile of fagots; but

they were now far from them, and their friend the calker continued to walk toward the house. They trembled at the thought of remaining with him, but they dared not leave him.

Step by step they followed him, much perplexed.

The calker's apprentice turned toward them and said:

"You know it isn't true. There are no such things."

The house grew higher and higher. The voices became more and more distinct.

They drew near.

On approaching they perceived within the house a faint light. It was a very unsteady light — one of the effects produced by the dark-lanterns, of which we have spoken, and which are frequently used to light the meeting of witches by night.

When quite near they halted.

One of the two Torteval boys ventured this remark:

"These are not ghosts; they are phantoms."

"What's that hanging from the window?" asked the other.

"It looks like a rope."

"It's a snake."

"It's a hangman's rope," said the French

boy, with authority. "That's what they use. But I don't believe in these things."

And in three bounds, rather than in three steps, he was at the base of the wall of the house. He was feverishly daring.

The two others imitated him, and advanced, trembling, pressing themselves, one on his right and the other on his left side. The children placed their ears against the wall. The talking in the house still continued.

This is what the phantoms said:

"Asi entendido, está?"

"Entendido."

"Dicho?"

"Dicho."

"Aqui esperará un hombre, y podrá marcharse à Inglaterra con Blasquito?"

"Pagando?"

"Pagando."

"Blasquito tomará al hombre en su barca."

"Sin buscar para conocer a su pais?"

"No nos toca."

"Ni a su nombre del hombre?"

"No se pide el nombre; pero se pesa la bolsa."

"Bien. Esperará el hombre en esa casa."

"Tenga que comer."

"Tendrá."

"Onde?"

"En este saco que he Llevado."

"Muy bien."

"Puedo dexar el saco aqui?"

"Los contrabandistas no son ladrones."

"Y vosotros, cuando marchais?"

"Manana por la manana. Si su hombre de usted esta padro, podria venir con nosotros."

"Parado no esta."

"Hacienda suya."

"Cuantos dias esperara alli?"

"Dos, tres, quatro dias Menos o mas."

"Es cierto que el Blasquito vendra?"

"Cierto."

"En este Plainmont?"

"En este Plainmont."

"A qual semana?"

"La qué viene."

"A qual dia?"

"Viernes, o sabado, o domingo."

"No puede faltar?"

"Es mi tocayo."

"Por qualquiera tiempo viene?"

"Qualquiera. No tieme. Soy el Blasco, es el Blasquito."

"Asi, no pue de faltar de venir en Guernsey?"

"Vengo a un mes, y viene al otro mes."

"Entiendo."

"A cuentar del otro sabado, desde hoy en ocho, no se pasaran cinco dias sin que venga el Blasquito."

"Pero un muy malo mar?"

"Egurraldia gaïztoa?"

"Si."

"No vendria el Blasquito tan pronto, pero vendria."

"Donde vendrá?"

"De Vilvao."

"Onde ira?"

"En Portland."

"Bien."

"O en Tor Bay."

"Mejor."

"Su humbre de usted puede estarse quieto."

"No traidor sera, el Blasquito?"

"Los cobardes son traidores. Somos valientes. El mar es la iglesia del invierno. La traicion es la iglesia del infierno."

"No se entiende a lo que dicemos?"

"Escuchar a nosotros y mirar a nosotros es imposible. La espanta hace alli el desierto."

"Lo sé."

"Quien se atraversaria a escuchar?"

"Es verdad."

"Y escucharian que no entiendrian. Hablamos a una lengua fiera y nuestra que no se conoce. Despues que la sabeis eries con nosotros."

"Soy venido para componer las haciendas con ustedes."

"Bueno."

"Y ahora me voy."

"Mucho."

"Digame usted, hombre. Si el pasagero quiere que el Blasquito le Lleve en minguna otra parte que Portland o Tor Bay?"

"Tenga onces."

"El Blasquito hara lo que querra el hombre?"

"El Blasquito hace lo que quieren las onces."

"Es menester mucho tiempo para ir en Tor Bay?"

"Como quiere el viento."

"Ocho horas?"

"Menos, o mas."

"El Blasquito obedecera al pasagero?"

"Si le obedece el mar à el Blasquito."

"Bien pagado sera."

"El oro es el ora. El viento es el viento."

"Mucho."

"El hombre hace lo que puede con el oro. Dios con el viento hace lo que quiere.

"Aqui sera viernes el que desea marcharse con Blasquito."

"Pues."

"A quel momento Llega Blasquito."

"A la noche. A la noche se Llega, a la noche se marcha. Tenemos una muger quien se Llama el mar, y una hermana quien se

Llama la noche. La muger puede faltar, la hermana no."

"Todo dicho esta. Abour, hombres."

"Buenas tardes. Un golpe de aquardiente?"

"Gracias."

"Es mejor que xarope."

"Tengo vuestra palabra."

"Mi nombre es Pundonor."

"Sea usted con Dios."

"Ereis gentleman y soy caballero."

"Thus it is understood?"

"Understood."

"Settled?"

"Settled."

"A man will wait here and can accompany Blasquito to England?"

"Paying expenses?"

"Paying expenses."

"Blasquito will take the man in his boat."

"Without trying to find out what country he belongs to?"

"That does not concern us."

"Without asking his name?"

"We do not ask names; we weigh the purse."

"Well; the man shall wait in this house."

"He must have some food."

"He will have some."

"How?"

"Out of this bag I have brought."

"All right."

"Can I leave this bag here?"

"Smugglers are not thieves."

"And you, when will you leave?"

"To-morrow morning. If your man was ready he could come with us."

"He is not ready."

"That's his business."

"How many days must he wait at this house?"

"Two, three or four days; more or less."

"Is it certain that Blasquito will come?"

"Certain."

"Here? in Plainmont?"

"In Plainmont."

"What week?"

"Next week."

"What day?"

"Friday, Saturday or Sunday."

"He cannot fail?"

"He is my Tocayo."

"He will come in any weather?"

"In any weather. He is not afraid. I am Blasco; he is Blasquito."

"So he cannot fail to come to Guernsey?"

"I come one month; he comes the other."

"I understand."

"Counting from next Saturday, a week

from to-day, five days will not elapse before Blasquito will be here."

"But if the sea should be very rough?"

"Bad weather?"

"Yes."

"Blasquito will not arrive so soon, but he will come."

"From whence?"

"From Bilbao."

"What place will be his destination?"

"Portland."

"All right."

"Or Tor Bay."

"Still better."

"Your man may rest easy."

"Blasquito will betray nothing?"

"Cowards are traitors. We are brave men. The sea is the church of winter. Treason is the church of hell."

"No one hears what we say?"

"It is impossible for us to be seen or overheard. Fear causes this place to be shunned."

"I know it."

"Who would dare to listen to us?"

"True."

"Besides, should they listen they would not understand. We speak a strange language of our own, which no one else understands. Since you know it, you must be one of us."

"I have come to make arrangements with you."

"All right."

"Now I must be off."

"Very well."

"Tell me; suppose the passenger should wish Blasquito to take him somewhere else than to Portland or Tor Bay?"

"Provided he has the *onces*." (Spanish coins worth about £3 4s.)

"Will Blasquito follow the stranger's wishes?"

"He will do whatever the *onces* command."

"Will it take much time to reach Tor Bay?"

"That depends upon the wind."

"Eight hours?"

"More or less."

"Will Blasquito obey his passenger?"

"If the sea obeys Blasquito."

"He will be well rewarded."

"Gold is gold. Wind is wind."

"That's so."

"Man does what he can with the gold. God does what he wishes with the wind."

"The man who is to accompany Blasquito will be here on Friday."

"Good."

"At what time will Blasquito arrive?"

"During the night. We land by night and

we leave by night. We have a wife called the sea and a sister called night. The wife sometimes betrays—the sister, never."

"Everything is then arranged. Good-night, men."

"Good-night. A drop of brandy?"

"Thank you."

"It is better than syrup."

"I have your word."

"My name is Honor-Bright."

"Good-bye."

"You are a gentleman and I am a knight."

It was clear that only devils could talk in this way. The children did not listen any longer; this time they fled in earnest. The little French boy, convinced at last, ran even faster than the others.

On the Tuesday following this Saturday Sieur Clubin returned to Saint Malo, bringing back the Durande.

The *Tamaulipas* was still anchored in the roadstead.

Sieur Clubin, between two puffs of his pipe, said to the landlord of l'Auberge Jean:

"Well, when does it leave, this *Tamaulipas?*"

"Day after to-morrow—Thursday," replied the inn-keeper.

On that evening Clubin supped at the table of the coast-guards, and, contrary to his

custom, went out after his supper. The result of his absence was that he could not attend to the office of the Durande, and that he came near losing his cargo. That caused remark in so methodical a man.

It happened that he had a few moments' conversation with his friend, the money-changer.

He returned two hours after the Noguette had sounded the curfew-bell. The Brasilian bell strikes at ten o'clock. It was then midnight.

VI.

THE JACRESSARDE

Forty years ago, there was a lane in Saint Malo called Coutanchez lane. This lane is no longer there, having given way to improvements.

It was a double row of wooden houses leaning toward each other, with sufficient space between them for a gutter, which was called the street. People were obliged to walk with one leg on either side of the stream, knocking their heads or elbows against the houses on the right or left. These old Norman shanties of the middle ages have almost human profiles. From old shanties to witches the distance is not great. Their retreating and projecting stories, their circumflex penthouses and their spikes of old iron resemble lips, chins, noses and eyebrows. The dormer-window is the eye—the only eye. The cheek is the wall, wrinkled and blotchy. The houses touch their foreheads together, as though contemplating a crime. All those words of

ancient civilization—cut-throat, cut-face and cut-mouth—come to mind on seeing these old buildings.

One of the largest, the most famous, or the most notorious, of the houses in Coutanchez lane was called the "Jacressarde."

The Jacressarde was the lodging-house for the homeless. In every town, but particularly in sea-ports, there is a sediment beneath the population—vagrants whom even the police are unable to capture, adventurers, shiftless fellows, swindling chemists always remitting life into the crucible, every form of rags and every manner of wearing them, the withered fruits of dishonesty, bankrupts, consciences which have stopped payment, those who have failed in house-breaking (for the great robbers soar and remain above these), men and women workers of evil, male and female oddities, their scruples torn and their elbows out; impoverished scoundrels, the wicked who have missed their deserts, the vanquished in the social struggle, the starving who were formerly gluttons, the promoters of crime, *les gueux* (beggars, rascals), in the double and lamentable acceptation of the word—such are the inhabitants. Human intelligence is there reduced to a bestial condition. It is the dung-heap of souls. It collects in a corner over

which, from time to time, a broom passes, which is called a descent of the police. At Saint Malo the Jacressarde was that corner.

The occupants of these dens are not great criminals, bandits, murderers—the great products of indigence and ignorance. If murder is represented, it is in the person of some brutal drunkard; robbery does not extend there beyond theft. It is rather the expectoration of society than its vomit. The vagrant is found there, but not the brigand. It would not, however, be safe to trust to this distinction. This last stage of vagabondage may have its extremes of rascality. On one occasion when the police threw their net into the *Epi-scié*, which was to Paris what the Jacressarde was to Saint Malo, they captured Lacenaire.

These dens admit everyone. Failure places people more on a level. Sometimes tattered honesty descends to this. Virtue and honesty have, as has been seen, their ups and downs. We must not at once either praise the Louvre or condemn the penitentiary. Public respect, as well as universal reprobation, needs to be scrutinized. This results in surprises. An angel may be discovered in the house of ill-fame, a pearl in the dunghill; these dark and dazzling discoveries are possible.

The Jacressarde was rather a courtyard

than a house and rather a well than a courtyard. It had no story on the street. Its front consisted in a high wall pierced by a low door. On raising the latch and opening the door, one was in a courtyard. In the midst of this courtyard a round hole was seen, surrounded by a stone curb on a level with the ground. This was a well. The court was small, the well was large. A broken pavement surrounded its curb.

The square courtyard was built up on three sides. On the side facing the street was only the wall; but opposite the door and to the right and left were lodgings.

If, after night-fall, one should enter there, somewhat at his own risk and peril, he would hear a noise as of many people breathing, and if the moon and stars were bright enough to define the dark features which were before him, this is what he would see:

The courtyard. The well. Around the courtyard, opposite the door, a shed in the form of a sort of square horseshoe, a worm-eaten gallery, quite open, with a roof having rafters supported by stone pillars at unequal distances; in the centre, the well; around the well, upon scattered straw, a kind of circular chaplet, formed of the straight soles of shoes and the bottoms of boots trodden down at the heel, of toes peeping out of the holes

in the shoes, and of many naked heels of the feet of men, women and children. All these feet were quieted in sleep.

Beyond these feet the eye, by looking carefully through the dim light of the shed, could distinguish bodies, forms, sleeping heads, the people stretched out lazily, bundles of rags of both sexes, a promiscuous dung-heap, one cannot tell what revolting mass. This sleeping-place was open to everyone. Price, two sous per week. Their feet reached out as far as the well. On stormy nights the rain fell on their feet, and on winter nights the snow fell on their bodies.

Who were these beings? The unknown. They went there in the evening and left in the morning. Social order becomes entangled with these larvæ. Some of them slipped in for a night and paid nothing. The greater number had eaten nothing during the day. All kinds of vice, baseness, infection and distress were found there, the same sleep of exhaustion on the same filthy bed. The dreams of all these creatures made a fine medley. Within this dismal rendezvous were mingled and amalgamated in the same stench, weariness, weakness, drunken stupor, the continued recurrence of days spent without a piece of bread and without a good thought, palor with closed eyelids, hair matted with

filth, death-like faces, perhaps the kisses of the degraded. Such was the human putrid mass which fermented in this vat. They had been thrown in this den by fate, by travel, by the arrival of a ship the preceding evening, by a discharge from prison, by chance, and by night. Every day destiny emptied its basket there. Let him enter who would, sleep who could, speak who dared, for it was a place of whispers. They hastened to crowd together. They tried to lose consciousness in sleep, since they could not forget themselves in the darkness, and snatched from death what they could.

They closed their eyes in this confusion of agony which was renewed every night. Whence did they come? From the wretched of society thrown off as the foam from the wave.

There was not straw enough for everyone. More than one bare form was stretched out on the pavement; they lay down exhausted; they arose stiffened. The well, without parapet or cover, was always open. It was thirty feet deep. The rain fell into it, filth oozed into it, all the drainage of the courtyard filtered into it. The bucket for drawing water stood beside it. He who was thirsty drank from it. He who was tired of life drowned himself in it. From sleeping on the dung-heap one glides into this deeper sleep. In

1849 a child fourteen years old was rescued from drowning in this well.

In order to run no danger in this house, it was necessary to be "one of them." Strangers were regarded with disfavor.

Did these wretches know each other? No. They scented each other.

The mistress of the house was a young and rather pretty woman, who wore a cap trimmed with ribbons. Sometimes she bathed herself with water from the well. She had a wooden leg.

At the dawn of day the courtyard became vacant. Its inmates dispersed.

In the courtyard a cock and a few hens scratched all day long in the rubbish. The yard was crossed by a horizontal beam supported by posts, in the form of a gibbet—quite in keeping with the surroundings. The day after a rainy evening, a wet and muddy silk dress belonging to the woman with the wooden leg could often be seen drying on this beam.

Above the shed, and, like it, surrounding the courtyard, was a story, and above this story a garret. A rotten wooden staircase passing through the roof of the shed gave access to the upper floor—rickety steps, which creaked under the tread of the tottering woman.

The transient lodgers, by the week or

night, slept in the courtyard. . The regular inmates lived in the house.

The chief features of the house were its windows without glass, door-frames without doors, chimney-places without fire. The passage from one room to another was made either through an oblong hole which had been the doorway, or through a triangular opening which constituted the space between the rafters and the partitions. Fallen plaster littered the floor. No one knew how the house held together. The winds shook it. Those who lodged there climbed, as best they could, the slippery steps of the old staircase. Everything was open to the weather. The wintry air was absorbed into the old house like water into a sponge. The number of spiders reassured one against its immediate destruction. It contained no furniture. Two or three straw mattresses were in the corners, their torn ticking showing more dust than straw within. Here and there were a pitcher and an earthenware dish, serving various purposes. A faint and disgusting odor permeated the place.

From the windows a view of the courtyard could be obtained. This scene resembled the top of a scavenger's cart. The things, not to mention the human beings, which lay there rotting, rusting and mouldering were indescribable. These fragments amalgamated.

Some fell from the walls, others from human beings. Their rags added to the rubbish.

Besides the floating population which took up its quarters in the courtyard, the Jacressarde had three tenants—a charcoal dealer, a rag-picker and a "maker of gold." The charcoal dealer and the rag-picker occupied two of the straw mattresses on the first floor; the maker of gold, a chemist, lodged in the garret, which was called—I cannot tell why—the attic. No one knew in which corner the woman slept. The maker of gold was something of a poet. He lived in a room just under the tiles of the roof; it contained a narrow dormer-window and a great stone fireplace, which served as a funnel through which the wind roared. As the dormer-window had no sash, he nailed across it a piece of sheet-iron, procured from a wrecked vessel. This sheet-iron let in little light, but much cold.

The charcoal dealer now and then paid for his lodgings with a bag of coal; the rag-picker paid for his every week with a measure of grain for the chickens; the maker of gold paid nothing. Meanwhile he burned the house. He had pulled down the little woodwork which remained, and had frequently drawn a lath from the wall or the roof to heat his melting-pot. On the partition above the rag-picker's straw mattress

could be seen two rows of figures traced in chalk; these had been drawn, week by week, by the rag-picker, one column of threes and one of fives, according as the measure of grain had cost three liards or five centimes. The chemist's crucible for gold was an old, broken bombshell, which he had promoted to the dignity of kettle, in which he mixed his ingredients. The transmutation of metals absorbed him. Sometimes he spoke about it to the bare-footed frequenters of the court-yard, who laughed and said: "These people are full of notions." He was determined not to die until he had flung the philosopher's stone at the windows of science. His furnace burned quantities of wood. The railing of the staircase had disappeared. The whole house was gradually being consumed in this little furnace. The landlady said to him: "You will leave me nothing but the shell." He pacified her by writing verses to her.

Such was the Jacressarde.

A child, who was perhaps a dwarf, between twelve and sixteen years of age, his neck disfigured by a goître, went about with a broom in his hand. He was the servant.

The *habitués* entered by the door of the courtyard; the public entered through the shop.

What was the shop?

The high wall facing the street at the right of the entrance to the courtyard was pierced by a square opening, which served at the same time for a door and for a window; it had shutters and sash, the only shutters on the house which had hinges and a bolt, the only window-frame which had panes of glass. Behind this aperture, which opened on the street, was a little room, a compartment taken off the sleeping-shed. On the street-door this inscription in charcoal could be read: "Curiosities kept here." The expression was used from that time forth. On three shelves which were placed against the window stood some porcelain pots without handles, a Chinese parasol of figured gold-beaters' skin, torn here and there, which it was impossible to open or shut; fragments of iron and shapeless pieces of stoneware, dilapidated men's and women's hats, three or four shells, several packages of old bone and brass buttons, a snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of Marie Antoinette, an incomplete volume of Bois-bertrand's Algebra. Such is the description of the shop. This assortment constituted the "curiosities." This shop communicated by a back door with the yard containing the well. It was furnished with a table and a stool. The woman with the wooden leg was the shop-woman.

VII.

NOCTURNAL BUYERS AND UNDERHAND VENDERS

Clubin had been absent from l'Auberge Jean all Tuesday evening. He was absent again on Wednesday evening.

That evening at dusk, two men entered Coutanchez lane. They stopped before the Jacressarde. One of them knocked on the window-pane. The shop door opened. They entered. The woman with a wooden leg met them with the smile which she reserved for respectable citizens. On the table was a candle.

These men were, in fact, two respectable citizens. The one who had knocked said:

"Good-day, ma'am; I have come for that thing."

The woman with the wooden leg smiled for the second time, and went out by the back door, which opened on the yard containing the well. A moment later the back door reopened, and a man stood in the doorway. This man wore a cap and a blouse, and from under his blouse something projected. In the

folds of his blouse were bits of straw, and he looked as though he had just been awakened.

He advanced, and the three men surveyed each other. The man in the blouse had a confused but shrewd expression. He said:

"Are you the gunsmith?"

"Yes. Are you the Parisian?"

"Known as Peaurouge; yes."

"Show it to me."

"Here it is."

The man drew from under his blouse a contrivance at that time very rare in Europe—a revolver.

This revolver was new and bright. The two citizens examined it. The one who seemed to be familiar with the house, and whom the man in the blouse had addressed as the "gunsmith" toyed with it. He passed the weapon to the other man, who appeared to be more of a stranger in the city, and who stood with his back to the light.

The gunsmith continued:

"How much?"

The man in the blouse answered:

"I have just brought it with me from America. Some people bring monkeys, parrots and animals, as though the French were savages. As for me, I have brought this. It is a useful invention."

"How much?" asked the gunsmith again.

"It is a pistol with a revolving motion."

"How much?"

"Bang! the first shot. Bang! the second shot. Bang! a shower of shots. What! That does the work."

"How much?"

"There are six barrels."

"Well, how much?"

"Six barrels, that makes six louis."

"Will you take five louis?"

"Impossible. One louis per barrel. That's the price."

"If we are to make a trade, let us be reasonable."

"I have named the right price. Examine the weapon, Mr. Gunsmith."

"I have examined it."

"The barrel revolves like Mr. Talleyrand himself. That barrel might be registered in the Dictionary of Weathercocks. It is a gem."

"I have seen it."

"As for the barrels, they are of Spanish manufacture."

"I have noticed it."

"They are twisted. This is how these twisted barrels are made: In the first place, the contents of the basket of a collector of old iron is emptied into the forge. It is filled full of old iron, blacksmiths' waste nails and broken horseshoes . . ."

"And old scythe-blades."

"I was going to mention this, Mr. Gunsmith. This mixture is exposed to a good smelting-heat, and produces excellent iron."

"Zounds! but it may have cracks, flaws and irregularities."

"True. But the irregularities are remedied by a little dovetailing, and the risk of cracks is likewise avoided by pounding it well. Then the iron mass is pounded by a large hammer, and subjected to two more smelting-heats. If the iron has been over-heated it is re-tempered by reducing it to a white heat and then striking it with short, light blows. The material is then taken out and rolled well on the cast, and with this iron, bless me! these gun-barrels are made."

"You are in the trade, I presume?"

"I am jack-of-all-trades."

"These barrels are the color of water."

"That is their charm, Mr. Gunsmith. This tint is due to chloride of antimony."

"We say, then, that we will give you those five louis?"

"Allow me to observe to the gentleman that I have had the honor of naming six louis."

The gunsmith lowered his voice.

"Listen, Parisian. Take advantage of the opportunity. Get rid of it. A weapon like

that is worth nothing to you. .It attracts attention to a man."

"True," said the Parisian; "it is a little striking. It is better for a citizen."

"Will you take five louis?"

"No; six—one for each barrel."

"Very well, six Napoleons."

"I wish six louis."

"Then you are not a Bonapartist? You prefer a louis to a Napoleon!"

The Parisian, who was also called Peaurouge, smiled.

"Napoleon is better," said he, "but louis is worth more."

"Six Napoleons."

"Six louis. It makes a difference to me of twenty-four francs."

"No bargain at that rate."

"All right. I will keep this nick-nack."

"Well, keep it."

"At a reduced price; the idea! It shall not be said that I have parted with a thing like this—a new invention—in this way."

"Good-night, then."

"It is an improvement on the pistol, which the Chesapeake Indians call *Nortay-u-Hah.*"

"Five louis ready money; that is quite an amount of gold."

"*Nortay-u-Hah*, that signifies 'short gun.' Many people do not know that."

"Will you take five louis, and a three-franc piece over?"

"Sir, I have said six."

The man who had kept his back to the candle, and who had not yet spoken, occupied himself during the dialogue by examining the revolver. He drew near the gunsmith and whispered in his ear:

"Is it a good weapon?"

"Excellent."

"I will give the six louis."

Five minutes after, while the Parisian, also called Peaurouge, was depositing the six louis which he had just received in a slit under the arm-pit of his blouse, the gunsmith and the purchaser, carrying the revolver in his trousers pocket, left Coutanchez lane.

VIII.

CARROMING ON THE RED BALL AND THE BLACK

The next day, which was Thursday, a tragic event took place at a short distance from Saint Malo, near the peak of the Décollé, at a spot where the cliff is high and the sea is deep.

A tongue of rocks in the form of a lance-blade, connected with the land by a narrow isthmus, reaches far out into the sea, and ends there abruptly in a perpendicular breakwater; nothing is more common in the architecture of the sea than a formation of this kind. In order to reach the plateau of the perpendicular rock from the shore it was necessary to climb an inclined plane of which the grade was sometimes quite steep.

It was upon a plateau of this description, about four o'clock in the afternoon, that a man stood, wrapped in a large military cloak. By the straight and angular folds of this cloak it could easily be seen that he wore arms underneath it. The summit upon which this man stood was quite a large platform, strewn with

large cubes of rock, like great paving-stones, leaving narrow passages between them. This platform, on which short and thick grass flourished, terminated, on the side toward the sea, by an open space ending in a perpendicular bluff. The bluff, about sixty feet above the sea level, seemed cut as straight as a plumb-line. Its left angle, however, was broken away, and formed one of those natural staircases peculiar to granite cliffs, the steps of which are so irregular that they sometimes require the strides of giants or the leaps of acrobats. This wearing away of the rocks descended perpendicularly to the sea and plunged into it. To attempt to descend this bluff was almost as much as one's life was worth. However, in an emergency, a person could embark from this spot, even under the very wall of the cliff.

The breeze was blowing; the man, wrapped in his cloak, stood there erect, his left hand grasping his right elbow, one eye shut and the other looking through a telescope. He seemed absorbed in serious observation. He approached the edge of the precipice, and stood there motionless, his glance fixed steadfastly upon the horizon. The tide was high. The waves beat against the base of the cliff below him.

The object of the man's observation was a

vessel in the offing, which was, in fact, taking a very strange course.

This vessel, which had left the port of Saint Malo scarcely an hour before, had stopped behind the Banquetiers. She was a three-masted vessel. She had not cast anchor, perhaps because the bottom would only have permitted her to swing round on the edge of the cable, and also because the ship would have strained on her anchor under the cut-water. She was, therefore, obliged to lie-to.

The man, who was a coast-guard, as could be seen by the cut of his cloak, watched all the movements of this three-masted vessel, and seemed to make mental notes of them. The vessel hove-to a little off windward, which was indicated by the fore-topsail being laid aback and the filling of the main-topsail. She reefed the mizzensail and trimmed the topsail as close as possible, so as to set the sails against each other and so make little progress either landward or seaward. She did not care to present too much sail to the wind, for she had only braced up the fore-topsail so that it hung perpendicularly to the keel. In this way, coming crossway on, she drifted at the utmost only at the rate of half a league an hour.

It was still broad daylight, especially on the

open sea and on the crest of the cliffs. The low-lying shores were growing dark.

The coast-guard, absorbed in his occupation and carefully scanning the offing, had not thought of examining the rock near him and below him. His back was turned toward the almost impassable staircase which connected the plateau of the cliff with the sea. He had not noticed that something there was moving. Beyond a projecting rock of this stairway was someone, a man, hidden, apparently, before the arrival of the coast-guard. From time to time a head issued from the shadow of the rock, looked upward, and watched the man who was looking out to sea. This head, wearing a large American hat, was that of the man, the Quaker, who had been talking to Captain Zuela among the stones of the Petit-Bey only ten days ago.

Suddenly the attention of the coast-guard seemed to redouble. He polished the glass of his telescope rapidly with the cloth of his sleeve, and turned it energetically toward the three-masted vessel.

A black spot had just detached itself from her side. This dark spot, which looked like an ant on the sea, was a boat.

The boat seemed to be aiming for land. It was manned by a few sailors, who rowed vigorously.

She pulled crosswise by degrees and approached the point of the Décollé.

The gaze of the coast-guard had reached its greatest intensity. No movement of the boat escaped him. He approached nearer and nearer the extreme edge of the cliff.

At this moment the Quaker, a man of lofty stature, sprang up unobserved behind the coast-guard at the top of the staircase.

The man paused an instant, his arms hanging and his fists clenched, an expression in his eye like that of a hunter about to take aim; he looked at the back of the coast-guard.

He was only four steps distant from the coast-guard. He put one foot forward, then stopped; took a second step, and stopped again. He made no other movement except what was necessary in walking; all the rest of his body was as motionless as a statue. His foot fell noiselessly upon the grass. He took a third step forward and stopped. He almost touched the coast-guard, who still stood there, motionless, looking through his telescope. The man slowly raised his two closed fists as high as his collar-bone, then, suddenly, he lowered his forearms, and his two fists struck the shoulders of the coast-guard as forcibly as if shot from a gun. The shock was crushing. The coast-guard had not even time to scream. He fell head-foremost into the sea. The soles

of his boots could be seen in the air about as long as the time occupied by a flash of lightning. It was like the fall of a stone in the water. The sea immediately closed over him.

Two or three large circles were seen upon the dark water. Nothing remained but the telescope, which had dropped from the hands of the coast-guard and had fallen on the grass.

The Quaker leaned over the edge of the cliff, watched the circles disappear in the waves, lingered a few minutes, then stood erect humming under his breath:

> "The captain of the police is dead,
> Having lost his life."

He leaned over the cliff a second time. Nothing reappeared. Only, at the spot where the coast-guard had been engulfed, a dark shadow floated on the surface of the water; this shadow became larger as the waves beat against it. It was probable that the coast-guard had fractured his skull against some submarine rock. His blood rose to the surface and thus stained the foam. As the Quaker contemplated this red stain he hummed:

> "A quarter of an hour before his death
> He was in existence. . . ."

He did not finish.

He heard a very low voice behind him, which said:

"Is that you here, Rantaine? Good-day. You have just killed a man."

He turned round and saw a little man holding a revolver in his hand, standing fifteen paces behind him, at the end of one of those passages between the rocks.

"As you see. Good-day, Sieur Clubin."

The little man shuddered.

"You recognize me?"

"You have also recognized me," answered Rantaine.

Meanwhile they could hear the sound of oars on the sea. It was the boat observed by the guardsman, which was approaching.

Sieur Clubin said in a low tone, as if speaking to himself:

"That was quickly done."

"What can I do for you?" asked Rantaine.

"Nothing much. It is now about ten years since last I saw you. You have, doubtless, been fortunate. How are you?"

"Very well," said Rantaine; "and you?"

Rantaine took a step toward Sieur Clubin. He heard a little, short sound. It was Sieur Clubin cocking his revolver

"Rantaine, we are fifteen feet apart. It is a good distance. Remain where you are."

"Ah, then," said Rantaine, "what do you want of me?"

"I? I have come to talk to you."

Rantaine did not stir. Sieur Clubin spoke again.

"You have just assassinated a coast-guard."

Rantaine raised the brim of his hat, and replied:

"You have already honored me by mentioning it."

"In less definite terms. I said, a man. I now say, a coast-guard. This coast-guard was number six hundred and nineteen. He was the father of a family. He leaves a wife and five children."

"That might be so," said Rantaine.

There was a momentary pause.

"These are chosen men, these coast-guards," said Clubin; "almost all old sailors."

"I have observed," said Rantaine, "that people generally do leave a wife and five children."

Sieur Clubin continued:

"Guess how much I paid for this revolver?"

"It is a pretty article," replied Rantaine.

"How much do you think it worth?"

"I think it is worth a good price."

"It has cost me a hundred and forty-four francs."

"You must have bought that," said

Rantaine, "at the gunsmith shop in Coutanchez lane."

Clubin replied:

"He did not cry out. The fall stopped his voice."

"Sieur Clubin, there will be a storm to-night."

"I alone know the secret."

"Do you still stop at l'Auberge Jean?" asked Rantaine.

"Yes; one is quite comfortable there."

"I remember having eaten good sour-krout there."

"You must be exceedingly strong, Rantaine. What shoulders you have! I would not wish to receive a blow from you. I, on the contrary, when I came into the world, looked so puny that they did not know whether they would be able to raise me."

"They have succeeded, which is fortunate."

"Yes; I always stop at this old Auberge Jean."

"Do you know, Sieur Clubin, how I came to recognize you? It is because you first recognized me. I always said, there is no one like Clubin for that."

And he took a step nearer.

"Stand back where you were, Rantaine."

Rantaine drew back, muttering to himself:

"A man becomes weak, like a child, in the presence of one of those machines."

Sieur Clubin continued:

"The position of affairs is this: We have on our right, in the direction of Saint Enogat, three hundred paces distant from this spot, another coast-guard, number six hundred and eighteen, who is still alive, and on our left, in the direction of Saint Lunaire, a custom-station. That makes seven armed men who can be here in five minutes. The rock will be surrounded. The defile will be guarded. It is impossible to escape. There is a corpse at the foot of the cliff."

Rantaine threw a sidelong glance at the revolver.

"As you say, Rantaine, it is a pretty thing. Perhaps, it is only loaded with powder. But what does that matter? It needs but one shot to bring the armed force. I have six to fire."

The measured sound of oars became very distinct. The boat was not far off.

The large man regarded the small man curiously. Sieur Clubin spoke in a voice more and more tranquil and subdued.

"Rantaine, if the men in the boat which is approaching knew what you did here just now they would assist in arresting you. You are to pay ten thousand francs to Captain Zuela for your passage. By the way, you could have

made a better bargain with the Plainmont smugglers, but they would only have taken you to England; and besides, you cannot risk going to Guernsey, where people have the honor of your acquaintance. To return to the subject: If I fire, you will be arrested. You have agreed to pay ten thousand francs to Zuela for your passage. You have paid him five thousand francs in advance. Zuela would keep the five thousand francs and be off. There, Rantaine, you are well disguised. This hat, this peculiar coat, and these gaiters change your appearance. You have forgotten the spectacles. You have done well to let your whiskers grow."

Rantaine's smile was almost like the gnashing of teeth. Clubin continued:

"Rantaine, you wear a pair of American breeches, with a double pocket. In one of these is your watch. Take care of it."

"Thank you, Sieur Clubin."

"In the other there is a little box of wrought iron which opens and shuts with a spring. It is a sailor's old snuff-box. Take it out of your pocket and throw it to me."

"But this is theft!"

"You are at liberty to call for the guard."

And Clubin fixed his eye on Rantaine.

"Stay, Mess Clubin . . ." said Rantaine,

taking a step forward and holding out his open hand.

The title "Mess" was used to propitiate him.

"Remain where you are, Rantaine."

"Mess Clubin, let us come to an agreement. I offer you half."

Clubin crossed his arms in such a manner that the end of his revolver was seen.

"Rantaine, what do you take me for? I am an honest man."

And, after a pause, he added:

"I must have all."

Rantaine muttered between his teeth: "This is rather steep."

Clubin's eye, however, shone forth with a lightning glance. His voice became clear and cutting as steel.

He cried out:

"I see that you are mistaken. It is you yourself whom you should call Thief; as for me, I call myself Restitution. Rantaine, listen. Ten years ago you left Guernsey during the night, taking from the cash-box of a concern fifty thousand francs which belonged to you, but forgetting to leave behind fifty thousand francs which belonged to another. These fifty thousand francs, which you stole from your partner, the excellent and worthy Mess Lethierry, amount now, at compound interest during these ten years, to eighty

thousand six hundred and sixty-six francs and sixty-six centimes. Yesterday you went to a money-changer. I will tell you his name—Rébuchet, in Saint Vincent street. You paid him seventy-six thousand francs in French bank-notes, in exchange for which he gave you three English bank-notes, each valued at one thousand pounds sterling, plus the exchange. These bank-notes you have put in the iron snuff-box, and the iron snuff-box is in your right pocket. These three thousand pounds sterling are equal to seventy-five thousand francs. In the name of Mess Lethierry, I will be satisfied with them. I leave to-morrow for Guernsey, and I intend to take them to him. Rantaine, the three-masted vessel which lies-to yonder is the *Tamaulipas*. This night you have had your trunks put aboard her among the baggage of the crew. You wish to leave France. You have your own reasons. You are going to Arequipa. The boat is coming for you. You are waiting for it here. It is approaching. We can hear it moving in the water. It is in my power either to allow you to go or to compel you to stay. Enough said. Throw me the iron snuff-box."

Rantaine opened his pocket and drew out a little box, which he threw to Clubin. It was the iron snuff-box. It rolled at the feet of Clubin.

Clubin leaned over, without bending his head forward, and picked up the snuff-box with his left hand, keeping his two eyes and the six-barreled revolver fixed upon Rantaine.

Then he called out:

"Turn your back, my friend."

Rantaine turned his back.

Sieur Clubin put the revolver under one arm, and touched the spring of the snuff-box. The lid opened.

It contained four bank-notes—three of a thousand pounds and one of ten pounds.

He folded the three bank-notes of a thousand pounds, replaced them in the iron snuff-box, closed the box, and put it in his pocket.

Then he picked up a pebble from the ground. He wrapped it in the ten-pound note, and said:

"Turn around again."

Rantaine turned around.

Sieur Clubin said:

"I have told you that I would be satisfied with three thousand pounds. Here are ten pounds which I return to you."

And he threw the note, ballasted by the pebble, to Rantaine.

Rantaine, with a kick, threw the bank-note and the pebble into the sea.

"As you please," said Clubin. "You must be rich to afford that. I am satisfied."

The sound of oars, which had been gradually

drawing nearer during this dialogue, ceased. This indicated that the boat had reached the foot of the cliff.

"Your carriage is below. You can go, Rantaine."

Rantaine turned in the direction of the staircase and rapidly disappeared.

Clubin cautiously advanced to the edge of the cliff, leaned his head over its edge, and watched him descend.

The boat had stopped near the last step of the rocks, at the very spot where the coast-guard had fallen.

While watching Rantaine rush down the steps, Clubin muttered:

"Good number, six hundred and nineteen! He thought he was alone. Rantaine thought there were only two. I alone knew that there were three."

He perceived, on the grass at his feet, the telescope which the coast-guard had dropped, and picked it up.

The sound of the oars was again heard. Rantaine had just jumped into the boat, and the boat had pushed out to sea.

When Rantaine was in the boat, after the first strokes of the oars, and when the cliff began to recede from his eyes, he suddenly stood up, the expression of his face became hideous, he pointed downward with his fist and cried:

"Ha! the devil himself is a villain!"

Some seconds afterward, Clubin, who stood on the top of the cliff with the telescope fixed on the boat, heard these words distinctly articulated in a loud voice, mingling with the roar of the sea:

"Sieur Clubin, you are an honest man; but you will approve of my writing to Lethierry to tell him about this transaction; and here in the boat is a sailor from Guernsey who belongs to the crew of the *Tamaulipas*, his name is Ahier Tostevin, he will return to Saint Malo on the next voyage made by Zuela, and will bear witness that I have given you the sum of three thousand pounds sterling for Mess Lethierry."

It was Rantaine's voice.

Clubin was a man noted for thoroughness in everything he attempted. He stood there as motionless as the coast-guard had been, and on the exact spot, his eye at the telescope; he did not turn his gaze a moment from the boat. He saw it become smaller among the waves, disappear and reappear, approach the vessel which was lying-to, and come alongside of it; he could recognize the tall form of Rantaine on the deck of the *Tamaulipas*.

When the boat was raised and hung on the davits, the *Tamaulipas* started on her way. A breeze blew from the land and the vessel

spread all her sails. Clubin's glass remained fixed upon her outline, growing more and more indistinct. A half hour later the *Tamaulipas* appeared no larger than a black horn gradually diminishing on the horizon as the twilight faded.

IX.

USEFUL INFORMATION

FOR PERSONS WHO EXPECT OR FEAR

LETTERS FROM BEYOND THE SEA

On that evening, also, Sieur Clubin returned late.

One of the causes of his delay was, that before returning he had gone as far as Dinan gate, at which place were several wine-shops. At one of these, where he was not known, he had bought a bottle of brandy, which he had placed in the large pocket of his short-coat as if to hide it there; then, as the Durande was to start the next morning, he had gone on board to see that everything was in order.

When Sieur Clubin returned to l'Auberge Jean, there was no one left in the lower room except the old sea-captain who was famous for his long voyages, Mr. Gertrais-Gaboureau. He was there drinking his glass of beer and smoking his pipe.

Mr. Gertrais-Garboureau bowed to Sieur

Clubin between a puff of smoke and a draught of beer.

"Good-evening, Captain Clubin."

"Good-evening, Captain Gertrais."

"Well, the *Tamaulipas* has gone."

"Ah!" said Clubin, "I have not thought of it."

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau spat, and said:

"Zuela has gone."

"When was that?"

"This evening."

"Where is he going?"

"To the devil."

"Without doubt; but where?"

"To Arequipa."

"I knew nothing of it," said Clubin. He added:

"I am going to bed."

He lighted his candle, walked toward the door and turned back.

"Have you ever been in Arequipa, Captain Gertrais?"

"Yes, years ago."

"Where do they usually put into port?"

"Almost everywhere. But this *Tamaulipas* will touch nowhere."

Mr. Gertrais-Gaboureau emptied the ashes from his pipe upon the edge of a plate and continued:

"You know that the fishing lugger called

Cheval de Troie and the beautiful three-masted schooner, the *Trentemouzin*, sailed for Cardiff. I did not approve of their sailing, on account of the weather. They have returned in a pretty condition. The lugger was loaded with turpentine. She sprang a leak, and, in working the pumps, her cargo was pumped out along with the water. As to the three-masted vessel, she has been damaged most above water; her cut-water, her head-rail, her bumpkin, the stock of the larboard anchor—all are broken. The jibboom broke off close to the cap. As for the jib-shrouds and bob-stays, go and see if they remain. The mizzen-mast is uninjured, notwithstanding it has experienced a heavy strain. All the iron of the bowsprit has given way, and although it seems incredible, the bowsprit is only scratched, notwithstanding it is completely stripped. The larboard bow of the vessel is stove-in a good three square feet. This is what comes of not listening to advice."

Clubin had placed his candle on the table and had begun to rearrange a row of pins which he kept in the collar of his short-coat. He continued:

"Did you not tell me, Captain Gertrais, that the *Tamaulipas* will make no stop?"

"No; it makes straight for Chili."

"In that case she will not be heard from during the voyage."

"Pardon, Captain Clubin. In the first place, she could send mail by any of the vessels she may meet, bound for Europe."

"That is so."

"Then there is the ocean letter-box."

"What do you mean by the ocean letter-box?"

"You do not know what that is, Captain Clubin?"

"No."

"When passing the Straits of Magellan."

"Well?"

"Everywhere snow, eternally bad weather, terribly bad winds, and a treacherous sea."

"Well, then?"

"When Cape Monmouth has been doubled."

"Well, what next?"

"Then double Cape Valentine."

"And then?"

"Then double Cape Isadore."

"And then?"

"Double Point Anne."

"Good; but what do you call the ocean letter-box?"

"We come to that now. Mountains to the right, mountains to the left. Penguins and stormy petrels all around. A terrible place. Ah! a thousand saints! a thousand apes! What an uproar, and how the storm drives! The wind howls uncontrolled. It is there

that one must hold fast to the rail of the wing-transom. It is at this spot also that the sails are reefed, that the mainsail is replaced by the jib, and the jib taken in and the fore-stay-sail tried. Gust upon gust! And then, sometimes, four, five and six days of reefed sails. It often happens that a new set of sails is reduced to tatters. What a dance! Squalls severe enough to make a three-masted vessel jump like a flea. I once saw, on an English brig, the *True Blue*, a little cabin-boy, while working at the jibboom, knocked to all the five hundred thousand millions of God's thunders, and the jibboom with him. In short, people are swept into the air there like butterflies. I saw the second mate of the *Revenue*, a pretty schooner, dragged from over the fore-crosstree and instantly killed. I have had my sheer-rails smashed, and my water-ways reduced to mince-meat. One comes out of this spot with all the sails torn to tatters. Frigates of fifty guns leak like baskets. And the devilish bad shore! Nothing more repelling. The rocks are jagged as though carved in childish play. One approaches Port Famine. There it is worse than the worst. The roughest sea I have ever seen. Hellish coasts. Suddenly, these two words can be seen, written in red: 'Post-office.'"

"What do you mean, Captain Gertrais?"

"I mean, Captain Clubin, that immediately after rounding Port Anne a large pole can be seen on a rock a hundred feet high. It is a pole with a barrel on its neck. This barrel is the letter-box. The English must needs write above it: 'Post-office.' Why do they trouble themselves about this? It is the ocean post; it does not belong to that worthy gentleman, the king of England. This letter-box is for general use. It belongs to every nation. Post-office—ridiculous enough! It seems like a cup of tea suddenly offered to one by the devil. This is the way the service is managed: Every passing vessel sends a little boat to the pole with its mail. A vessel coming from the Atlantic sends her letters for Europe, and one coming from the Pacific sends hers for America. The officer commanding the little boat puts your packet in the barrel and takes out the packet which he finds there. You take charge of these letters and the ship coming after you takes charge of yours. As ships are always sailing in contrary directions, the continent from which you came is the one to which I am going. I carry your letters, you carry mine. The barrel is fastened to the pole with a chain. And it rains! and it snows! and it hails! A wretched sea. The imps of Satan fly on every side. The *Tamaulipas* will go by

that route. The barrel has a good lid with hinges, but no lock nor padlock. You see how one can write to one's friends. The letters arrive safely."

"It is very curious," murmured Clubin, thoughtfully.

Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau returned to his glass of beer.

"Let us suppose that the scamp Zuela should write to me; that this wretch should put his scrawl into the barrel at Magellan, and that, in four months, I should receive the scrawl of this rascal . . . Ah, then! Captain Clubin, do you leave to-morrow?"

Clubin, absorbed in a sort of dream, did not hear.

Captain Gertrais repeated the question.

Clubin aroused.

"Of course, Captain Gertrais. It is my day. I must start to-morrow morning."

"If I were in your place, I would not go. Captain Clubin, the hair on the dog's coat feels damp. For two nights past the sea-birds have been whirling round the lantern of the lighthouse—a bad sign. I have a storm-glass which warns me about the weather. We are at the second quarter of the moon; it is the maximum of humidity. A short time ago I saw some pimpernels with their leaves shut and a field of clover with its stalks quite stiff.

The earth-worms are coming up out of the ground, the flies are stinging, the bees do not leave their hive, the sparrows are chattering together. The distant bells can be heard. This very evening I have heard the angelus at Saint Lunaire. And then there was a murky sunset. To-morrow there will be a heavy fog. I do not advise you to go. I dread the fog more than the storm. It is a tricky thing, the fog."

BOOK SIX

THE DRUNKEN HELMSMAN AND SOBER CAPTAIN

I.

THE DOUVRES ROCKS

At about five leagues out to sea, to the south of Guernsey, opposite the Point of Plainmont, between the isles of La Manche and Saint Malo, there is a group of rocks called the Douvres—a very dangerous place.

This name Douvre (Dover) is common to many rocks and cliffs. There is, for example, near the northern shores a Douvre rock upon which a lighthouse is now constructing—a dangerous rock, but one which we must not confound with the one we are describing.

The point on the French coast nearest the Douvres is Cape Bréhant. The Douvres lie a little further from the coast of France than from the first island of the Norman Archipelago. The distance of these rocks from Jersey is nearly the same as the long diagonal of Jersey. If the Isle of Jersey could be turned on the Corbière, as upon a hinge, Saint Catharine's Point would almost touch the Douvres. This makes a distance of over four leagues.

In these civilized seas the most rugged rocks are rarely deserted. Smugglers are met with at Hagot, custom-house officers at Binic, Celts at Bréhat, oyster-dredgers at Cancale, rabbit-hunters at Césambre, or Cæsar's Island; crab-gatherers at Brecqhou, trawlers at the Minquiers, and dredgers at Ecréhou. At the Douvres, no one.

Sea-birds are at home there. No place more to be dreaded. The Casquets, where, it is said, the *Blanche Nef* was lost; the reef of Calvados, the Needles of the Isle of Wight, the Ronesse, which renders the coast of Beaulieu so dangerous; the sunken reefs of Préel, which block the entrance to Merquel, and which compel vessels to keep one hundred and twenty feet away from the red buoy; the treacherous approach to the Etables and Plouha, the two granite Druids to the south of Guernsey, Old Anderlo and Little Anderlo, the Corbière, the Hanois, the Isle of Ras, connected with this terrible proverb: "*Si jamais tu passes le Ras, si tu ne meurs, tu trembleras*" ("If ever you pass the Ras, if you do not die you will tremble"); the Mortes-Femmes, the passage called the Boue and the one called the Frouquie; the Déroute, between Guernsey and Jersey; the Hardent, between the Minquiers and Chausey; the Mauvais Cheval, between Boulay-Bay and Barneville, have a

better reputation. It would be preferable to brave all these rocks, one after another, than the Douvres once.

In all this perilous sea of La Manche, which is the Ægean Sea of the West, the Douvres has no equal in the terror it excites, except the rock of Pater-Noster, between Guernsey and Serk.

From the Pater-Noster, however, one can signal; should any help be needed there assistance can be sent. To the north rises Point Dicard, or d'Icare, and to the south Gros-Nez. From the Douvres nothing can be seen. Only the storm, the water, the cloud, the vast expanse, the uninhabited rock. No one passes the Douvres unless he has lost his way. These granite rocks are of colossal and hideous form; everywhere steep precipices, the severe inhospitality of the abyss.

It stands in the open sea. The surrounding water is very deep. Rocks absolutely isolated like the Douvres attract and shelter creatures which shun the habitations of man—a kind of submarine madrepore, a sunken labyrinth. There, at a depth which divers rarely reach, are caves, caverns, haunts, dark winding passages. Monsters swarm there, and devour each other. Crabs eat the fish, and are themselves devoured. Frightful forms of living creatures, not made to be seen by the human eye, wander about in this obscurity. Vague

lineaments of mouths, of antennæ, of tentacles, of fins, of pinions, of open jaws, of scales, of claws, of nippers, float about there, quivering, growing, or decomposing, and effaced in dismal transparency. Swarms of horrible swimming creatures prowl about at their pleasure. It is a hive of hydras.

Every horrible creature of the imagination dwells there.

Imagine, if you can, a swarm of sea-slugs.

To gaze into the depths of the ocean; to behold the imagination of the Unknown; to see it on its most terrible side. The submarine gulf resembles the night. There also the conscience of creation is asleep—apparently, at least. There the irresponsible creatures accomplish their crimes with impunity. There in dreadful peace the elementary forms of life, phantom-like, quite demoniacal, follow their horrible benighted instincts.

Forty years ago two rocks of an unusual form were seen in the distance by ocean travelers. These were the Douvres. They consisted of two vertical points, sharp and inclined inward until their tops almost touched each other. One could imagine that he saw two tusks of a submerged elephant thrust out from the sea. Only they were tusks, high as towers, of an elephant large as a mountain. These two natural towers, rising out of the dark city of

monsters, left only a narrow passage between them, through which the waves rushed. This tortuous passage, full of angles, resembled a straggling street between two walls. These twin rocks were called the Douvres. There was the Large Douvre and the Small Douvre; one was sixty feet high, the other forty. The beating of the waves has worn away the base of these towers, and a violent equinoctial gale, which occurred on the 26th of October, 1859, overthrew one of them. The remaining one, the small one, is worn and defaced.

One of the most singular rocks of the Douvres group is called *l'Homme* (the man); that still exists. In the last century, some fishermen, losing their way, found a corpse on the top of this rock. By its side were a number of empty sea-shells. A man had been shipwrecked on this rock, had taken refuge there, had subsisted some time on shell-fish and had died there. Hence its name, *l'Homme*.

The solitudes of the sea are gloomy. Both tumult and silence dwell there. What happens in this place has no further interest for the human race. The use of these ocean wastes is unknown. Such is the isolation of the Douvres. All around, as far as eye can reach, stretches the immense whirl of waters.

II.

AN UNEXPECTED BOTTLE OF BRANDY

On Friday morning, the day after the departure of the *Tamaulipas*, the Durande left for Guernsey.

She left Saint Malo at nine o'clock.

The weather was clear; there was no mist. Old Captain Gertrais-Gaboureau must have been talking nonsense.

Sieur Clubin had been so preoccupied that he almost lost his cargo. He had taken on board only a few bales of goods from Paris designed for the fancy stores of Saint-Pierre-Port; three cases for the Guernsey Hospital—one of them containing yellow soap, another dipped candles, and the third French sole-leather and choice Cordova leather. Of his former cargo he was bringing back a case of crushed sugar and three cases of Congo tea, which the French custom-house would not permit to pass. Sieur Clubin had taken on board very few cattle—only a few oxen. The oxen were very carelessly stowed in the hold.

There were six passengers on board — a Guernseyite, two cattle merchants from Saint Malo, a "tourist" (a word already used at that time), a demi-bourgeois Parisian—probably a traveling salesman—and an American traveling for the purpose of distributing Bibles.

The Durande carried a crew of seven men, not counting Captain Clubin—a helmsman, a coal-heaver, a ship-carpenter, a cook, who served as seaman at need, two firemen and a cabin-boy. One of the two firemen was also the engineer. This fireman-engineer, a very brave and intelligent Dutch negro, a runaway from the sugar plantation of Surinam, was named Imbrancam. The negro Imbrancam understood the engine and managed it admirably. During the earlier voyages his black face by the furnace had contributed not a little in giving a diabolical appearance to the Durande.

The helmsman, a Jerseyite by birth, and of Cotentin (lower part of Normandy) origin, was named Tangrouille. Tangrouille belonged to the high nobility.

This was literally true. The Isles of La Manche are, like England, an aristocratic region. Differences of rank still exist there. These different stations in life have their ideas, which serve as their safeguards. These ideas

of castes are everywhere the same—in India as in Germany. Nobility is won by the sword and lost by labor. Idleness preserves it. To do nothing is to live nobly. He who does no work is honored. A trade involves loss of rank. In France there was formerly no exception to this rule, except for glass-makers. Emptying bottles constituting, to a certain extent, the glory of gentlemen, the making of bottles did not dishonor them. In the Archipelago of La Manche, as well as in Great Britain, he who wishes to retain his nobility must retain his riches. A workman cannot be a gentleman. Even had he been one before, he is so no longer. Many a sailor is descended from knights-banneret, and is but a sailor. Thirty years ago, at Aurigny, a real Gorges, who would have had the right to the seigniory of Gorges confiscated by Philip Augustus, gathered seaweed, barefooted, in the sea. A Carteret follows the occupation of carter in Serk. There is a draper in Jersey and a shoemaker in Guernsey named Gruchy, who claim that they belong to the Grouchy family and are cousins to the marshal of Waterloo. The old registers of the bishoprics of Coutances mention the seigniory of Tangroville, evidently related to Tancarville on the Basse-Seine, which is identical with Montmorency. In the fifteenth century Johan de Héroudeville, archer and

'squire of the sire of Tangroville, bore behind him "his corselet and his other armor." In May, 1371, at Pontorson, according to Bertrand du Guesclin, "Mr. de Tangroville did his duty as knight-bachelor." In the Norman Isles, if poverty overtakes one, he is speedily eliminated from the nobility. A change of pronunciation is sufficient. "Tangroville" becomes "Tangrouille," and it is done.

This is what happened to the helmsman of the Durande.

At the Bordage of Saint-Pierre-Port, there is a dealer in old iron named Ingrouille, who is probably an Ingroville. Under Louis le Gros, the Ingrovilles possessed three parishes in the Court of Assessors of Valognes. An abbot, Trigan, wrote the "Ecclesiastical History of Normandy." This chronicler (Trigan) was the curate of the seigniory of Digoville. If the sire of Digoville had descended to the plebeian state, he would have been called Digouille.

Tangrouille—this probable Tancarville and this possible Montmorency — possessed this ancient gentlemanly quality, a grave defect in a steersman: he was in the habit of becoming intoxicated.

Sieur Clubin was determined to keep him. He had made himself responsible for him to Mess Lethierry.

The helmsman, Tangrouille, never left the ship; he slept on board. On the eve of departure, when Sieur Clubin went on board late in the evening to go over the ship, Tangrouille was asleep in his hammock.

During the night Tangrouille awoke. It was his nightly habit. Every drunkard who is not his own master has his hiding-place. Tangrouille had his, which he called his store-room. Tangrouille's secret store-room was in the hold. He had located it there to avoid suspicion. He thought he was sure that no one except himself knew of this hiding-place. Captain Clubin, being a sober man, was strict. The little rum and gin that the helmsman could conceal from the captain's vigilant eye he kept in reserve in this mysterious corner of the hold, at the bottom of a half-tub of fathom-line, and almost every night he had a satisfactory interview with the contents of his store-room. The surveillance was rigid, the carousal was poor, and the nocturnal excesses of Tangrouille were usually limited to two or three mouthfuls, swallowed secretly. Sometimes it happened that even the store-house was empty. This night Tangrouille had discovered an unexpected bottle of brandy. His joy was great and his amazement was yet greater. From what cloud had this bottle fallen to him? He was not able to remember

when or how he had brought it on board the ship. He drank it immediately; partly from prudence, for fear the brandy might be discovered and seized. Then he threw the bottle in the sea. The next day Tangrouille staggered a little when he took the tiller.

Nevertheless, he steered very much as usual.

As for Clubin, he had, as we know, returned to sleep at l'Auberge Jean.

Clubin always wore under his shirt a leather traveling-belt in which he kept about twenty guineas, in case of need, and which he only laid aside at night. In the centre of this belt was his name, "Sieur Clubin," written by himself on the rough leather with thick lithographic ink, which is indelible.

On rising, before setting out, he placed in this belt the iron box containing the seventy-five thousand francs in bank-notes; then he buckled the belt around his body as usual.

III.

INTERRUPTED CONVERSATIONS

The departure was made quickly. As soon as the passengers had deposited their valises and portmanteaus on and under the benches they proceeded to examine the vessel, a thing which is never omitted, and which seems almost obligatory, because it is so customary. Two passengers, the tourist and the Parisian, had never before seen a steamboat, and from the first turn of the wheel they admired the foam. Then they admired the smoke. Then they wandered on deck and between decks, examining, piece by piece and almost scrap by scrap, all those naval fittings such as rings, cranks, hooks and bolts, which, on account of their precision and adaptation, form a kind of colossal jewelry—jewelry of iron, gilded with rust by the storm. They made the circuit of the little signal-gun fastened to the deck, "chained like a watch-dog," as the tourist observed, and "covered with a waterproof coat to prevent it from taking cold," the

Parisian added. On leaving land they exchanged the customary observations on the view of Saint Malo in the distance; one passenger stated the axiom, that approaches by sea are deceptive, and that a league from the shore no place so nearly resembles Ostend as Dunkirk. They finished what they had to say about Dunkirk by making this observation: that its two police ships, painted red, were called, the one *Ruytingen* and the other *Mardyck*.

Saint Malo became smaller in the distance, and at last was lost to sight.

The surface of the ocean presented a vast calm. The wake, which stretched out behind the vessel as far as the eye could reach, formed a long fringe of foam without a bend.

Guernsey lies in the middle of an air-line drawn from Saint Malo in France to Exeter in England. The straight course at sea is not always practicable. Nevertheless steamboats have, to a certain extent, the ability, which is denied to sailing vessels, of following a straight course.

The sea, influenced by winds, is a combination of forces. A vessel is a combination of machinery. Forces are infinite machines; machines are limited forces. It is between these two organisms—the one inexhaustible, the other intelligent—that the combat called navigation takes place.

A will in a mechanism counterbalances the infinite. The infinite also has a mechanism of its own. The elements know what they are about and whither they are going. No force is blind. Man ought to investigate the forces and try to discover their laws.

Awaiting the discovery of these laws, the struggle continues, and in this struggle navigation by steam is a kind of perpetual victory gained by human genius, every hour in the day and upon every point on the sea. Steam navigation possesses this admirable advantage —that it is able to discipline the ship. It lessens her obedience to the wind and increases her obedience to man.

Never had the Durande made swifter speed than on that day. She went along splendidly.

Toward eleven o'clock, with a fresh breeze blowing from the north-northwest, the Durande was found to be off the Minquiers, under slack steam, sailing toward the west, on the starboard tack, close to the wind. The weather was still clear and fine. The trawlers, however, were making for shore.

Little by little the sea was cleared of vessels, as though each one had sought to regain her port.

It could not be said that the Durande held exactly to her accustomed course. The crew

were not anxious; they placed absolute confidence in their captain. However, perhaps through the fault of the helmsman, there was some deviation in her course. The Durande appeared to be steering toward Jersey, rather than toward Guernsey.

A little after eleven o'clock the captain altered her course, and she was steered straight for Guernsey. Only a little time had been lost. In short days, time lost has its inconveniences. The February sun was shining brightly.

Tangrouille, in his present state, was no longer very steady on his feet, nor very strong in his arm. The result was that the brave helmsman lurched very often, which delayed the progress of the vessel.

The wind had almost died out.

The Guernsey passenger, who held a telescope in his hand, pointed it from time to time at a little cloud of grayish mist slowly wafted by the wind to the extreme western horizon, and which resembled dusty cotton-batting.

Captain Clubin wore his usual austere and puritanical expression. He appeared to redouble his watchfulness.

All was peaceful and almost joyous on board the Durande, and the passengers were conversing together. By closing one's eyes on a

voyage, one can judge of the state of the sea by the tremolo of the conversation. The full freedom of mind on the part of the passengers responds to the perfect tranquility of the sea.

For example, it is impossible that a conversation like the following could have taken place unless the sea had been calm:

"Sir, look at this pretty green-and-red fly."

"It has lost its way and rests on the vessel."

"A fly is not easily fatigued."

"That is so; it is so light. The wind carries it."

"Sir, an ounce of flies has been weighed and then counted; it has been found to contain six thousand two hundred and sixty-eight."

The Guernseyite with the telescope accosted the Saint Malo cattle-dealers, and their conversation was somewhat as follows:

"The Aubrac ox has a round and thick-set body, short legs and tawny hide. He works slowly on account of the shortness of his legs."

"In this respect the Salers is worth more than the Aubrac."

"Sir, I have seen two handsome oxen in the course of my life. The first had short legs, a thick breast, full rump, broad haunches, a good length from the nape of

his neck to his rump, a good height of withers, rich handlings, and a loose skin. The second showed all the result of judicious fattening—body compact, neck strong, legs light, coat red and white, and a sloping rump."

"That—that is the Cotentin breed."

"Yes, but having had some connection with the Angus or the Suffolk bull."

"Sir, believe me, if you will, but in the South they have exhibitions of donkeys."

"Of donkeys?"

"Of donkeys. Upon my honor. And it is the ugly ones who are most admired."

"Then that is like the mule shows—the ugly ones are considered the best."

"Exactly. The Poitevin mare. Big belly, large limbs."

"The best mule known is a barrel on four stakes."

"The beauty of beasts is not the same as the beauty of men."

"And especially of women."

"That is true."

"As for me, I am particular that a woman should be pretty."

"I—I like her to be well dressed."

"Yes; neat, clean, looking as though she came out of a band-box, dressed up."

"Looking quite fresh. A young girl ought

always to look as polished as a gem from a jeweler-shop."

"To return to my oxen. I saw these two sold at the market of Thouars."

"The market of Thouars—I know it. The Bonneaux of Rochelle and the Babus, wheat merchants of Marans—I do not know whether you have heard of them—ought to attend that market."

The tourist and the Parisian talked with the American who had the Bibles. Here, also, the conversation was progressing finely.

"Sir," said the tourist, "the following is the tonnage of the civilized world: France, seven hundred and sixteen thousand tons; Germany, a million; the United States, five millions; England, five millions five hundred thousand. To this add the proportion of the smaller countries. Total, twelve millions nine hundred and four thousand tons, distributed in one hundred and forty-five thousand ships and scattered over the waters of the globe."

The American interrupted:

"Sir, it is the United States which has five millions five hundred thousand."

"I admit it," said the tourist. "You are American?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am still more willing to admit it."

Then there was silence. The American

missionary was wondering if this was a suitable occasion to offer a Bible.

"Sir," replied the tourist, "is it true that you have such a taste for nicknames in America that you disguise all your celebrated men by them, and that you call your celebrated banker of Missouri (Thomas Benton) 'The Old Ingot'?"

"The same as we call Zachary Taylor 'Old Zach.'"

"And General Harrison 'Old Tip.' Isn't it so? And General Jackson 'Old Hickory'?"

"Because Jackson is hard as hickory wood, and because Harrison whipped the redskins at Tippecanoe."

"It is an odd fashion that you have adopted."

"It is our custom. We call Van Buren 'The Little Wizard'; Seward, who introduced small bank-notes, 'Little Billy,' and Douglas, the Democratic Senator from Illinois, who is four feet high and very eloquent, 'The Little Giant.' You can go from Texas to Maine, and you will meet no one who will mention the name Cass. People say instead 'The Great Michigander'; nor will you hear the name Clay; he is always called 'The Mill-boy of the Slashes.' Clay was the son of a miller."

"I should prefer to say Clay or Cass," observed the Parisian; "it is shorter."

"You would not be in the fashion. We call Corwin, who is Secretary of the Treasury, 'The Wagoner's Boy.' Daniel Webster is 'Black Dan.' As for Winfield Scott, his first thought, after having beaten the English at Chippeway, was to go to dinner; we call him 'Quick! a Plate of Soup!'"

The little cloud of mist perceived in the distance increased. By this time it occupied a segment of about fifteen degrees on the horizon. One would have thought it a cloud dragging along on the water for want of wind to raise it. There was scarcely any breeze. The sea was smooth. Although it was not yet noon, the sun was going under. It gave light, but no heat.

"I believe," said the tourist, "that the weather will change."

"Perhaps we may have rain," said the Parisian.

"Or a fog," replied the American.

"Sir," resumed the tourist, "in Italy the smallest rainfall is at Molfelta and the greatest at Tolmezzo."

At noon, according to the custom of the archipelago, the bell rang for dinner. Whoever wished to dine did so then. Some passengers carried lunch-baskets with them, and were eating gayly on the deck. Clubin did not dine.

While eating, their conversations continued.

The Guernseyite, having scented the Bibles, approached the American. The American said to him:

"You are familiar with this sea?"

"Certainly; I belong here."

"And I also," said one of the men from Saint Malo.

The Guernseyite assented with a bow, and continued:

"Now we are in the open sea, but I should not have liked to have fog while we were off the Minquiers."

The American said to the man from Saint Malo:

"The islanders are more familiar with the sea than the people of the coast."

"That's true; we of the coast, we have but half a bath."

"What are the Minquiers?" continued the American.

The man from Saint Malo replied:

"They are very dangerous rocks."

"There are also the Grelets," said the Guernseyite.

"To be sure," replied the man from Saint Malo.

"And the Chouas," added the Guernseyite.

The Saint Malo man laughed outright.

"As for that," said he, "there are also the Savages."

"And the Monks," said the Guernseyite.

"And the Duck," cried the man from Saint Malo.

"Sir," politely replied the Guernseyite, "you have an answer for everything."

"Saint Malo man, smart fellow."

This reply made the Saint Malo man wink.

The tourist interposed a question:

"Do we have to pass all those rocks?"

"Not at all. We have left them behind to the south-southeast."

And the Guernseyite continued:

"Counting both large and small rocks, the Grelets have fifty-seven peaks."

"And the Minquiers forty-eight," said the Saint Malo man.

Here the dialogue was confined to the Saint Malo man and the Guernseyite.

"It seems to me, Monsieur de Saint Malo, that there are three rocks which you have not included."

"I counted them all."

"From the Dérée to the Maître Isle?"

"Yes."

"And the Maisons?"

"Which are the seven rocks in the midst of the Minquiers. Yes."

"I see that you know the rocks."

"If one did not know the rocks, he would not be from Saint Malo."

"It is pleasant to hear the French reasoning."

The Saint Malo man bowed in his turn and said:

"The Savages are three rocks."

"And the Monks, two."

"And the Duck, one."

"The Duck indicates that it is only one."

"No; for the Suarde is composed of four rocks."

"What do you call the Suarde?" asked the Guernseyite.

"We call the Suarde what you call the Chouas."

"It is not safe to pass between the Chouas and the Duck."

"That is only possible for birds."

"And for fish."

"Not entirely. In rough weather they strike against the rocky walls."

"There is sand in the Minquiers."

"Around the Maisons."

"Eight rocks are visible from Jersey."

"From the beach of Azette, that is so. Not eight, but seven."

"At low tide one can walk among the Minquiers."

"Without doubt; there are some places above the water."

"And the Dirouilles?"

"The Dirouilles have nothing in common with the Minquiers."

"I mean to say that they are dangerous."

"They lie in the direction of Granville."

"It is evident that you men of Saint Malo, like us, are fond of navigating in these seas."

"Yes," replied the man from Saint Malo, "with this difference, that we say 'we are accustomed to' and you say 'we love to' sail on these waters."

"You are good sailors."

"I am a cattle dealer."

"Who, in fact, was that Saint Malo man?"

"Surcouf."

"And the other one?"

"Duguay-Trouin."

Here the Parisian commercial traveler interposed:

"Duguay-Trouin? He was captured by the English. He was as affable as he was brave. He knew how to please a young girl. It was she who procured his release."

At this moment a thundering voice shouted:

"Thou art drunk!"

IV.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN CLUBIN DISPLAYS ALL HIS CHARACTERISTICS

Everyone turned around.

It was the captain calling to the helmsman.

Sieur Clubin never called anyone "thou." For him to hurl such an expression at the helmsman, Tangrouille, Clubin must either have been very angry or have wished to appear so.

A timely expression of anger removes responsibility, and sometimes shifts it.

The captain, standing on the captain's bridge, between the two paddle-boxes, gazed steadily at the helmsman. He repeated between his teeth: "Drunkard!" The abashed Tangrouille hung his head.

The fog had increased. It now covered nearly half the horizon. It was advancing in every direction at once. Fog possesses some of the qualities of a drop of oil. This fog spread insensibly. The wind bore it on slowly and noiselessly. It was gradually taking possession of the ocean. It came

from the northwest, and approached the prow of the vessel. It was like a vast, ill-defined, moving cliff. It arose from the sea like a wall. There was a definite point where the expanse of water disappeared under the fog.

The point of entrance into the fog was still about half a league distant. If the wind changed they would be able to avoid the fog; but then it must change at once. The half league between the vessel and the fog was filling up and decreasing visibly; the Durande was moving onward; the fog advanced also. It was approaching the ship, and the ship was approaching it.

Clubin ordered more steam to be put on, and also commanded that the vessel be steered slightly eastward.

In this way they skirted the fog for some time, but, nevertheless, it continued to advance. The vessel, however, was still in full sunlight.

Time was lost by these manœuvres, which could scarcely hope to prove successful. Night comes on quickly in February.

The Guernseyite watched this mist. He said to the men from Saint Malo:

"What a dense fog!"

"A dangerous thing at sea," observed one of the Saint Malo men.

The other Saint Malo man added:

"This is what spoils a voyage."

The Guernseyite approached Clubin.

"Captain Clubin, I am afraid that we shall be caught in the fog."

Clubin replied:

"I wanted to remain at Saint Malo, but I was advised to leave."

"By whom?"

"By the old sailors."

"In fact," replied the Guernseyite, "you did right to sail. Who knows whether there will not be a storm to-morrow? At this season one may wait and find the weather worse."

A few moments later the Durande entered the fog.

The effect was peculiar. Suddenly those who were at the stern could not see those at the bow. A soft gray partition divided the boat in two.

Then the whole vessel plunged into the fog. The sun appeared only like a kind of large moon. Suddenly everyone shivered. The passengers put on their wraps and the sailors their jackets. The sea, which was almost without a ripple, was the more menacing from its cold tranquility. It seemed as though there might be something concealed under this calm. Everything was pale and ghastly. The black smoke-stack and the black smoke

contended against the pale mist in which the ship was wrapped.

Deviation to the east was henceforth aimless, and the captain steered toward Guernsey and put on more steam.

The Guernseyite passenger, while prowling around the engine-room, heard the negro, Imbrancam, talking to his companion, the fireman. The passenger listened. The negro said:

"This morning, in the sunlight, we went slowly; now, in the fog, we go quickly."

The Guernseyite approached Sieur Clubin.

"Captain Clubin, there is no cause for anxiety; but are we not carrying too much steam?"

"What can I do, sir? It is quite necessary to regain the time lost by that drunken helmsman."

"That is true, Captain Clubin."

And Captain Clubin added:

"I am in haste to arrive. The fog is enough; night would be too much."

The Guernseyite rejoined the Saint Malo men, and said to them:

"We have an excellent captain."

At intervals large layers of fog, which seemed as though they had been carded, shut down heavily and hid the sun. Then it reappeared, looking paler and more sickly. The

little which could be seen of the heavens resembled the dirty, oil-stained strips of painted sky found in old stage scenery.

The Durande passed close to a cutter, which had prudently cast anchor. It was the *Shealtiel*, of Guernsey. The captain of the cutter noticed the speed of the Durande. It also appeared to him that she was not in her true course. She seemed to be heading too much toward the west. It astonished him to see this ship under full speed in the fog.

Toward two o'clock the fog had become so thick that the captain was forced to leave the bridge and stand nearer the helmsman. The sun had vanished. Fog had overspread everything. A kind of whitish darkness covered the Durande. She was sailing in the widespread, mysterious fog. The sky was no longer seen; neither was the sea.

There was not a breath of wind.

The can of turpentine suspended from a ring under the bridge, between the paddle-boxes, did not even oscillate.

The passengers had become silent.

However, the Parisian hummed between his teeth Béranger's song, "*Un jour le bon Dieu s'éveillant*" ("One day the good God awaking").

One of the Saint Malo men addressed him:

"Are you from Paris, sir?"

"Yes, sir.—'*Il mit la tête à la fenêtre*' ('He thrust His head out of the window')."

"What are they doing now in Paris?"

"'*Leur planète a péri peut être*' ('Their planet has perished, perhaps').—Sir, at Paris everything goes wrong."

"Then it is the same on land as on sea."

"It is true that we are in a bad fog."

"And one which may cause disaster."

The Parisian exclaimed:

"But why so, disasters! Of what use are these disasters! For what purpose are they allowed to occur! It is like the fire at the Odéon. That reduced many families to poverty. Is that right? Here, sir, I do not know your religion, but, as for me, I am not satisfied."

"Nor I," said the man from Saint Malo.

"Everything which happens here below," replied the Parisian, "seems to go wrong. I imagine that the good God does not trouble himself about it."

The man from Saint Malo scratched the top of his head, like someone trying to understand.

The Parisian continued:

"The good God is absent. A decree ought to be made forcing God to reside here. He is at his country house, and does not concern himself about us. Thus everything goes

awry. It is evident, my dear sir, that the good God is no longer at the seat of government, that he has taken a vacation, and that it is the substitute—some seminary angel, some idiot with sparrows' wings—who is taking charge of affairs."

Moineau (sparrow) was pronounced moigneau, according to the pronunciation given to it by street arabs of the suburbs.

Captain Clubin, who had approached the two speakers, placed his hand on the shoulder of the Parisian.

"Hush!" said he. "Sir, take care what you say. We are at sea."

No one said another word.

After five minutes had elapsed, the Guernseyite, who had heard everything, whispered to the man from Saint Malo:

"And a religious captain!"

It was not raining, yet their clothes felt damp. They only knew how fast they were going by the feeling of increased discomfort. It seemed as though they were entering the realm of sadness. Fog makes one silent at sea; it quiets the waves and stifles the wind. In the midst of this silence the shrill creaking of the Durande sounded uneasy and plaintive.

They met no more vessels. If, in the distance, in the direction of Guernsey or of Saint Malo, any ships were at sea beyond the

fog, the Durande, submerged in the dense fog, was invisible to them, and her long trail of smoke, attached to nothing, looked to them like a black comet in a white sky.

Suddenly Clubin said:

"You dog! You are steering wrong. You will bring us to destruction. You deserve to be put in irons. Begone, you drunkard!"

And he seized the helm.

The humiliated helmsman took refuge in joining in the work in the forward part of the ship.

The Guernseyite said:

"Now we are saved."

The vessel was still going full speed.

Toward three o'clock the under part of the fog began to lift, and the sea could once more be seen.

"I do not like that," said the Guernseyite.

The fog can, in fact, be lifted only by the sun or the wind. If by the sun it is a good sign; if by the wind, not so good. But it was too late for the sun. By three o'clock in February the sunlight is fading. A return of the wind at this critical time of day is not desirable. It is often the forerunner of a storm.

However, if there was a breeze it was scarcely perceptible.

Clubin, with his eye on the binnacle,

holding the helm and steering, was muttering between his teeth words like these, which reached the ears of the passengers:

"No time to lose; that drunkard has delayed us."

But his face was utterly devoid of expression.

The sea was less calm under the fog. A few waves were visible. Cold lights floated on the surface of the water. These patches of light on the waves absorbed the attention of the sailors, and indicated openings made by the upper winds in the roof of the fog. The fog lifted and closed again, thicker than ever. At times it could not be more dense.

The ship was caught in the very midst of the fog. At intervals this dreaded circle opened like a pair of tongs, giving a glimpse of the horizon, then closing again.

The Guernseyite, armed with his spy-glass, stood like a sentinel in the fore part of the vessel.

An opening appeared for a moment, then closed again.

The Guernseyite turned around, greatly frightened.

"Captain Clubin!"

"What's the matter?"

"We are steering straight for the Hanois."

"You are mistaken," said Clubin, coldly.

The Guernseyite insisted:

"I am quite sure."

"Impossible."

"I have just seen the rocks on the horizon."

"Where?"

"There."

"That is the open sea. Impossible."

And Clubin continued to steer the vessel toward the point indicated by the passenger.

The Guernseyite seized his spy-glass again.

A moment later he ran toward the stern.

"Captain!"

"Well?"

"Tack about."

"Why?"

"I am sure that I have seen a very high rock quite near to us. It is the Great Hanois."

"You must have seen a thicker fog."

"It is the Great Hanois. Tack about, for Heaven's sake!"

Clubin gave the helm a turn.

V.

CLUBIN IS ADMIRED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT

A crash was heard. The ripping of a vessel's side on a reef in open sea is one of the most mournful sounds that can be imagined. The Durande stopped short.

Several passengers were knocked down by the shock and rolled on the deck.

The Guernseyite raised his hands toward Heaven.

"On the Hanois, as I said!"

A long cry went up from the vessel.

"We are lost!"

Clubin's voice, dry and curt, rose above the cry:

"No one is lost! And silence!"

Imbrancam's black form, bare to the waist, appeared in the hatchway which led to the engine-room.

The negro said, calmly:

"Captain, the water is coming in. The fire in the engine will soon be out."

It was a dreadful moment.

The shock resembled that of a suicide. It could not have been more terrible if it had been done intentionally. The Durande had rushed upon the rock as though attacking it. A point of rock had penetrated the ship like a nail. More than six feet square of her planking had broken off, the stem was broken, the rake stove in, the prow crushed, the open hull drank in the sea with a horrible gurgling sound. It was a wound through which shipwreck was entering. The rebound had been so violent that it had broken the pendants of the rudder, which hung loose and flapping. The ship was stove in by the rock, and nothing could be seen except the heavy and dense fog, now almost black. Night was fast approaching.

The Durande plunged forward. She was like a horse whose entrails are pierced by the horns of the bull. She was dead.

The hour of half-tide left its impression on the sea.

Tangrouille was sobered; no one is drunk during a shipwreck; he went down between decks, but returned and said:

"Captain, the water is up to the beams in the hold. In ten minutes the water will be up to the scuppers."

The passengers rushed distractedly about on deck, wringing their hands, leaning over

the edge, looking down at the engine, making all the useless motions caused by terror. The tourist had fainted.

Clubin made a sign with his hand; everyone became silent. He questioned Imbrancam:

"How much longer can the engine work?"

"Five or six minutes."

Then he questioned the passenger from Guernsey.

"I was at the helm. You saw the rock. On which bank of the Hanois are we?"

"On the Mauve. Just now, when the fog lifted slightly, I recognized the Mauve."

"As we are on the Mauve," replied Clubin, "we have the Great Hanois on the larboard, and the Little Hanois on the starboard. We are a mile from land."

The crew and the passengers listened, shuddering with anxiety and attention, their eyes fixed on the captain.

It would have been of no avail to lighten the ship, and besides it would have been impossible. In order to throw the cargo overboard it would have been necessary to open the port-holes and increase the chances of the sea pouring in. It would have been useless to cast anchor, because they were already fast. Moreover, to make the anchor swing on this

bottom the chain would probably have fouled. The engine was not damaged, and could be worked as long as the fire was not extinguished; that is to say, for some minutes yet. They could have applied all the force of the wheels and the steam to pull the ship back and to tear her loose from the rock. In that case they would have sunk at once. The rock in some degree filled up the break and prevented the entrance of the sea. It was at least an obstacle. If the opening had been unstopped it would have been impossible to have checked the leak and to have worked the pumps. He who withdraws a dagger from a wound in the heart kills the wounded man instantly. To free the vessel from the rock would have been to go to the bottom.

The oxen in the hold, finding themselves surrounded by water, began to bellow.

Clubin gave the command:

"Launch the long-boat."

Imbrancam and Tangrouille hastened to undo the fastenings. The rest of the crew looked on, stunned.

"All hands to work," cried Clubin.

This time everyone obeyed.

Clubin, self-possessed, continued to issue his orders in that old sea dialect which would not be understood by the sailors of the present day.

"Abraquez (haul taut). Wind a hawser round the capstan if it will not work. Enough veering. Lower away. Don't let the pulleys of the hawser become entangled. Lower away. Slack away both ends. Together. Take care that she does not plunge end first. There's too much friction. Hold on to the lanyards of the winding-tackle. Attention."

The long-boat was launched.

At the same time the wheels of the Durande stopped, the smoke ceased, the fire was drowned.

The passengers, gliding down the ladders or clinging to the rigging, let themselves drop, rather than walk, into the boat.

Imbrancam raised the fainting tourist and carried him into the boat, then climbed back upon the vessel.

The sailors hastily followed the passengers. The cabin-boy had fallen under their feet. They were trampling on the child.

Imbrancam barred the way.

"No one before the lad," said he.

He pushed the sailors aside with his two black arms, seized the cabin-boy, and handed him to the passenger from Guernsey, who stood up in the boat and received the child.

The cabin-boy saved, Imbrancam stood aside and said to the others:

"Pass on."

In the meantime Captain Clubin went to his cabin and made a package of the ship's papers and instruments. He removed the compass from the binnacle. He gave the papers and the instruments to Imbrancam and the compass to Tangrouille, and said to them:

"Get down into the boat."

They did so, the crew having preceded them. The long-boat was full. The water was on a level with the gunwales.

"Now," cried Clubin, "push off."

A cry arose from the long-boat:

"And you, captain?"

"I will remain here."

People who are shipwrecked have little time for deliberation and still less time for compassion. Yet those who were in the boat, and in relative safety, felt an emotion which was not selfish.

Every voice shouted at once:

"Come with us, captain."

"I will remain here."

The Guernseyite, who was used to the sea, replied:

"Captain, listen. You are wrecked on the Hanois. By swimming one mile you can reach Plainmont, but in a boat one cannot land short of Rocquaine, and that is two miles distant. There are the breakwaters and the fog. This boat will not reach Rocquaine

for two hours yet. It will be dark. The tide is rising, the wind freshening. A squall is near. We ask nothing better than to return for you, but if heavy weather comes on we shall not be able to do so. You are lost if you remain. Come with us."

The Parisian interrupted:

"The boat is full, and over-full, it is true, and one man more would be one man too many; but then we are thirteen, which might bring disaster to the boat, and it would be better to overload it with an extra man than with an unlucky number. Come, captain."

Tangrouille added:

"It is all my fault, and not yours. It is not right that you should be left behind."

"I will remain here," said Clubin. "The vessel will go to pieces in the storm to-night. I shall not leave her. When the ship is lost the captain is dead. It will be said of me: 'He did his duty to the end.' Tangrouille, I forgive you."

And, folding his arms, he shouted:

"Obey orders. Let go the ropes. Push off."

The boat began to move. Imbrancam had seized the helm. All who were not rowing raised their hands toward the captain. Everyone cried: "Hurrah for Captain Clubin!"

"That's a fine man," said the American.

"Sir," replied the Guernseyite, "he is the most upright man on all the seas."

Tangrouille wept.

"If I had had the courage," he murmured, in a low voice, "I would have remained with him."

The boat plunged into the fog and disappeared.

Nothing more could be seen.

The splash of the oars decreased and then ceased.

Clubin was alone.

VI.

THE INTERIOR OF AN ABYSS ILLUMINATED

When Clubin found himself upon this rock, under this cloud, in the midst of these waters, far from all living beings, far from all human sounds, left for dead, alone, surrounded by the rising sea and the approaching night, he felt a deep sense of joy.

He had succeeded.

He had realized his dream. The bill of exchange which he had drawn upon his destiny at so long a date had at last been paid over to him.

For him, to be abandoned was to be delivered. He was on the Hanois, a mile from land; he had with him seventy-five thousand francs. Never had a shipwreck been more skilfully accomplished. Nothing had failed; it is true that everything had been planned. Clubin, from his youth, had possessed one idea; and that was to place honesty as the stake in the roulette of life, to pass for an upright man, and, relying upon that, to await

his time, to double the stakes, to seek the most propitious occasion, and to seize the opportunity; to strike once, and but once; to finish by making a clean sweep, leaving fools behind him. He determined to succeed at once where stupid rascals fail twenty times in succession; and whilst they end on the gallows, he intended to attain to fortune. The meeting with Rantaine had been a new light to him. He then laid his plan. It was to compel Rantaine to disgorge; to frustrate his possible revelations by disappearing; to pass for dead, the best mode of disappearing; and for this purpose to wreck the Durande. This shipwreck was necessary. Besides it had the advantage of letting him depart leaving a good reputation behind him as the crowning point of his existence. If anyone could have seen Clubin in this shipwreck he would have taken him for a happy demon.

He had lived his entire life for this moment.

His whole appearance might be expressed in these words: At last! A dreadful calmness spread its pallor over his dark countenance. His dim eyes, whose depth usually appeared to be impenetrable, became deep and terrible. They reflected the inward fires of his soul.

Conscience, like the external world, has its electric phenomena. An idea is like a meteor; at the moment of success the accumulated

thoughts which preceded it spring out, and a spark flashes forth. To have within one's self the claw of evil, and to feel a prey within it, is a happiness which has its own radiance; a bad thought triumphing illuminates a face; certain successful combinations, certain ends attained, certain savage joys, cause sinister flashes of light to appear and disappear in the eyes of men. This is like a joyous storm, like a threatening dawn. It proceeds from a conscience which has become dark and clouded.

Lightning flashed from the pupils of his eyes.

This lightning resembled nothing that was ever seen to flash on high or here below.

The repressed rascality which had existed in Clubin exploded.

Clubin gazed at the immense obscurity, and could not restrain a burst of low and sardonic laughter.

He was now free! He was now rich! His future, so long unknown, was at last unfolded. The problem was solved.

Clubin had plenty of time before him. The tide was rising, and consequently upheld the Durande, which it would finally float. The vessel now remained firmly fixed on the rock; no danger of her sinking. Besides, he must give the long-boat time to move off,

to be lost, perhaps; Clubin hoped that it would be lost.

Standing on the wrecked Durande, he crossed his arms, enjoying his isolation in the darkness.

Hypocrisy had weighed upon this man for thirty years. He was evil and had yoked himself with honesty. He hated virtue with the hatred of the ill-mated. He had always been wickedly inclined; from the age of manhood he had worn the rigid armor of appearances. He was a monster beneath; possessing the heart of a robber, he had lived in the disguise of an honest man. He was the glib-tongued pirate, the bond-slave of honesty, shut up in the mummy-case of innocence, wearing on his back the wings of an angel, which are so wearisome to a scoundrel. He had been overloaded with public esteem. It is difficult to pass for an honest man. What a strain it must have been to have maintained the correct equilibrium between thinking evil and speaking good! He had been the ghost of uprightness while he was the spectre of crime. This contradiction had been his lot. It had been necessary for him to assume a fair attitude, to be always presentable, to foam inwardly, to smile while grinding his teeth. Virtue seemed to stifle him. All his life he had wished

to bite the hand which was laid upon his mouth.

While wishing to bite it, he had been obliged to kiss it.

To have lied is to have suffered. A hypocrite is a "patient" in the double acceptation of the word; he plans for a triumph and undergoes a punishment. The indefinite contemplation of an evil deed, accompanied by and supported by austerity, inward infamy seasoned with an excellent reputation, continually misleading people, never to be one's self, always to act a part, is very fatiguing.

Nothing could be more difficult or more painful than for a brain so filled with the seeds of darkness to affect candor. To wish to devour those who respect you, to be genial, to restrain yourself, to repress yourself, to be always on the alert, watching constantly to give a good appearance to your hidden crime, to make your deformity appear beautiful, to make perfection out of wickedness, to scratch with the point of the dagger, to sweeten the poison, to watch the turn of each gesture and even the tone of the voice, to have no individual expression, is almost impossible. The odiousness of hypocrisy begins dimly in the hypocrite. It is nauseating to drink constantly of falsehood. The sweetness that cunning gives to villainy is distasteful to

the villain, who is continually forced to have this mixture in his mouth, and there are moments of nausea when the hypocrite is on the verge of vomiting his inmost thoughts. That saliva is disgusting to swallow. To this description add his great pride. There are strange moments when the hypocrite esteems himself. There is boundless egotism in a scoundrel. The worm glides along in the same manner as the serpent, and has the same way of raising its head. The traitor is but a despot restrained, who can only gain his object by resigning himself to a second part. He is the personification of insignificance capable of enormities. The hypocrite is a Titan, and also a dwarf.

Clubin really believed that he had been ill-used. Why was it that he had not been born rich? He would not have asked for anything better than to have received from his ancestors an income of a hundred thousand pounds. Why did he not have this fortune? It was not his fault. Why had he been deprived of all the enjoyments of life? and why was he forced to toil, that is to say, to deceive, to betray, to destroy? Why, by this means, had he been condemned to the torture of flattering, of cringing, of fawning, of making himself loved and respected, and why did he have to wear another expression than his own

both day and night? To dissimulate is to restrain the force of one's actions. Men hate those to whom they lie. At last the time had come. Clubin was taking his revenge.

On whom? On everyone! On everything!

Lethierry had never acted otherwise than well toward him—an added aggravation; he was taking vengeance on Lethierry.

He took revenge on all those before whom he had been constrained. He revenged himself. Whoever thought well of him he considered his enemy, and to him he had been a captive.

Clubin was free. His escape was accomplished. He was beyond the reach of mankind. What would be regarded as his death was in reality the beginning of his life. The true Clubin had stripped off the false. With one stroke he had surmounted every difficulty. He had kicked Rantaine into space, overwhelmed Lethierry with ruin, human justice with darkness, public opinion with error, and placed the whole world of humanity beyond him, Clubin. He had just eliminated the world.

As for God, this word of three letters occupied him but little. He had passed for a religious man. Well, what then?

There are caverns in hypocrisy, or rather, hypocrisy itself is a cavern.

When Clubin found himself alone his lair

opened. He felt a moment of intense joy; his soul breathed freely.

He inhaled his crime with a full breath.

The depths of evil revealed itself in his face. Clubin expanded. The features of Rantaine, if compared with his at that moment, would have seemed like those of a new-born babe.

What a deliverance, to be able to tear off that mask! His conscience rejoiced in seeing its own monstrous nakedness and in bathing itself unrestrained in evil. The constraint of sustaining for a long time the respect of mankind ends by inspiring a mad taste for indecency. This leads to a certain lasciviousness in wickedness. In these frightful moral abysses, so little fathomed, there exists one knows not what atrocious and fascinating revelation which is the obscenity of crime. The insipidity of an undeserved good reputation gives one a taste for crime. One then has such a contempt for mankind that he courts the displeasure of his fellow-creatures. People become weary of being esteemed. They admire the freedom of degradation. They look with envy upon wickedness, which is so at ease in ignominy. Eyes lowered by force often glance sideways. Nothing could be nearer to Messalina than Marie Alacoque. Remember the histories of Cadière and the nun of Louviers. Clubin, too, had worn the

veil. Effrontery had always been his ambition. He envied the prostitute and the brazen face of recognized disgrace; he felt that he was more of a prostitute than she, and was disgusted with trying to pass for an immaculate person. He had been the Tantalus of cynicism. At last, upon this rock and in this solitude, he could be frank; and so he was. What a delight it was to him to feel himself truly abominable! At this moment Clubin experienced all the joys of the infernal regions; the arrears of dissimulation were paid to him then. Hypocrisy is an investment; Satan reimburses it. Clubin surrendered himself to the intoxication of shamelessness, as mankind was out of sight, and there was nothing but Heaven above him. He said to himself: "I am a rascal," and he was contented.

No emotions like these had ever taken place in a human soul.

No bursting forth of a crater is to be compared to the eruption of a hypocrite.

He was delighted that there was no one present, and he would not have felt sorry had someone been there. He would have enjoyed being hideous in the presence of a witness. What pleasure it would have given him to have said to mankind: "Thou art an idiot!"

The absence of man assured his triumph, but also diminished it.

He was the sole spectator of his glory.

Even to be in the pillory has its charm. Everyone sees that you are infamous.

To force the crowd to look at you is to exercise an act of power. A convict standing on a platform in the public square, wearing the iron collar around his neck, is master of all the glances which he prevails on the multitude to turn toward him. There is a platform to the scaffold. What greater triumph than to be the centre to which universal attention converges? To control the gaze of the public is one form of supremacy. For those who worship evil as their ideal, opprobrium is an auriole. They look down from it. They have a supremacy of some kind at least. They display themselves as sovereigns. A gallows seen by all mankind has some analogy to a throne. To be exposed is at least to be noticed.

A wicked reign has evidently the joys of the pillory. Nero burning Rome, Louis XIV treacherously seizing the Palatinate, the regent George slowly killing Napoleon, Nicholas strangling Poland before the eyes of the civilized world, must have experienced something of the joy which Clubin now felt. The enormity of a crime gives a notoriety to the criminal.

To be unmasked is a defeat, but to unmask one's self is a victory. It is an intoxication, an insolent and satisfied indiscretion, a

flaunting nudity, insulting everything before it. Supreme happiness.

These thoughts in a hypocrite seem to be contradictory, but in reality they are not so. All infamy is consistent. Honey is gall. A character like that of Escobar somewhat resembles that of the Marquis of Sade. In proof of this we have Léotade. The hypocrite, being the personification of vice complete, has the two poles of perversity within him. He is a priest on one side and a courtesan on the other. His demoniacal sex is double. The hypocrite is the frightful hermaphrodite of evil. He engenders and transforms himself. If you wish him to be charming, look at him; if you wish him to be frightful, turn him around.

In Clubin's mind floated all these confused ideas. He scarcely analyzed them; still he enjoyed them exceedingly.

A whirl of sparks from hell, like one might see at night, represents the succession of thoughts in this soul.

Clubin pondered these thoughts for some time; he looked at his honesty as a serpent looks at his cast-off skin.

Everyone had believed in his honesty, even he himself, a little.

He laughed again.

People would think him dead, while he was

rich. They would think him drowned, while he was saved. What a good trick to play on universal stupidity!

Rantaine, too, was included in that universal stupidity. Clubin thought of Rantaine with a boundless disdain—the disdain of the marten for the tiger. The trick in which Rantaine had been unsuccessful he had accomplished. Rantaine departed crestfallen and Clubin disappeared triumphant. He had substituted himself for Rantaine in the midst of his bad deed, and it was he, Clubin, who came out victorious.

As for the future, he had formed no definite plans. In the iron box fastened in his belt were his three bank-notes; this amount would be sufficient for him. He would change his name. There are countries in which sixty thousand francs are equal to six hundred thousand. It would not be a bad solution of his position to go to one of those countries and to live honestly with the money taken from that thief Rantaine. To speculate, to enter into great transactions, to increase his capital, to become in reality a millionaire—that, at least, would not be bad.

For example, in Costa Rica—for there the great trade in coffee was just beginning—there were tons of gold to be gained. He would think of it.

It was of little consequence. He had plenty

of time to think of it. For the present his difficulties had been overcome. Stripping Rantaine of the money, and disappearing with the Durande, were the grand achievements. These were accomplished.

All the rest was easy. No possible obstacle could henceforth intervene. He had nothing to fear. Nothing could happen. He would swim to shore and approach Plainmont by night; he would climb the cliff, go directly to the haunted house, enter readily by means of the knotted rope which he had previously hidden in a hole in the rock; in the haunted house he would find his valise, containing dry clothes and provisions; there he could wait. He was informed that eight days would not elapse before the Spanish smuggler, probably Blasquito, would touch at Plainmont; for some guineas he would obtain passage, not to Tor Bay, as he had told Blasco in order to throw him off the track, but to Pasages or Bilbao. Thence he could reach Vera Cruz or New Orleans. But the time had come for him to plunge into the sea; the long-boat was far distant; an hour of swimming was nothing to Clubin; only one mile separated him from land, as he was on the Hanois.

At this point in Clubin's meditations a rift was made in the fog. The formidable Douvres rocks were visible.

VII.

THE UNFORESEEN INTERVENES

Clubin gazed distractedly about him.

It was, indeed, those terrible and isolated rocks.

Their irregular outline could not be mistaken. The twin Douvres reared their hideous forms, revealing the treacherous passage between them. One might have called them the death-trap of the ocean.

They were quite near. The fog, like an accomplice, had hidden them until now.

Clubin had mistaken his course in the fog. Notwithstanding his close attention, he had made the same mistake as the two great navigators, Gonzalez, who discovered Cape Blanco, and Fernandez, who discovered Cape Verde. The fog had misled him. It had seemed to him propitious for the execution of his project, but it was perilous. Clubin had made the mistake of deviating too far to the westward. The Guernseyite passenger, imagining that he saw the Hanois, had

determined the final turn of the helm. Clubin thought that he was casting himself upon the Hanois.

The Durande, pierced by one of the sunken points of the rocks, was only separated from the Douvres by the length of a few cables.

At two hundred fathoms distant a large block of granite could be seen. On the steep sides of this rock were some niches and projections which would assist in climbing. The square corners of those rough, rectilinear walls seemed to indicate a plateau on the summit.

It was l'Homme (The Man).

The rock called l'Homme rose even higher than the Douvres rocks.

From its top one could overlook their two inaccessible peaks. This plateau, although crumbling at its edges, had an entablature and an indescribable sculptural regularity. The imagination could picture nothing more desolate and dreadful. The billows of the open sea tranquilly lapped the square sides of this enormous black mass—a sort of resting-place for the vast spectres of the sea and of the night.

A calm spread over everything. Scarcely a breath in the air, scarcely a ripple on the waves. One could readily imagine the vast hidden life in the depths under this calm surface of the water.

Clubin had often seen the Douvres rocks from a distance. Now he felt sure that he was there. Indeed, he could not doubt it.

A sudden and frightful change of situation—the Douvres instead of the Hanois! Instead of one mile, five leagues of sea! Impossible distance to swim. To a solitary shipwrecked man the Douvres is the visible and palpable presence of his last moment. He has no hope of gaining the shore.

Clubin shuddered. He had placed himself in the jaws of death. No other place of refuge than l'Homme rock. It was probable that a storm would arise in the night, and that the long-boat of the Durande, overloaded as she was, would capsize. No account of the shipwreck would reach land. No one would know that Clubin had been left on the Douvres rocks. No prospect was before him except that of death from cold and hunger. His seventy-five thousand francs would not procure him a mouthful of bread. All the plans that he had built had ended by his falling in this snare. He was the laborious architect of his own downfall. He had no resource. It was impossible for him to be saved. His exultation was turned into despair. Instead of deliverance, he found himself imprisoned. Instead of a long prosperous future, he beheld the death-struggle. In the twinkling of an

eye, like a flash of lightning, everything that he had planned had crumbled. The paradise dreamed of by this demon changed to its true form, the sepulchre.

Meanwhile the wind had risen. The fog, shaken, pierced and torn, was disappearing on the horizon in large formless masses. The sea became visible in every direction.

The oxen, finding the water gaining on them in the hold, continued to bellow.

Night drew near, and probably also a storm.

The Durande, lifted by degrees by the rising tide, swung from right to left and then from left to right, and began to turn upon the rock as upon a pivot.

The moment could be foretold when a wave would tear her off the rock and destroy her.

It was now less dark than when the shipwreck occurred. Although it was later in the day, one could see better. When the fog lifted it had removed some of the darkness. The west was now entirely cloudless. Twilight often presents a great expanse of whitish sky. Its vast reflection glimmered on the sea.

The Durande had stranded at an incline from the stern to the prow. Clubin climbed on the back part of the vessel, which was almost out of the water. He gazed fixedly at the horizon.

The nature of hypocrisy is to be sanguine.

The hypocrite is the one who awaits his opportunity. Hypocrisy is nothing more than a horrible hope; the very foundation of its falsehood is composed of that virtue transformed into a vice. It is strange to say that there is confidence in hypocrisy. The hypocrite trusts himself to some indefinable indifference in the Unknown which permits evil.

Clubin surveyed the vast expanse.

The situation was desperate, but this evil man did not despair.

He consoled himself with the thought that, after this long fog, vessels which had been lying-to or riding at anchor during the mist, would resume their course, and that perhaps some of them would pass within the horizon.

And, in fact, a sail did appear.

It was coming from the east and steering to the west.

As the vessel approached her structure became apparent. She had but one mast, and was schooner-rigged. The bowsprit was almost horizontal. She was a cutter.

In less than half an hour she would pass quite close to the Douvres.

Clubin said to himself: "I am saved."

In such a moment the first thought is always of saving one's life.

This cutter was probably a strange craft. Who could tell if she were not one of the

smugglers' vessels on her way to Plainmont? Who could tell whether it might not be Blasquito himself? In that case he would not only save his life, but also his fortune; and the accident on the Douvres rocks, by hastening the conclusion, by dispensing with the necessity of waiting in the haunted house, and by terminating the adventure in the open sea, would have been a happy incident.

Entire confidence in his success rushed enthusiastically through this gloomy spirit.

It is a strange thing how easily scoundrels believe themselves deserving of success.

There was but one thing to be done.

The Durande, entangled among the rocks, mingled her outline with theirs, and confused herself with their fanciful shapes, or was, at best, but one more object, indistinct and lost in the mass, and in the little remaining daylight would not be sufficiently prominent to attract the attention of the vessel which was now about to pass.

But a human form drawn in black against the whitish twilight, standing on the plateau of l'Homme rock, and making signals of distress would no doubt be perceived. A boat would then be sent to rescue the shipwrecked man.

L'Homme rock was only two hundred fathoms distant. It was a simple matter to swim to it, and an easy thing to climb up its sides.

There was not a moment to lose. As the bow of the Durande was plunged in the rock, it was from the height of the stern, where Clubin now stood, that he must throw himself into the sea. He began by taking a sounding, and found that the water under the stern of the vessel was very deep. The microscopic shells of foraminifera and of polycystines which the lead-line brought up were intact, which indicated the presence of hollow caves in the rocks, where the water was always quiet, however great the agitation of the surface.

He undressed, leaving his clothes on deck. He expected to obtain clothing on the cutter.

He retained nothing but his leather belt.

When he was stripped he placed his hand upon this belt, rebuckled it, felt the iron box, gave a rapid glance in the direction which he would be obliged to take among the breakers and the waves in order to reach l'Homme rock, then, precipitating himself head-first, he plunged into the sea.

As he dived from that height, he plunged heavily.

He sank very deep in the water, touched bottom, felt about him and wandered for a moment around the submarine rocks, then struck out again for the surface.

At that moment he felt himself seized by the foot.

BOOK SEVEN

IMPRUDENCE OF ASKING QUESTIONS OF A BOOK

I.

THE PEARL AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PRECIPICE

A few moments after his short colloquy with Sieur Landoys, Gilliatt reached Saint Sampson.

Gilliatt's uneasiness amounted to real anxiety. What could have happened? The tumult in Saint Sampson was like the buzzing of a hive of frightened bees. Everyone stood at his door. The women were exclaiming. Some people were gesticulating, and seemed to be relating something; a group gathered around them. These words could be heard: "What a misfortune!" Many faces wore a smile.

Gilliatt questioned no one. It was not his nature to ask questions. Besides, he was too uneasy to speak to strangers. He distrusted rumors; he preferred to know everything at once; he went straight to the Bravées.

His anxiety was such that he was not afraid to enter even that house.

Besides, the door of the lower hall, facing

the quay, was wide open. On the threshold stood a crowd of men and women. Everyone was going in, so he went in also.

On entering he found, leaning against the jamb of the door, Sieur Landoys, who said to him in a low voice:

"You doubtless know now what has taken place?"

"No."

"I did not wish to shout it to you in the road. That makes one seem like a bird of ill-omen."

"What is it?"

"The Durande is lost."

The room was crowded.

The groups were conversing in low tones, as though in a sick-chamber.

Those present, who were neighbors, passers-by, the curious and the first-comers, stood in a frightened group around the door, leaving clear the other end of the room, where Mess Lethierry could be seen standing by the side of Déruchette, who was seated, weeping.

He was leaning his back against the partition at the end of the room. His sailor's cap fell over his eyebrows. A lock of gray hair hung down upon his cheek. He said nothing. His arms were motionless. He seemed scarcely to breathe. He looked like a lifeless thing placed against the wall.

One felt, on seeing him, that he was a man whose life had been crushed. The Durande having perished, Lethierry had no further object in life. His soul had been on the sea, and that soul had just been shipwrecked. What was to become of him now? To rise every morning, to retire every evening. Never more to await the Durande, never more to see it leave, never more to see it return. Of what use is the remnant of a life without an aim? To drink, to eat, and then? This man had crowned all his labors by a masterpiece and all his zeal by an advance in the progress of civilization. The advance was abolished, the masterpiece was dead. Of what use would it be to continue to live a few vacant years? Henceforth there would be nothing to do. At that age one does not begin again; besides, he was ruined. Poor, kind-hearted old man!

Déruchette, weeping, seated on a chair by him, held one of Mess Lethierry's fists in her two hands. Her hands were clasped; his fist was clenched. Therein lay the difference between the two sorrows. In the clasped hands there is a vestige of hope left; in the clenched fist, none.

Mess Lethierry gave her his arm and let her do with him as she wished. He was passive. Henceforth he had no more life than one would have after a stroke of a thunderbolt.

There are certain depths in the bottom of the abyss which withdraw you from the living. The people who go and come in your room are confused and indistinct; they seem to elbow you without coming in contact with you. You are unapproachable to them, and they are inaccessible to you. Happiness and despair see things from different sides; in despair, one looks on at the lives of others from a distance; one almost ignores their presence; one loses the consciousness of one's own existence; it is in vain that one is flesh and bones; one no longer feels himself to be real; one becomes only a dream to one's self.

Mess Lethierry looked as though he were in that position.

The groups of people whispered together. They exchanged the news. Let us see what was the news:

The Durande was lost the previous afternoon on the Douvres rocks, during the fog, about an hour before sunset. With the exception of the captain, who had not been willing to leave his ship, everyone had been saved in the boat. A squall from the southwest, which had followed the fog, had almost wrecked them a second time, and had driven them out to sea beyond Guernsey. During the night they were fortunate enough to meet the *Cashmere*, which had picked them up and

brought them to Saint-Pierre-Port. The whole fault was attributed to the helmsman, Tangrouille, who was now in prison. Clubin had been magnanimous.

The pilots, who were numerous in the crowd, uttered these words, "The Douvres rocks," in a peculiar manner. "A bad inn!" said one among them.

On the table lay a compass and a bundle of registers and note-books, which were no doubt the compass of the Durande and the ship's papers given by Clubin to Imbrancam and Tangrouille at the moment of the departure of the long-boat. Magnificent abnegation on the part of this man to save even the unimportant papers at the moment when he stayed behind to die; a small detail full of grandeur; sublime self-forgetfulness.

Admiration for Clubin was unanimous, and unanimous also was the belief that he had been saved after all. The cutter *Shealtiel* had come in a few hours after the *Cashmere;* it was this cutter which brought the latest information. She had just passed twenty-four hours in the same waters as the Durande. She had lain-to during the fog and tacked during the tempest. The captain of the *Shealtiel* was among those present.

At the moment Gilliatt entered, this captain had just finished giving his version of it to

Mess Lethierry. This version was a correct report. Toward morning, the storm being over and the wind having subsided, the captain of the *Shealtiel* had heard bellowing on the open sea. This rural sound in the midst of the waves had startled him, and he directed his course toward it. He had seen the Durande on the Douvres rocks. It was sufficiently calm for him to approach. He had hailed the wreck. The bellowing of the oxen as they were drowning in the hold was the only reply. The captain of the *Shealtiel* was sure that no one was on board of the Durande. The wreck had not gone to pieces, and, violent as the storm had been, Clubin could have passed the night there. He was not a man to give up easily. He was not there; then he must have been saved. Many sloops and luggers from Granville and Saint Malo, when coming out from the fog on the preceding evening, must, without doubt, have passed quite near the Douvres rocks. One of them had evidently picked up Captain Clubin. It must be remembered that the long-boat of the Durande was full when it left the wrecked vessel, and that it was about to run many risks; that one man more would have overloaded the boat, rendering it liable to founder, and it was this especially which had decided Clubin to remain on the wreck; but his duty once

accomplished, and a rescuing vessel appearing, Clubin certainly had not hesitated to profit by it. One may be a hero, but not a madman. Suicide would have been doubly absurd, since Clubin was not to blame. The guilty man was Tangrouille, not Clubin. All this was conclusive; the captain of the *Shealtiel* was evidently right, and everyone expected to see Clubin reappear at any moment. They proposed to carry him about the place in triumph.

Two things appeared certain from the account given by the captain: Clubin saved, the Durande lost.

As for the Durande, the fact of her destruction had to be accepted; the catastrophe was irretrievable. The captain of the *Shealtiel* had seen the last phase of the shipwreck. The extremely pointed rock upon which the Durande was in some way fastened had held fast all night, and had resisted the shock of the tempest as though it wished to keep the wreck for itself; but in the morning, at the moment when the *Shealtiel*, after having ascertained that there was no one on board to be saved, was turning away from the Durande, there had come one of those huge sheets of water which are like the last angry blows of the tempest. This wave had rudely lifted the Durande, had torn her from the rock, and,

with the rapidity and directness of an arrow, had hurled her between the two Douvres rocks. The captain said that a diabolical crash was heard. The Durande, borne to a certain height by the waves, had settled down between the rocks up to her midship frame. She had been made fast again, but this time more securely than on the submarine reef. There she was destined to remain, deplorably suspended, exposed to all the force of the wind and the sea.

According to the account given by the crew of the *Shealtiel*, the Durande was already three-quarters broken up. She would evidently have gone to pieces during the night if the rock had not sustained her and held her in place. The captain of the *Shealtiel* had studied the wreck through his glass. He gave the details of the disaster with naval precision: the starboard quarter was stove in, the masts were snapped off, the sails detached, the chains of the shrouds almost all cut, the skylights of the cabin crushed in by the fall of a yard, the woodwork broken off on a level with the gunwale from abreast of the mainmast to the taff-rail, the dome of the steward's room crushed in, the chocks of the long-boat torn away, the round-house overturned, the shaft of the rudder broken, the trusses unfastened, the signal-flags cut down, the tiller carried away, the

stretcher destroyed, the rail lifted off, the stern-post broken—all this fearful devastation was the result of the storm. As for the hoisting-crane fastened to the foremast, nothing was left of it —a clean sweep—broken in a thousand pieces, with its top rope, its tackle, its iron pulley, and its chains. The Durande was dismembered; the sea was now about to tear her in pieces. In a few days nothing would be left of her.

However, the engine—a remarkable fact, which was a proof of its excellence—had scarcely been injured by this havoc. The captain of the *Shealtiel* thought he could affirm that the crank had received no serious damage. The masts of the vessel had given way, but the smoke-stack of the engine had remained firm. The iron guards of the captain's bridge were merely twisted; the paddle-boxes had suffered, their framework had been crushed, but the wheels did not seem to have a paddle the less. The engine was not injured; so the captain of the *Shealtiel* thought. Imbrancam, the fireman, who had mingled among the groups, shared this conviction. This negro, who was more intelligent than many white men, was a great admirer of the engine. He raised his arms, spreading out the ten fingers of his black hands, and said to Lethierry, who was speechless: "My master, the engine still lives!"

As Clubin's safety seemed to be certain, and as the hull of the Durande had been sacrificed, the engine became the subject of the conversation among the different groups. They were just as much interested in it as though it had been a person. They were astonished at its good conduct. "There is a staunch friend," said a French sailor. "It is a good thing," cried a Guernsey fisherman. "It must have possessed some magic in order to come out of this with only two or three scratches," said the captain of the *Shealtiel*.

Little by little this engine became the sole subject of conversation. Its good and bad points were warmly discussed. It had friends and enemies. More than one who had a good old sailing vessel, and who hoped to turn the custom of the Durande to his own craft, was not sorry to see the Douvres rock execute justice on this new invention. The whispering became louder. They discussed almost noisily. However, the sounds were somewhat restrained, and at intervals there came a sudden lowering of voices due to the pressure of Lethierry's sepulchral silence.

The result of the conversations which were taking place on all sides was this:

The engine was the essential point. It was possible to rebuild the vessel, but not the engine. This engine was unique. To construct

a similar one money would be needed; but the artificer would be still more difficult to find. Let us remember that the builder of the engine was dead. It had cost forty thousand francs. No one in future would risk such a large sum on such an uncertain investment; the more so as it had now been proven that steamboats could be lost the same as other vessels; the present accident of the Durande had destroyed the prestige of her past success. However, it was deplorable to reflect that at that very moment this engine was whole and in good condition, and that in five or six days it would probably be dashed in pieces like the vessel. While it existed there was, so to speak, no shipwreck. The destruction of the engine would be the only irreparable loss. To save the engine would be to repair the disaster.

It was easy to say, "Save the engine," but who would undertake it? Would it be possible to do it? To plan and to execute are two different things, and the proof is that it is easy to plan an idea, but difficult to execute it. But if ever an idea had been impracticable and senseless, it was this one—to save the engine wrecked on the Douvres. It would be absurd to send a vessel and crew to work on those rocks; it was not to be thought of. It was the season of heavy seas; at the first high wind the chains of the anchors would be cut

by the hidden crests of the reef, and then the vessel would break to pieces on the rock. It would be sending a second shipwreck to aid the first. In the hollow of the upper plateau, where the legendary shipwrecked man who had died from hunger had taken refuge, there was scarcely room for one man. In order, therefore, to save this engine it would be necessary for a man to go to the Douvres rocks, and to go there alone—alone in that sea, alone in that desert, alone five leagues from land, alone in that horrible place, alone for weeks together, alone in the presence of dangers both anticipated and unforeseen, without fresh supplies of food, in the anguish of destitution, without help in the hour of distress, without other trace of humanity than that of the shipwrecked man who had long ago died there in misery, with no other company than this dead man. And, besides, how would he go to work to save this engine? It would be necessary for him to be not only a sailor, but a machinist. And surrounded by what difficulties! The man who would undertake that would be more than a hero. He would be a madman. For, in certain vast enterprises in which the superhuman seems necessary, bravery is little less than madness; and in fact, after all, would it not be unreasonable to risk one's self for old iron? No; no one should go to the Douvres

rocks. The engine must be abandoned like the rest. The desired deliverer would not present himself. Where could such a man be found?

This, with slight variations, was the substance of all the subdued conversation of this crowd.

The captain of the *Shealtiel*, who was an old captain, expressed the opinion of everyone when he exclaimed in a loud voice:

"No! It is all over. There is no man alive who would be willing to go there and bring back the engine."

"The reason I do not undertake it," said Imbrancam, "is because it cannot be done."

The captain of the *Shealtiel* shook his left hand with that abruptness which expresses the conviction that a thing is impossible, and resumed:

"If he existed . . . "

Déruchette turned her head.

"I would marry him," she said.

Silence ensued.

A very pale man stepped out from the midst of the group, and said:

"You would marry him, Miss Déruchette?"

It was Gilliatt.

Meanwhile all eyes were raised. Mess Lethierry had just straightened himself up. A strange light shone from his eyes.

He grasped his sailor's cap with his fist and flung it to the floor; then he gazed solemnly before him, without seeing any of the people present, and said:

"Déruchette shall marry him. I give my word of honor on it to the good God."

II.

GREAT CONSTERNATION ON THE WESTERN COAST

The night following that day should have been a moonlight night after ten o'clock in the evening. Notwithstanding the propitious appearance of the night, the wind and the sea, no fisherman intended to set out either from Hogue la Perre, Bordeaux, or from Houmet Benet, or from Platon, or from Port Grat, or from Vason Bay, or from Perelle Bay, or from Pezeris, or from Tielles, or from Saints' Bay, or from Petit Bô, or from any port or small harbor of Guernsey. And this was very easily explained. The cock had crowed at noon.

When the cock crows at an unusual hour fishing is not good.

Nevertheless, at nightfall this evening a fisherman who was returning to Omptolle was very much surprised. On the height of Houmet Paradis, beyond the two Brayes and the two Grunes, on the left of which is the beacon of the Plattes Fougères in the form of a reversed funnel, and on the right the

beacon of Saint Sampson which represents the figure of a man, he thought he perceived a third beacon. What beacon was this? When had it been placed on that point? What shoals did it indicate? The beacon immediately answered these questions: it moved; it was a mast. The fisherman's astonishment did not diminish. A beacon caused some surprise, but a mast even more. Fishing was impossible. When everyone was coming in, someone was going out. Who? Why?

Ten minutes afterward the mast, progressing slowly, came within a short distance of the Omptolle fisherman. He could not recognize the vessel. He heard rowing. There was only the sound of two oars. Hence it was probably only one man.

The wind was north; this man was evidently rowing to catch the wind beyond Point Fontenelle. Then he would probably hoist his sail. So he intended to double Ancresse and Mount Crevel. What did this mean?

The mast passed by; the fisherman entered the harbor.

This same night chance observers, scattered and isolated on the coast of Guernsey, made observations at different times and in various places.

Just as the Omptolle fisherman had finished

mooring his boat, a carter of seaweed half a mile further on, as he whipped up his horses along the deserted Clôtures Road, near the cromlech, in the vicinity of the Martello Towers 6 and 7, saw a sail being hoisted on the sea, far away on the horizon, in a spot little frequented because it must be well understood, toward the Roque-Norde and the Sablonneuse. But he did not pay much attention to it, for he was a carter and not a sailor.

Half an hour, perhaps, had elapsed since the carter saw the sail, when a plasterer, returning from his work in the town, while passing round the Pelée Pond, suddenly found himself almost opposite to a bark very audaciously making its way among the rocks of the Quenon, of the Rousse de Mer, and of the Gripe de Rousse. The night was dark, but the sea was light, an effect which is often produced, and vessels going out and coming in could be easily distinguished on the open sea. This was the only boat at sea.

A little lower down and a little later a lobster-fisher, arranging his lobster-pots on the sand which separates Port Soif from Port Enfer, could not understand why a boat should sail between Boue Corneille and the Moulrette. A man must be a good pilot, and also in a great hurry to reach his destination, to dare to venture in that spot.

As eight o'clock was striking at Catel the tavern-keeper of Cobo Bay observed, with some amazement, a sail beyond la Boue du Jardin and the Grunettes, very near the Suzanne and the Grunes de l'Ouest.

Not far from Cobo Bay, on the solitary point of Goumet, in Vason Bay, two lovers were bidding each other a lingering farewell; at the moment when the girl was saying to the youth, "If I go away it is not because I do not love to be with you, but because I have to do my work," they were disturbed in their parting kiss by a rather large boat which passed quite near to them; it was on its way toward Messellettes.

Mr. Le Peyre, of Norgiots, who lived at Cotillon Pipet, was busy about nine o'clock in the evening examining a hole made by some marauders in the hedge of his garden, the Jennerotte, and in his *friquet planté à arbres;* while ascertaining the damage, he could not help noticing a boat rashly doubling Crocq Point at this time of night.

The day after a storm, with the sea still rough, this route was very unsafe. It would be imprudent to choose this course unless well acquainted with the channels.

At half-past nine, at l'Equerrier, a trawler, bringing in his net, halted for some time to watch something between Colombelle and

Souffleresse—something which seemed to be a boat. This boat was running great risks. Sudden and dangerous gusts of wind sweep through that place. The Souffleresse rock (Blower rock) is so named because it blows suddenly on vessels.

At the moment when the moon rose, as it was flood-tide, and the sea was high in the little strait of Li-Hou, the solitary keeper of Li-Hou Island was greatly frightened; he saw a long black form pass between him and the moon.

This black form, tall and straight, resembled a shroud walking erect. It glided slowly above the wall formed by layers of rock. The keeper of Li-Hou thought he recognized the Dame Noire (black lady).

La Dame Blanche (the white lady) inhabits the Tau de Pez d'Amont, la Dame Grise (the gray lady) inhabits the Tau de Pez d'Aval, la Dame Rouge (the red lady) inhabits the Silleuse, to the north of the Banc-Marquis, and la Dame Noire (the black lady) dwells on the Grand-Etacré, to the west of Li-Houmet. On moonlight nights these ladies venture forth and sometimes meet each other.

Strictly speaking, this black form might be a sail. The long barriers of rock over which she seemed to walk might, in fact, hide the hull of a boat sailing behind them, and only showing the sail. But the keeper said to himself,

what bark would dare to risk itself at this time of night between Li-Hou and the Pécheresse, and the Anguillières and Lérée-Point, and for what purpose? It seemed to him more like la Dame Noire.

As the moon had just passed the bell of Saint Pierre du Bois, the guard of Rocquaine castle, while drawing the ladder of the drawbridge half around, saw at the mouth of the bay, further on than the Haute-Canée, nearer than the Sambule, a sailing vessel which seemed to be going from the north toward the south.

On this southern coast of Guernsey, behind Plainmont, at the bottom of a bay entirely bordered by precipices and walls, rising perpendicularly from the water, is a curious port which a Frenchman sojourning in the island since 1855, possibly the same one who is writing these lines, has baptized "*le Port au quatrième étage* (the Fourth-story Port)," a name generally adopted at the present day. This port, which was then called the Moie, is a shelf of rock, half natural, half hewn out, raised about forty feet above the level of the water, and connected with the sea by two large parallel planks on an inclined plane. Boats, hoisted up by sheer strength of arm, by means of chains and pulleys, are pulled up out of the sea and lowered into it again along

these planks, which take the place of two rails. There is a staircase for the men. This port was then much frequented by smugglers. Its inaccessibility made it all the more convenient for them.

Toward eleven o'clock some smugglers, perhaps the very ones on whom Clubin had depended, were standing with their bales on the summit of this platform of la Moie. Smugglers are always on the alert; they were on the watch. They were astonished at a sail which suddenly appeared beyond the black silhouette of Cape Plainmont. It was moonlight. These smugglers watched that sail, fearing that it might prove to be some coast-guard about to hide behind the Great Hanois to take observations. But the sail passed the Hanois, left the Boue Blondel behind it on the northwest, and then struck out toward the open sea amid the pale shadows of the mist on the horizon.

"Where the devil can that boat be going?" said the smugglers to each other.

That same evening, a little after sunset, someone was heard knocking at the door of the house Bû de la Rue. It was a young lad dressed in brown, with yellow stockings, which indicated that he was a junior clerk of the parish.

The Bû de la Rue was shut, door and shutters.

An old fisherwoman, who was prowling about the bank with a lantern in her hand, hailed the youth, and these words were exchanged by the fisherwoman and the junior clerk in front of the Bû de la Rue:

"What do you want, boy?"

"The man who lives here."

"He is not in."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Will he be at home to-morrow?"

"I don't know."

"Has he gone away?"

"I don't know."

"You see, my good woman, that the new rector of the parish, the Reverend Ebenezer Caudray, would like to call on him."

"I don't know."

III.

TEMPT NOT THE BIBLE

"The reverend gentleman has sent me to ask whether the master of Bû de la Rue will be at home to-morrow morning."

"I don't know."

During the next twenty-four hours Mess Lethierry neither slept, ate, nor drank; he kissed Déruchette on her forehead, inquired about Clubin, of whom no news had yet been received; signed a declaration to state that he did not intend to present any complaint, and caused Tangrouille to be set at liberty.

All the next day he remained half leaning on the table of the office of the Durande, neither standing nor seated, replying with gentleness when spoken to. Moreover, curiosity having been satisfied, solitude reigned at the Bravées. Much inquisitiveness is mingled with eagerness to express sympathy. The door was again closed. Lethierry was left alone with Déruchette. The light which had flashed in Lethierry's eyes was extinguished;

the melancholy gaze which he had at the commencement of the catastrophe had returned.

Déruchette, being anxious, had taken the advice of Grace and Douce, and had silently placed beside him on the table a pair of stockings which he was occupied in knitting when the bad news had arrived.

He smiled bitterly, and said:

"So they think me a fool."

After a quarter of an hour of silence he added:

"Such diversions are well enough when one is happy."

Déruchette removed the pair of stockings and at the same time seized the opportunity to remove the compass and the ship's papers, which Mess Lethierry had already looked at too long.

In the afternoon, shortly before tea-time, the door opened and two men entered dressed in black—the one was old, the other, young.

The young one has perhaps appeared in the course of this story.

Both these men wore a serious expression, but their seriousness differed. The old man felt what might be called the gravity of his position; the young man had naturally a serious expression. The cloth produces one, thought, the other.

They were, as their dress indicated, two

churchmen, both belonging to the Established Church.

What would have attracted one's attention at first to the young man was that this seriousness, which was so evident in his appearance, came rather from his mind than from his person. Gravity admits of passion, exalting as well as purifying it, but this young man was, above everything, handsome. Being a priest, he was at least twenty-five years old, but he looked only eighteen. He presented this harmony and also this contrast, that his soul seemed created for exalted passion and his body for love. He looked fair, rosy, fresh, and very dainty and graceful in his severe costume, with cheeks like those of a young girl, and delicate hands; his manner was quick and natural, although somewhat repressed. Everything about him was charming, elegant, and almost voluptuous. The beauty of his expression served to correct this excess of personal attraction. His sincere smile, which displayed teeth beautiful as those of a child, was pensive and religious. In him was combined the gentleness of a page with the dignity of a bishop.

Beneath his thick blonde hair, so golden as to be almost effeminate, his brow was high, open, and well formed. A slight wrinkle, with a double inflection between his eyebrows,

suggested in a confused way the idea of the bird of thought hovering with outspread wings in the centre of his forehead. One felt on seeing him that he was one of those benevolent persons, innocent and pure, who progress in a way diametrically opposite to that of common humanity, whose illusions produce sages, and whose experiences produce enthusiasts.

Through his transparent youth could be seen his maturity of mind. Comparing him with the gray-haired clergyman who accompanied him, he at first seemed as though he might be the son, but upon a second glance he appeared more like the father.

His companion was none other than Doctor Jaquemin Hérode. Doctor Jaquemin Hérode belonged to the high church, which is nearly allied to papacy, only without a pope. Anglicanism was disturbed at this time by tendencies which have since been accepted and condensed into Puseyism. Doctor Jaquemin Hérode was of that shade of Anglicanism which is almost a variety of Romanism. He was tall, well formed, straight, and distinguished-looking. His face bore scarcely a trace of his inner soul. He believed in the letter of the Scriptures instead of their spirit. Moreover, he was haughty. His individuality was conspicuous. He seemed less like a

clergyman than like an archbishop. His overcoat was cut something like a cassock. His true place would have been in Rome. He was a born prelate of the ante-chamber. He seemed to have been created expressly to fill a part in the papal court, to walk behind the pope's sedan chair, with all the pontifical court *in abitto paonazzo* (in priestly robes). The accident of having been born in England, and of having had a theological education more devoted to the study of the Old Testament than the New, had caused him to miss his true destiny. All his honors were summed up in these, that he was rector of Saint-Pierre-Port, dean of the island of Guernsey, and surrogate of the bishop of Winchester. Without doubt these were honorable positions.

These titles did not prevent Mr. Jaquemin Hérode from being, everything considered, a good enough sort of man.

As a theologian he was much esteemed by those conversant with such matters, and he was considered almost an authority in the Court of Arches—that Sorbonne of England.

He had the appearance of a scholar; a knowing and peculiar way of winking his eyes, hairy nostrils, prominent teeth, a thin upper lip and a thick lower lip, many diplomas, a large prebend, friends among the

baronets, the confidence of his bishop, and a Bible always in his pocket.

Mess Lethierry was so completely absorbed that all the effect which the entrance of the two priests produced on him was to cause him to frown slightly.

Mr. Jaquemin Hérode advanced, bowed, and in a few solemn, pompous words referred to his recent promotion, and said that he came, according to custom, to introduce among the principal people, and to Mess Lethierry in particular, his successor in the parish, the new rector of Saint Sampson, the Reverend Joe Ebenezer Caudray, henceforth to be Mess Lethierry's pastor.

Déruchette arose.

The young priest, who was the Reverend Ebenezer, bowed.

Mess Lethierry looked at Mr. Ebenezer Caudray and muttered between his teeth: "A bad sailor."

Grace brought chairs. The two reverend gentlemen sat near the table.

Doctor Hérode commenced a harangue. He remembered that an event had occurred. The Durande had been shipwrecked. He came, as a pastor, to bring consolation and advice. This shipwreck was unfortunate, but fortunate as well. Let us examine ourselves: were we not puffed up by prosperity? The

waters of happiness are dangerous; we must not take trials too much to heart. The ways of God are mysterious. Mess Lethierry was ruined. Well? It is dangerous to be rich. We have false friends; poverty disperses them. In poverty one remains alone. *Solus eris* (alone shalt thou be). The Durande, so it was said, brought in a thousand pounds sterling per annum. That is too much for a wise man. Let us flee from temptations; let us disdain gold. Let us accept neglect and ruin in a grateful spirit. Isolation is full of blessings. It enables one to obtain favor of the Lord. It was in solitude that Aiah discovered the warm springs while leading the asses of his father, Zibeon. Let us not rebel against the inscrutable decrees of Providence. That holy man, Job, after his affliction, had increased in riches.

Who knows if the loss of the Durande would not have its compensations, even temporal? For instance, he, Doctor Jaquemin Hérode, had invested some capital in a very fine project now being carried on at Sheffield; if Mess Lethierry chose to invest the remainder of his funds in this affair he could repair his fortune; it was a large contract for furnishing arms to the Czar, who was preparing to repress Poland. One could make three hundred per cent.

The word Czar seemed to arouse Lethierry. He interrupted Doctor Hérode:

"I will have nothing to do with the Czar."

The Reverend Hérode replied:

"Mess Lethierry, princes are permitted of God. It is written: 'Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.' The Czar, he is Cæsar."

Lethierry, having in a measure returned to his state of reverie, murmured:

"Who is that Cæsar? I don't know him."

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode continued his exhortation. He did not dwell upon Sheffield. To have no liking for Cæsar was to be a republican. The reverend gentleman understood how one might be a republican. In this case, if Mess Lethierry favored a republic, he could regain his fortune in the United States even better than in England. If he wished to increase tenfold all that remained of his fortune, he had only to take shares in the great company for developing the plantations in Texas, which employed more than twenty thousand negroes.

"I'll have nothing to do with slavery," said Lethierry.

"Slavery," replied the Reverend Hérode, "is a sacred institution. It is written: 'If the master strikes his slave he shall not be punished, for his slave is his capital.'"

Grace and Douce, who stood at the threshold of the door, were listening with ecstasy to the words of the reverend rector.

This reverend gentleman continued. He was, all things considered, as we have said, a good man; and whatever might have been the difference of rank or of person between him and Mess Lethierry he had come, very sincerely, to bring him every spiritual and every temporal assistance that he, Doctor Jaquemin Hérode, had at his command.

If Mess Lethierry was ruined to such an extent that he could not co-operate advantageously with any Russian or American speculation, why did he not enter government service in a salaried position? These are fine positions, and the reverend gentleman was ready to recommend Mess Lethierry. The office of deputy-viscount was just vacant in Jersey. Mess Lethierry was loved and esteemed, and the Reverend Hérode, Dean of Guernsey and Surrogate of the Bishop, would make a strong effort to obtain the position of deputy-viscount in Jersey for Mess Lethierry. The deputy-viscount is a prominent officer; he is present as the representative of his Majesty at the sessions of the Supreme Court, at the debates of the Sessions-house, and at the execution of the decrees of justice.

Lethierry fixed his eyes on Doctor Hérode.

"I don't approve of hanging," said he.

Doctor Hérode, who until now had pronounced all his words with the same intonation, expressed himself with more severity and used a new inflection.

"Mess Lethierry, the death penalty is divinely ordained. God has given the sword to man. It is written: 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.'"

The Reverend Ebenezer, without attracting attention, drew his chair imperceptibly nearer to that of the Reverend Jaquemin, and said to him, so that only he could hear:

"What this man says is dictated to him."

"By whom? by what?" the Reverend Jaquemin Hérode inquired, in the same tone.

Ebenezer replied in a very low voice:

"By his conscience."

The Reverend Hérode felt in his pocket, drew forth a thick 18mo volume, bound with clasps, placed it on the table, and said in a loud voice:

"Look! here is conscience."

The book was a Bible.

Then Doctor Hérode assumed a milder manner. He wished to be of use to Mess Lethierry, whom he esteemed highly. As a pastor it was his right and duty to advise; however, Mess Lethierry was free to do as he pleased.

Mess Lethierry was once more so absorbed and overwhelmed with his grief that he heard nothing of what was said. Déruchette, seated near him and thoughtful on her part, did not raise her eyes, thereby adding to this subdued conversation the proportion of restraint caused by a silent presence. A witness who says nothing is a sort of indefinite weight. However, Doctor Hérode did not seem to be conscious of it.

As Lethierry made no reply, Doctor Hérode gave himself loose rein. Counsel comes from man and inspiration from God. In the counsel of priests there is inspiration. It is well to accept their counsels and dangerous to reject them. Sochoth was seized by eleven devils because he disdained the exhortations of Nathanael. Tiburianus was stricken with leprosy for having turned away the apostle Andrew from his house. Bar-Jesus, magician as he was, became blind for having laughed at the words of Saint Paul; Elxai and his sisters, Martha and Marthena, are now in hell for having despised the warnings of Valencianus, who proved to them as clearly as the day that their Jesus Christ, thirty-eight leagues in height, was a demon. Oolibama, who is also called Judith, obeyed counsel. Reuben and Pheniel listened to counsel from on high. Their names alone

indicate this: Reuben means "Vision of the Son," and Pheniel, "The face of God."

Mess Lethierry struck his fist on the table.

"Zounds!" he cried; "it is my own fault."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Jaquemin Hérode.

"I repeat that it is my fault."

"Your fault—what?"

"Because I allowed the Durande to return on Friday."

Mr. Jaquemin whispered in the ear of Mr. Ebenezer Caudray: "This man is superstitious."

He continued, raising his voice, and in a tone as if giving instruction:

"Mess Lethierry, it is childish to believe in Friday. You should not attach faith to such fables. Friday is a day like any other. It is very often a fortunate date. Melendez founded the city of Saint Augustine on a Friday; it was on a Friday that Henry VII gave his commission to John Cabot; the pilgrims of the *Mayflower* arrived at Provincetown on a Friday; Washington was born on Friday, the 22d of February, 1732; Christopher Columbus discovered America on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492."

Having finished, he arose.

Ebenezer, whom he had brought with him, arose also.

Grace and Douce, thinking that the reverend gentlemen were about to leave, opened the door wide.

Mess Lethierry saw nothing and heard nothing.

Mr. Jaquemin Hérode said in an aside to Mr. Ebenezer Caudray: "He does not even bow to us; it is not from grief, it is from vacancy. We can but think him crazy."

But he took his little Bible from the table and held it between his two outstretched hands, in much the same way as one would hold a bird, fearing lest it should fly away. This attitude awakened a certain expectation among those present. Grace and Douce thrust in their heads.

His voice did its best to be majestic.

"Mess Lethierry, do not let us separate without reading a page of the Holy Book. The situations of life are elucidated by books; the profane use the *Sortes Virgilianæ* (the Virgilian Fates), and believers have Scriptural warnings. The first book at hand, opened at random, gives counsel; the Bible, opened at random, makes a revelation. It is especially good for the afflicted. That which infallibly springs from the Holy Scriptures ameliorates their sorrow. In the presence of the afflicted, the Holy Book must be consulted without choosing the place, and the

passage upon which one alights must be read with candor. What man does not select, God chooses. God knows what we need. His invisible finger is on the unexpected passage which we read. Whatever be the page, light infallibly proceeds from it. Let us seek no other, but rather cling to that. It is the word from on High. Our destiny is mysteriously revealed to us in the text we have evoked with confidence and respect. Let us listen and obey. Mess Lethierry, you are in trouble; this is the book of consolation. You are ill; this is the book of health."

The Reverend Jaquemin Hérode pressed the spring of the clasp, slipped his nail in at random between two pages, placed his hand an instant on the open book, paused, then lowering his eyes authoritatively began to read in a loud voice.

What he read was as follows:

"Isaac walked in the road which leads to the well called the well of Him that liveth and seeth.

"Rebeccah having perceived Isaac, said: 'What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?'

"And Isaac brought her into his tent, and she became his wife; and the love that he had for her was great."

Ebenezer and Déruchette looked at each other.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA

VOLUME II

BOOK IV—THE BAGPIPE

	CHAPTER	PAGE
The First Gleam of Dawn or of a Conflagration	I	7
Entrance, Step by Step, Into the Unknown	II	11
The Air "Bonnie Dundee" Finds an Echo on the Hill	III	15
Lines of an Unpublished Comedy	IV	17
Merited Success is Always Hated	V	21
The Good Fortune of the Shipwrecked Crew in Meeting the Sloop	VI	24
How a Loiterer was Rescued by a Fisherman	VII	28

BOOK V—THE REVOLVER

Conversations at L'Auberge Jean	I	35
Clubin Perceives Someone	II	47
Clubin Takes Something Away and Brings Nothing Back	III	52
Plainmont	IV	57
The Birds'-Nest Hunters	V	68
The Jacressarde	VI	89

	CHAPTER	PAGE
Nocturnal Buyers and Underhand Venders	VII	100
Carroming on the Red Ball and the Black	VIII	106
Useful Information for Persons who Expect or Fear Letters from Beyond the Sea	IX	123

BOOK VI—THE DRUNKEN HELMSMAN AND SOBER CAPTAIN

The Douvres Rocks	I	133
An Unexpected Bottle of Brandy	II	138
Interrupted Conversations	III	144
In Which Captain Clubin Displays all His Characteristics	IV	157
Clubin is Admired to the Fullest Extent	V	167
The Interior of an Abyss Illuminated	VI	175
The Unforeseen Intervenes	VII	188

BOOK VII—IMPRUDENCE OF ASKING QUESTIONS OF A BOOK

The Pearl at the Bottom of the Precipice	I	197
Great Consternation on the Western Coast	II	211
Tempt Not the Bible	III	219

SCHEELE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
3 6655 00044281 4
PQ2289.T7 E5
Hugo, Victor, 1802-/Toilers of

PQ
2289 Hugo, Victor
.T7 The Toilers of the Sea
E5
vol. 1

DATE DUE

PQ
2289 Hugo, Victor
.T7 The Toilers of the Sea
E5
vol. 1

DATE DUE | BORROWER'S NAME

Concordia College Library
Bronxville, NY 10708